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by

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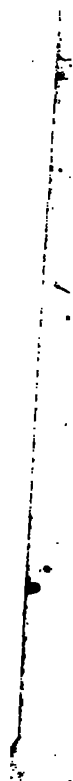


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# NOTES OF TRAVEL:

BEING A

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN EUROPE.

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BY

JOHN P. HIESTER, M. D.

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PHILADELPHIA :

JAMES M. CAMPBELL, 98 CHESTNUT STREET.

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## PREFACE.

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In common, perhaps, with the majority of persons inhabiting this Western Continent, did I entertain, at an early period of my life, a strong desire to visit the great Eastern World—the land of my forefathers, and the source of all our institutions, civil and religious; except that one, that greatest of all institutions, the institution of Liberty and self-government. Nor is it at all singular, that by commencing the study of a profession, whose annals are so richly stored by the labours of its eminent European members, whose practical utility has been so much enhanced by observations conducted in those immense and well regulated European hospitals, this desire should be increased. Bound, however, by the force of circumstances, after entering upon the active duties of my arduous calling, I had almost relinquished every idea of having my wish gratified, when by misfortunes incident to human life, operating on a constitution already enfeebled, it became necessary for a while to intermit my labours. This appeared to me a favourable season, not only for gratifying a long entertained desire, and benefiting my health, but also for comparing the practice of my profession in my own country, with that of foreign lands; and thus rendering myself more useful to my fellow-citizens, whose confidence I have had the honor so extensively to enjoy.

With this motive, and these views, then, I left my home and my friends, on the 16th of April, 1841, to complete my arrangements in the cities of Philadelphia and New York, previously to my embarkation.

As the places and objects I visited on my tour, have been again and again described, and by very many far abler pens than my own, and as I have not the least ambition to aspire to authorship, I shall give a simple narrative of my wanderings, in the journal form, in the order in which the objects were viewed, and the impressions made from day to day; pruning redundancies, or adding explanatory details, as occasion may require.

Permit me, then, to address to you, my dear R., the following pages, which must necessarily be imperfect in many respects; but this will demand no excuse on my part from you, who know so well the circumstances

under which they were penned. If they will serve you to while away an idle moment, and to recall to my own recollection, scenes and objects that must ever remain dear to me, they will have fully answered their design.

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**NOTE.**—Nearly the whole of these pages were originally published in the "*Reading Gazette*;"—with what design and under what feelings, must fully appear from the preceding preface, which is introduced unaltered. The manner of their publication, will also account for many trivialities that will be noticed in them. I would merely add, that their republication has been undertaken for a benevolent object.

READING, Pa., Dec. 18, 1844.

# JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN EUROPE,

1841-42.

MAY—1841.

1ST.—Stept on board the beautiful packet-ship *Utica*, Capt. J. Pell, bound to Havre, at 11 o'clock, A. M., with feelings of the most indescribable character; a kind of vacillation between the highly pleasurable and the painful, mingled with a sort of vague apprehension; for it was the first time I was about to commit myself to the mercy of a new element, and lose sight of that earth, which from long habit I was accustomed to view as infinitely more secure than the ten miles depth of ocean, I was about to traverse. At 12½ P. M., our anchor was weighed to the merry song of "ho cheerlymen!" of our sturdy crew, so well known to all who have made a sea-voyage; we were taken in tow by a steamer, and drove out through the magnificent bay of New York, in a style that old Neptune himself might have envied; and passing the Narrows in a few hours, we were fairly upon the bosom of the mighty deep. Our trim white sails were now hoisted to the breeze, and the steamer being cut loose, the noble ship began to move majestically over the waters, with a long rising and falling motion, that was highly agreeable to myself, although some of our passengers were disagreeably affected by it. Taking my position in an unobserved place upon deck, I commenced a close scrutiny of the novel scene around me, and very naturally, the appearance and conduct of the officers and crew first attracted my attention. The mild and quiet, but decided manner of our amiable captain, the hearty co-operation of our intelligent looking mates, and the unhesitating and prompt "aye, aye, sir," of our crew, inspired me with the most entire confidence in our equipment.

My fellow-passengers, 17 in number, who were to share with me all the dangers and all the pleasures of a voyage of unknown duration, and on whose character and conduct I was about to become so dependant for my comforts, could of course not fail to excite my liveliest interest. To know something of their tastes, their manners, their views and their modes of thinking, was an object by no means indifferent to me; and this seemed the more difficult, as well as interesting, from the heterogeneous mixture of individuals from several nations. They were Swiss, English, German, French, Danish and American. The *Great Western* passed us to the South, about 3 P. M., Eastward bound, like ourselves, leaving her long trail of black smoke stretched along the horizon, and exhibiting one of the most magnificent examples of human ingenuity, and enterprize of modern days. The long streak of land exhibited by Long Island, was just assuming the appearance of a mere mist, when the Pilot, the last link that bound me to my dear country, descended over the side of the ship, and was soon seen on the deck of his beautiful boat, which turned its prow to the West and skipt over the waters with the grace of a swan.

2D.—This was my first night at sea. Having full confidence in our gallant ship, I went to bed and slept soundly. At half past 4, I turned out, and went on deck, to see the sun rise. It was a lovely, calm and cool morning; land had disappeared, and there was nothing in sight but the vast deep blue canopy over my head, and the fearful extent of the mighty ocean beneath me. The Eastern sky was already gilded by the soft light of the sun's approaching rays. There was a long narrow cloud, the only one above the horizon, stretching far to the North and South, which now began to assume the hue of molten gold, running off at each extremity into the softest purple, until it mingled with the sober gray of the morning mist. My eye was turned with the most intense expectation to a spot on the far distant horizon which was increasing every moment in brightness, when, by a sudden long swell of the sea, our beautiful vessel, with all her canvass spread to the light morning breeze, was struck by the first horizontal rays which spread a flood of gold over her



elegant form! My heart leaped within me for joy, and I was unable to repress an involuntary exclamation of delight. Such moments as these are the few of unalloyed pleasure which man is permitted to enjoy here below! A great many sea-gulls are flitting around our vessel, and there are a number of sail in sight. The ocean appears magnificently grand, and resembles a gigantic circular platform, considerably elevated, of which our ship forms the centre. The breeze having freshened, has caused the temperature to fall so low as to render a little fire agreeable, and the ship being under full canvass, makes her bound beautifully from billow to billow. As the Capt. was indisposed, and required some medicine, I was obliged to open the medicine-chest, the smell of which, with the motion of the vessel, caused some sea-sickness, the first I have experienced.

3D.—The weather has continued very rough all night and all day, which has caused nearly all on board to be sea-sick—myself among the rest; but I suffered less than I anticipated, and have not yet been willing to be thrown over-board, as is said to be so ardently requested by some on a first voyage. Toward evening we had an almost dead calm; the sea being excessively rough, caused the ship to roll most distressingly. I am persuaded that no one can adequately imagine the heart-sickening effect of the lazy, monotonous flapping of empty sails against the masts, who has not experienced it. It seems like the enervating Sirocco of the desert, that strikes every animated being with the most profound lethargy. The officers pace the deck with a slow and indecisive air, with an occasional suppressed whistle to raise the wind; the sailors lie stretched upon the fore-castle, or hang listlessly on the bulwarks, gazing vacantly upon the ocean; the passengers turn into their berths, and try to seek refuge in sleep, or stow themselves away in some retired nook, with a book in hand, which is soon seen to drop upon their laps, and their eyes close in a kind of dreamy slumber. The very cow seems to chew her cud with more thoughtfulness, and the fowls stand upon one leg, with their heads buried under their wings, almost heedless of the usually welcome chuck of "Billy Ducks."

grand and awfully sublime!!—Can any one point to a more obvious exhibition of the power of Him who stilled the raging of the tumultuous waves by his simple mandate!

Nothing can exceed the embarrassment of taking a meal during very rough weather at sea; and with us this difficulty was very much increased, by our having forgotten the wooden frames usually fitted to tables on ship board, to prevent the dishes and plates from slipping off. It was a common remark that the ship always became more uneasy just as we were about to sit down to dinner; no doubt because then we remarked it more. Many were the laughable and indescribable scenes we had on those occasions. Our chief steward was a remarkably decent and sedate elderly colored man, who prided himself not a little on the neatness and taste with which he would arrange the dinner table. Of course when he suspected difficulties, he would keep all the dishes snugly pinned down in the pantry, until all was got in readiness, when he would watch a favorable opportunity for slipping them hastily on the table, employing all his forces, and would ring the bell at the same time with great violence, in order to get the passengers seated as quickly as possible, and thus shift the responsibility of mishaps from himself. This plan would often prove successful, and perhaps before the passengers were all seated, all hands would be obliged to hold on, with their hands, arms and breasts, to every thing moveable, to prevent them from being dashed on the floor. This odd scene might recur some five or six times during a repast. But at other times, less fortunate in his anticipations, some tremendous lurch of the vessel would occur, before the passengers had time to arrive at the table, and all his neatly skewered fowls, plumply stuffed turkeys, and pigs, trimmed with tufts of parsley in their mouths, would make a sudden and simultaneous movement, dishes and all, first to the benches or settees, where they would be broken into atoms, and then to the floor; and if the state-room doors happened to be open, pell-mell even under the berths. The odd countenance of the old steward, between an expression of merriement and chagrin, groping about with a large silver fork in one hand, and a cane or brush-handle in the other, to stir

them from under the beds, gathering up his runaway ducks, turkeys and pigs, formed a scene of the most indescribably ludicrous character.

12TH.—The storm has abated, and the sea is more calm; which is a great relief after the fatigue we have experienced for several days. Passed a large English ship to-day, standing Westward.

13TH & 14TH.—Although the weather is cloudy, the wind is fair, and we are progressing steadily but slowly. Our young gentlemen have resorted to pitching pennies, for exercise and amusement. It is curious to observe, how much the human mind as well as the body, is influenced by circumstances; and how readily both accommodate themselves to their existing condition. The most trivial and childish amusements will be entered into at sea, with an ardor and interest that those of a much higher character are incapable of exciting on land.

15TH.—The weather continues calm, and the breezes light; we are making but four or five knots; but to compensate, we can pass nearly all our time on deck. Saw a small sail ahead this morning, which we soon passed; and another in the evening, standing Westward. A shoal of porpoises, the first we have seen, crossed our track to-day.

16TH.—This is Sunday, and the most lovely and delightful morning I have seen at sea; as calm, serene and inviting as the doctrines of that book which has taught us to observe this blessed day! What a contrast between this day and that of the 11th. It is almost impossible to conceive that a scene so calm, so quiet, so heavenly, could assume all the boisterous, wild and fearful fury that it does when the mighty hurricane expends its power upon the waves! That heart must be devoid of feeling indeed, that does not rise in profound and grateful adoration, in scenes and under circumstances such as these. Here are not needed the silvery notes and long loud tones of the harmonious organ, to incite to worship; the magnificently grand, yet serene and beautiful display of omnipotent power on the desert of the deep, is quite sufficient to elevate the soul to God.

17TH.—Weather raw and unpleasant; wind contrary, but



we are enabled to keep our course pretty well; motion considerable, in consequence of our being obliged to keep so close to the wind. Observed a small sail far ahead, which we approached in the after part of the day, and ascertained it to be what the Capt. called a "chasse maree," a small French coaster, with red bark-tanned sails, which was the first object that indicated our approach to a foreign land.

18TH.—All in high spirits as the wind is fair, and we are making fine head-way. The ocean has a peculiarly beautiful appearance to-day. The waves rise to about the height of our quarterdeck, presenting the base black, the body olive-colored, and the top of a beautiful emerald green, with the apex curling gracefully into a splendid white. This appearance is what sailors call white-caps.

19TH, 20TH & 21ST.—We have had three more days of unpleasant suffering, from excessively stormy weather and a rough sea. Life on ship-board in bad weather is extremely tedious and wearisome, when one can neither converse, read nor exercise with any degree of pleasure. As to mental exertion, I found it exceedingly difficult during the whole voyage, and often impossible. This I had often heard and read of, but presuming it to be imaginary, I supplied myself with a number of books, of which, however, I made but little use. The motion of the vessel, with the small amount of exercise that can be taken within the narrow precincts of such a floating prison, cause a fullness of the system, and a determination of blood to the brain, that produces a degree of lethargy and inaction, which is impossible to overcome. I am sure no one can fully appreciate this almost paralyzing influence on the mental energies, who has not experienced it. Saw three or four sail passing in various directions, but none near enough to distinguish their names. The Captain ordered some of his preserved provisions to be served up; not out of necessity, for we still have plenty of live stock and ice in our ice-house, but merely to ascertain its quality. We have had soup, beans, peas, asparagus, mutton, beef and fowls, preserved for at least five years, and stowed away on board to be resorted to in case of emergency. So perfectly was the whole flavor of these articles retained, that the greatest

epicure would be unable to distinguish them from those recently prepared. I was informed that their preparation forms an extensive branch of business. The meats are roasted, and the vegetables are preserved as for serving up, and placed, whilst quite hot, in tin canisters of convenient size, with their juices and gravy poured over them; and when the atmospheric air is entirely expelled, the lids are carefully soldered on, and their preservation will be found complete at the expiration of eight or ten years. I have even seen milk preserved perfectly fresh for a year by a similar process. I also saw another preparation designed to add to the comforts of persons on a long voyage. It precisely resembled a stick of cream candy, in which were combined the essence of tea or coffee, with cream and sugar, so that it only required a piece to be put into a cup, and some boiling water to be poured upon it, to make a tolerable cup of coffee or tea in a few minutes.

22D.—Gloomy day; wind N. E. and stormy, with a rough sea, and making but little head-way; out three weeks to-day, at 12½ P. M. Saw several sail to-day, but no signs of land; the passengers are beginning to manifest some impatience, and to lose a little of their amiability; we almost wish we had some steam, if it could be had at least, without the fire.—There is nothing I dread half so much at sea as fire. Decidedly the most awful catastrophe to which human beings can be subjected on ship-board, is conflagration, where even that dernier support under almost any other circumstances, hope, is utterly cut off. Notwithstanding the eminent and almost unexpected success of the grand experiment of atlantic steam-navigation, I am unable to divest myself of a deep sense of its great danger. An exposure to the risk of two violent and uncontrollable elements, wind and water, is sufficient without the addition of that greater one of fire. Then, too, if a landsman may venture to hazard an opinion, I do not believe that the construction of the steamers, with their immensely ponderous engines, is nearly so well calculated to weather a heavy gale. There are other objections of minor import, that may be urged against their comfort:—such as the smell

of the smoke and oil, the never ceasing noise and jar of the engine, &c.

23D.—As I came on deck this morning at an early hour, which is my usual custom, I observed the cow thrusting her head out of her stall, raising her nose, snuffing up the air with apparent delight, and emitting an occasional low of satisfaction. When the Capt. came up I asked an explanation of this strange conduct of the animal. He at once recognized in this, a familiar and often observed instinct; for the cow was an old voyager, having crossed the Atlantic some five or six times; and he unhesitatingly predicted the near approach to land. Leaning over the bulwarks to windward, and deeply inhaling the air, he turned about, saying "it is even so, I smell the land." I tried repeatedly and perseveringly once more to catch a single faint smell of the earth, after having been deprived of that pleasure for so long a time, but in vain; and it was not until after the expiration of several hours that I became sensible of the delightful balmy odour of blossoms, among which I fancied I could distinguish the peach particularly. My facetious young friend, Mr. C. who had so long and ardently desired, during our passage to enjoy the smell of land, "if it were even but a bit of mud," seemed to enjoy it more highly than any of us. The ocean began to assume that light green appearance always observed when there is less depth, owing perhaps to a greater abundance of organized matter, and we were visited by a number of swallows that perched in our rigging, nearly exhausted by their long flight. Four or five sail were in sight to-day.

24TH.—This is a delightful day, but the wind is contrary, which has caused a considerable check to the high spirits felt by all yesterday. There have been from four to ten vessels in sight all day, a small compensation for the disagreeable conviction that we are progressing very slowly. Had we been making good headway, we should have enjoyed this animated scene with great zest. At 3 P. M. we were boarded by an English Pilot from the Scilly Isles, around whom all on board crowded with as much eagerness as if he had been some nondescript animal dropt from the clouds. The poor

fellow, naturally somewhat slow in his answers, was assailed with such volleys of questions from all sides, that he was kept veering and turning from side to side, until he seemed totally confounded, and thought of the lucky stratagem of pulling an old London paper from his pocket, which in a moment debarrassed him of at least one half of his inquisitive interrogators. This was the first person we had conversed with, except our ship's-crew, for nearly a month, and no one can imagine, unimportant as it appears, the lively interest created by such an occurrence. The Capt. purchased from him some cabbages, onions and potatoes, made him a present of some salt beef, and offered him several bottles of rum, which he refused, saying his boat was a temperance boat; for this we gave him three hearty cheers as he descended over the side of the vessel. No tidings of the unfortunate President; which almost confirms our worst fears that she has gone to the bottom, without leaving a trace behind her. This is peculiarly distressing to Capt. and Mrs. P. who were intimately acquainted with a newly married couple from New York, who had embarked on her to make a wedding trip to England. At about 9 o'clock this evening, we observed the light from the Lizard Point light-house, dimly glimmering at a great distance to the North-East.

25TH.—Morning clear, but almost calm,—from 10 to 15 sail in view. About 3 P. M. we observed the first land, which is the English coast stretching like a long black cloud along the distant horizon. 5 P. M. the beautiful green hills of old England in full view. We can distinguish houses and trees even, with the naked eye. How refreshing it is once more to see land; and this the land of all others most interesting to an American, as intimately associated with our earliest impressions, and most reflected upon in our maturer years. This is the outlet to the greatest thoroughfare for the shipping, destined to all countries on the face of the globe; and consequently there have been all the afternoon from 25 to 30 vessels of all sorts, shapes and sizes in sight, all under full canvass, moving in all possible directions. At 6 P. M. we were boarded by a Pilot from Cowes, whose services we could not engage, as we were bound to a French port; and after

receiving his customary present of salt beef, which was gratefully accepted, he left us. At about 8 P. M. the sun sunk with unusual splendour in a cloudless sky, behind the beautifully sloping hills and bright lawns of England, studded in all directions with white villas and neat cottages. These, with the countless white sails, moving in all directions in the soft evening breeze, bathed in a rich flood of golden and purple light, formed a scene of unrivalled beauty. Late in the evening, we remarked a small black cloud skirting the Southern horizon, which emitted an occasional flash of lightning, such as we often see in our latitudes on a hot summer's evening. The air was delightfully bland and balmy, and the smooth surface of the sea was scarcely rippled save by the occasional sluggish rise and fall of our lazy ship, which caused a long but gentle wave, that looked like liquid fire, from the coruscating phosphorescence. The scene was one of those that inspires that soft, that subdued delight, better felt than described, which invites to silence and meditation—one of those that inspires feelings conjured up by reflections on the past, that are delightfully alleviated by the silent dropping of a tear. But there was something portentous in this very hush of nature. The cloud we had observed increased in size; the flashes of lightning became more frequent and vivid; the occasional low growl of the distant thunder grew more distinct; a fitful gust of wind would from time to time distend our flapping sails, and communicate a peculiar tremour to the ship. The Capt. paced the quarter deck in silence, casting a suspicious look alternately at his noble ship and at the approaching storm. The lightning became more frequent and lurid, the intervals more intensely dark, when the decided and rather hurried command of the Capt. suddenly sent every man on board into the rigging. Almost at the same moment, several successive shrill sharp explosions of thunder announced that the hurricane was upon us! A sudden tremendous blast of wind broke upon our noble ship, that made her reel and toss like a toy; every seam appeared disjointed and every timber creaked with the violence of the gale. One burst of thunder followed another in quick succession, the whole firmament and the wide expanse of waters were one



glow of vivid fire; the half furled sails were carried far above the yards, with a fearful crash; the officers were obliged to resort to their speaking trumpets, for the unaided voice could not be heard across our decks; so loud and boisterous were the noise and tumult on our ship, and so deafening the fearful rushing of the swollen and angry waves, that even the mighty voice of the thunder was for a while unheard! This magnificently grand and awfully sublime turmoil of the elements, formed a scene so entirely unique, so utterly different from any thing that I had ever experienced, that I find it totally impossible to give an account of the impressions it produced. With the greatest exertions the men succeeded in saving all the sails, and in furling them, which at once greatly calmed the violent agitation of the ship, and in a few hours the storm had passed off, and left nothing but the unpleasant rolling of the vessel which always accompanies a calm after the sea has been strongly agitated by a storm.

26TH.—Weather hazy, and the wind right in our teeth, with a rough sea; exactly the combination of circumstances, particularly when within a short distance of your destined port, to render persons most unamiable. The haze cleared away in the afternoon, and we had several opportunities of viewing the land on the English side, without adding greatly to our pleasure, as we were not near enough to distinguish objects. We experienced another heavy thunder storm in the night, that caused us to lose the little we had gained through the day.

27TH.—This was a delightfully mild and sunny day, but the wind, what little there was, was contrary. At 2 P. M. spoke the ship *Murphy*, from Bremen, bound to Baltimore, the first vessel we approached within speaking distance. Our friend Mr. C. proposed to them to *swap wind*, which of course had they been able they would have declined, for disinterested as seamen generally are, in matter of weather they are supremely selfish. At 5 P. M. we observed a small boat approaching us, and in the course of half an hour the Capt. ascertained it to be a pilot-boat, precisely what we desired, for we had experienced several very tempestuous nights, and were now in the narrow part of the channel. In another

half hour, the pilot came on board. He again like the others, excited our curiosity, but escaped the innumerable interrogatories, from the difficulty of putting them in a foreign language. We enjoyed another splendid sunset, but heard again the roll of distant thunder, as the evening advanced. The storm, however, passed us, and we had a serene night.

28TH.—Wind more favourable, weather delightful, and the coast of "*la belle France*" in full sight. All in the best spirits, with the prospect of a speedy arrival. We enjoyed today, a delightful view of the highland of Cape de la Hogue, and of the towns of Cherbourg and St. Pierre. We discovered a small boat afloat ahead of us this afternoon, and by the earnest solicitations of the Captain's little son, he prevailed upon his father to permit the ship to run a little out of her course, in order to come alongside. The men were prepared with a harpoon, and as we approached the boat near enough it was struck in the bottom, and as it was thus held, a man descended with a rope around his waist, and succeeded in securing it. It was a small ferry-boat of no great value, and the Capt. induced his son to consent to make it a present to some poor waterman at Havre.

29TH.—Another lovely morning. We now began to discern the high point of land at the bottom of which Havre is situated. We approached the shore slowly, and after being near enough to see part of the city, and even the motion of the telegraph on the high promontory before us, we lay to, to wait for a tow-boat and the rise of the tide. The land facing the channel is high, and almost perpendicular, and devoid of all vegetation; appearing like washed ground of a reddish colour; but the left bank of the Seine, in the direction of Honfleur, recedes in beautiful hills, clothed in rich verdure to the water's edge. When the tide rose, we were taken in tow by a steamer, and carried partly into the mouth of the Seine, and thence by a wide canal into one of the immense docks of the ancient and commercial city of Havre. The vessel was at once taken in charge by the police-officers in uniform, who demanded our passports, and ordered all our baggage to be carried to the custom-house; when we were once more permitted to set our feet on *terra firma*, and walk

the best way we could. But we found this almost as difficult and awkward as it was to learn to walk on the deck of the ship; and we caught ourselves at every moment bracing our muscles to anticipate a lurch, and to prevent a fall, which made us present a most ludicrous appearance. Nor did I get rid of this sensation of the motion of the vessel for ten days or two weeks, particularly on entering a small room which resembled the cabin, or when in bed. In the latter situation, however, it was by no means disagreeable to me, for so accustomed had I become to being rocked to sleep, that its absence was quite an inconvenience. We proceeded to the Hotel de l'Europe, a large and well kept house, and, after having made choice of rooms, we sauntered out at random to view the city. The total novelty of every object we looked upon, reminded us clearly of our arrival in a foreign land, where even the face of nature wears a different aspect. It is scarcely possible to realize the greatness of the contrast between a continental city and one of our own; and this is perhaps most striking in the numerous uniforms that arrest the attention, particularly of an American, at every step, and the unaccustomed sounds of a foreign language falling upon the ear. Any part of the earth's surface, not totally a desert would have been hailed with joy after a residence of four weeks on the great deep, where nothing greeted the eye but sky and waves; but this was Europe, this was France, beautiful sunny France, the subject of the dreams of my childhood, and of the agreeable reflections of riper years, associated with all that is polite and polished in society, simple and unaffected in life, and eminently beautiful in nature. It seems like the reverie of a vivid dream. Every object, even the most trivial, attracted our attention, and we went dodging about the streets like a company of Nez-perces or Black-feet, just from the Rocky Mountains, with no doubt, a great deal less address in concealing our curiosity. Happy for us that the natives are accustomed to see daily such exhibitions as these in the newly arrived, or we certainly should have been surrounded by a mob eager to see "*les sauvages*." I could frequently not help thinking that it was French politeness alone that protected us from such a scrutiny, but as it was,



we passed along by only hearing the simple observation of "*voilà des étrangers.*" The city of Havre contains 30,000 inhabitants, is a bustling, active and commercial place, and although not very prepossessing in its appearance, contains several beautiful squares and some fine buildings. Its situation on the right bank of the Seine is generally low, but rises to a considerable elevation towards the north in the direction of the faubourg of Ingonville, where are some beautiful mansions and gardens on terraces commanding a delightful view of the city, the harbour and the sea, to a great distance. It was founded in 1526 by François I, and very much improved by Louis XVI, after plans furnished by the famous M. Lamande. Its being the sea-port of Paris, renders it a place of great importance as a commercial mart. The annual arrivals at Havre are estimated at from four to five thousand sail; and besides twelve splendid packet-ships running regularly to New York, there are a number destined to New Orleans, Rio-Janeiro, Havana, &c. Steamers also run regularly between this port and London, Southampton, Lisbon, Bordeaux, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Hamburg and Paris. The streets of Havre are narrow, but well paved, and the houses high, built of stone and covered with tiles. Some of the buildings are faced with slate, and make a very pretty appearance. The city is defended by high walls and a ditch. The docks are magnificent specimens of hydraulic architecture.

30TH.—This is Sunday; but how unlike the quiet, sedate observance of this day at home! All the shops are open, and the ordinary occupations of life are continued as on any other day of the week. As we were not permitted to carry any thing with us from the ship, not even a change of clothing, we were obliged to go to the custom-house, and have our trunks passed. The examination was very superficial, and performed with a delicacy that surprised me, after all that I had heard of foreign "*douanes.*" The main object of search seemed to be tobacco, on which the duty is exorbitant. I had several pounds of *cavendish*, on which I was obliged to pay more than the article cost me at home. After making my toilet, I went to the seaman's chapel, and heard an

excellent sermon delivered by Mr. Sortell. The congregation, independently of the seamen, was large and respectable. There are two Churches at Havre, the principal one of which is called Notre-Dame; its construction was commenced in the 16th century, but it possesses nothing of peculiar interest, apart from its antiquity. Bathing appears to be a common practice among the French, and delightful hot and cold baths can be had at a cheap rate. It is customary to cover the interior of the bath-tub with a linen cloth made to fit it, and this is renewed for every bather; a practice well worthy of being imitated, on account of its cleanliness. When you are ready to get out of the bath, you ring a bell, and the servant brings a long flannel gown, well heated, to slip on, and three or four hot napkins, for which he always expects two or three sous. I enjoyed the luxury of one of these baths this evening, at the moderate sum of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  francs.

31st.—Accepted the kind invitation of Capt. P., to accompany him and his family to Harfleur, a beautiful village about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  leagues from the city. After leaving the gate, we passed along the single street of the faubourg called Ingouville, lying at the foot of a considerable eminence, studded with beautiful villas. The road is delightful, as even as a floor; and the soil, although not naturally rich, is highly cultivated, and laid out in pretty gardens. Many of these gardens in the immediate vicinity of the city, I was told, are hired by tradesmen and others, and cultivated as much as a source of amusement as profit. It is here they resort on Sundays with their families, and taking their food with them, spend the whole day in these retreats. Most of the country houses are thatched; and the total absence of fences or enclosures of any kind, except a few hedges, and some stone walls immediately around the dwellings, gives the landscape a curious aspect to an American, accustomed to see our long lines of fences. We met many mules and jack-asses carrying burdens of various kinds to and from the city, generally in panniers slung on each side of the animals, and most commonly conducted by females, frequently either spinning or knitting, and walking along side, or mounted between the baskets. The odd appearance of the heavy carts and waggons, loaded to an

immense height with goods, packed in straw and retained by ropes, is very striking. They do not seem to know the use of waggon-beds and covers, and I have no doubt a Conestoga waggon would be deemed a great curiosity. The people are comfortably clad, and look cheerful and contented. The men generally wear blue blouses, reaching half way to the knee, and the women petticoats and aprons, with white bodices, and the immense Norman caps, extending fifteen or eighteen inches beyond the crown of the head, also white.

The most striking object in the beautiful town of Harfleur, is an elegant Gothic steeple of whitish freestone, surmounting a church of large dimensions, built by the English in 1285, while they had possession of this place. It is said that formerly one hundred and four strokes of the bell proceeded from this steeple every morning, in commemoration of a like number of citizens who had the fearless daring to cast off the odious yoke of the English. Harfleur was formerly one of the principal ports of Normandy, and in the XVth century sustained several battles against the English. It contains, at present, several manufactories of importance.

From Harfleur we visited the delightful hamlet of Orcher, quietly embosomed in a beautiful thicket of elms, distant about two miles from the former place. Here we saw a great number of persons keeping fete-day, of which dancing of course formed a principal part. Their amusements seemed to be conducted with great propriety, and their refreshments consisted of cakes, wine and beer. We had the curiosity to taste some of the latter, but I did not consider it very palatable. It was a kind of strong-beer, but weaker than that we find at home. On an elevated terrace close by Orcher, are the old chateau and delightful grounds of Mad. de Mortemart, who generously directs her porter to admit all visitors to those beautiful promenades. The grounds are very extensive, and are laid out in lawns, walks and groves, in excellent taste. The part near the chateau reminded me strongly of Mount Vernon. From the height overhanging the Seine, and which is plentifully furnished with seats, we enjoyed a most splendid view of Havre, the town of Harfleur, and the picturesque banks of the river opposite to us. Here we saw a shepherd

tending a beautiful flock of sheep, accompanied by his dog, and having his crook and scrip; objects I had so often heard sung by poets, but which I now for the first time realized. The picture is certainly a very pretty one, nor am I surprised that it has been the favourite theme of all poets, from the earliest times. These charming spots are the habitual rendezvous of the citizens of Havre, during the fine season. We returned at an early hour, highly gratified with our visit, and in the evening called on the Rev. Mr. Sortell, whose residence is delightfully situated, so as to command a view of the whole city and harbour. To-morrow I set out for Paris.

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JUNE—1841.

1st.—Left Havre at 5½ A. M. in company with Messrs. S. and De B. on board of the steam-boat Seine, bound to Rouen. This is a charming morning, and our little company is in the highest spirits, as we could not fail to be, on a voyage so excitingly interesting as that up the beautiful Seine. Our highly esteemed and excellent friend, Capt. P. came down to the boat to see us off. Our vessel is a beautiful long black craft, of a very pretty finish, supplied with an elegant English low-pressure engine, English firemen and steersman, and a French captain. The French mode of living is carried out even on their boats; for we have a restaurant on board, at which every one may order what he pleases, and pays immediately for what he gets. I think this plan is far preferable to our own, both as it is more equitable, and as the unpleasant crowd of an ordinary is avoided. The Seine has a very considerable width at its mouth, but continues to grow narrower as you proceed, until you arrive at Quilleboeuf, 12 leagues, where the banks approach each other very closely. The country on both sides of the river in this part of it, rises in bold hills, and sometimes even in elevated peaks, particularly the Point de la Roque, on which are the ruins of an ancient hermitage, rich in legendary tales. There are a great number of towns and villages scattered along the banks on both sides. Honfleur, nearly opposite to Havre, is a walled town containing at present 8,000 inhabitants. It was formerly

a port of considerable note, and its population at one time exceeded 17,000. Its site is charming. At the distance of 8 leagues we passed the two castles of Tancarville, the oldest of which dates from the XIIIth century, delightfully situated on a beautiful platform at the bottom of a small bay. We now approached the town of Quilleboeuf, between which and Vieux Port, a distance of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 leagues, the navigation of the Seine is very dangerous; owing to the numerous sand-banks, which shift their position from hour to hour. Our Captain here took a pilot on board, of which 110 reside at Quillebœuf, and find employment in navigating boats through this dangerous channel. Nearly opposite this town is Lillebonne, the Julibona of the Romans, where numerous antiquities are still discovered. It is in this part of the river that is observed that curious phenomenon called *La Barree*, which is so much dreaded by, and has proved so disastrous to the navigators of the Seine. It takes place at the time of the equinox at full and new-moon, and is thus described by an eye-witness:—"Already was the constellation of the Bear in the middle of its course, when we heard at a distance a dull noise, a roaring like that of a cataract; I imprudently got up to see what it was: I perceived by the white foam, a mountain of water approaching us from the direction of the sea, rolling upon itself; it occupied the whole width of the river, and, surmounting the banks to the right and left, it broke with a horrible noise, upon the trunks of the forest trees. In an instant it was upon our vessel, which it struck crosswise and laid it on its side; the movement threw me overboard." It was in one of these violent commotions of the waters that St. Piere, the author of the *Studies of Nature*, perished. This phenomenon must be owing to the high tide meeting with the rapid current in the river. Its violence is said to have much abated within the last ten or twelve years. Between Quillebœuf and Candebeac, the next considerable town, we passed many romantic villages, buried in delightful groves, generally with thatched roofs; and in one, Aiziers, the Church even was thatched. Candebeac, on the right bank of the river, contains 3,000 inhabitants, and is one of the most charming spots I ever saw, Joseph Vernet, it is said,



considered the view taken from the quai of this place the finest in all France. Here the Seine becomes extremely tortuous. The only large towns between Candebeac and Rouen are La Mailleraie and Duclair—the latter a most curious and interesting place, in which a number of dwellings are scooped out of the solid rock ranged along the river side. The banks the whole distance to the ancient Norman capital, are extremely varied and picturesque. The hill-tops are frequently surmounted by the dilapidated turrets of ancient castles, or the tottering walls of ruined monasteries and churches, which lend to the prospect a peculiar interest, particularly to those unaccustomed, like myself, to see such objects. I was much surprised to see the great extent of forests still remaining in this part of so old a country as France. The approach to Rouen is truly magnificent: and here we arrived at 12 M. a distance of 106 miles from Havre, after one of the most interesting and exciting trips I ever made. We were immediately beset, as we were on our arrival at Havre, by a host of servants from the different hotels, presenting us with their cards, and recommending their several establishments. But as we were recommended from Havre to the *Grand Hotel de Rouen*, we firmly resisted all other invitations. It must be acknowledged, however, and noted as a mark of the politeness of the French, that the importunities of these agents were easily got rid of, when we manifested some decision in the matter. We could not help contrasting them with *yankees*, under similar circumstances.

Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy, contains 100,000 inhabitants, and is situated on a beautiful slope called *Mont aux Malades*, on the right bank of the Seine. Most of the streets are tortuous and narrow, and many of the houses with their upper stories jutting over the basement, bear the marks of great age. The quai is wide, clean, and flanked by a long row of beautiful tall buildings, most of which are occupied as store-houses and shops. The more densely built part of the city is surrounded by a well-paved wide street, having foot-walks, and is planted with a double row of stately trees which extends about 3 miles, called the Boulevards, and forms a delicious drive or walk in hot weather. This was the ancient

fortification of the city, rendered useless by modern warfare. A communication is formed with the opposite side of the river, occupied by the faubourg St. Sever, by two magnificent bridges. The first is a wire suspension bridge, which forms a most imposing object as you ascend the Seine, and occupies the place of the ancient bridge of boats; and the latter is of stone of beautiful construction, 800 feet in length, with its centre resting on the Island de la Croix, upon which is erected a colossal statue, in bronze, of Pierre Corneille, 12 feet high, supported on a pedestal of white Carrara marble. A magnificent walk, planted with four rows of stately elms, called the *Cours de la Reine*, extends from the opposite end of this bridge to the distance of 674 fathoms, and is said to be one of the finest in the kingdom. The environs of the city are delightful. But the principal attraction for strangers at Rouen are the splendid specimens of Gothic architecture of the middle ages, preserved in its numerous churches, and which are unequalled by any in the world.

After dinner we engaged a *valet de place*, and set out to visit the architectural curiosities of this curious and intensely interesting old city. This was the first time I engaged a *valet de place*, or guide, and I fully determined never to engage another. Besides fleecing you of your money by acting in collusion with the *custodes* and *garçons* at the different places of curiosity, they vex and harass you with all kinds of silly talk, and foolish tales that are insufferably annoying. I need scarcely tell you that the far-famed cathedral, whose lofty towers and pyramid of cast iron, formed so prominent an object as we approached the city, was the first to attract our eager curiosity. This magnificent temple, in the purest Gothic style, rests on the foundations of a church which was from time to time rebuilt, consecrated by St. Mellon, who lived between the years 260 and 311, having been one of the first Christian churches in the North. The immense structure as it now exists, was the work of several centuries, having been commenced under *Jean Sans Terre*, duke of Normandy and king of England in the XIIIth century, and finished in the XVth. It is constructed of a grey stone, having a close grain. The façade is flanked by two beautiful towers in different

styles of architecture, and of great elevation, designated by the names of *Tour St. Romaine*, and *Tour de Beurre*; because the latter was built by the alms of the faithful, who, in consideration of this, obtained leave to eat butter during Lent. In the centre over the grand portal, rises the magnificent pyramid, constructed entirely of cast iron, wrought in the most beautiful and delicate open work, to replace the former one which was shattered by a stroke of lightning in 1822. This wonderful and splendid piece of art is not completed, although 13 stories are already raised. It will rise to the height of 436 feet, and will be only 13 feet lower than the highest pyramid of Egypt. It will consist of 2,540 pieces, and will not weigh less than 600,000 kilogrammes, or 1,200,000 pounds. The length of the cathedral is 450 feet, and its entire breadth 97 feet. The nave is 84 feet high, resting on magnificent columns 7 feet 8 inches in diameter, over the arcades of which is a narrow gallery. In the centre is a lantern, at the height of 160 feet under the keystone, and it is supported by four large pillars, each being 38 feet in circumference, composed of 31 columns elegantly grouped together. The edifice is lighted by 130 immense windows, magnificently stained, representing various scriptural subjects. The cathedral contains twenty-five chapels, most of them enriched with the most beautiful sculpture, and many rare and valuable paintings. It is the final resting place of many personages celebrated in history and in literature, and also encloses the heart of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, which was discovered in 1838.

We next visited the admirable church of St. Ouen, the rival of the cathedral. It was commenced in 1302, and finished in the XVIth century. Its perfectly chaste and beautiful tower forms the most striking object on the exterior of the edifice. Its height is 100 feet above the roof of the church, and is surmounted by a crown, wrought in open work, of the most beautiful effect. The whole height from the pavement is 244 feet, and it is supported in the interior of the edifice, by four pillars formed of a group of 24 columns. The numerous and immense buttresses that support the church on the outside are very curious. But it is the interior of this magnificent



specimen of the pure Gothic architecture that excites the most profound astonishment and delight. It is perfectly plain, and devoid of any ornament save what belongs to the inimitably beautiful style of architecture of the XIV and XVth centuries. Nothing more light, more chaste, or more airy can be imagined, than the exquisitely finished and delicately formed columns that support the elevated ceiling of its nave ! I consider St. Ouen far superior in delicacy and beauty of style to the cathedral, and indeed cannot conceive of any thing to rival it. The length of this splendid church within the walls is 450 feet, its whole breadth 78, and the height under the keystone is 100 feet. It is lighted by one hundred and twenty-five windows, most beautifully painted, and disposed in three rows, exclusive of three rose windows of great size and magnificence of coloring. The largest one, over the grand portal, is perhaps the most splendid object of its kind in existence. No one can conceive the superb magnificence and grandeur of the effect, when its area is lit up by the oblique rays of a clear sun ! I found it almost impossible to tear myself from the contemplation of this astonishing effort of the art of man ; and I lingered and gazed, and gazed and lingered, until my previously intensely excited feelings settled down into a dreamy kind of reverie of the most deep-felt pleasure I ever experienced ; and if there was anything to render my enjoyment imperfect and alloyed, it was the occasional feeling of regret that all those most dear to me could not be at my side, to revel with me in this luxury of feeling ! Such an amazing display of genius elevates one's conception of the powers of the human intellect. In this church also, are the tombs of several persons famed in the history of this interesting country.

We took occasion to visit to-day also, the small church of St. Patrice, at the most propitious hour for seeing to the best advantage the most magnificent specimens of painted glass now in existence—namely, in the evening, an hour or two before sunset. They are of the XVIth century, the most brilliant period of this art. The soft floods of light thrown upon the curiously wrought interior of this old edifice, are enchantingly beautiful, as the oblique rays of a brilliant evening sun flow in magic streams through its immense and splendid

windows. There are a number of other churches in this curious old city, which out of Rouen, would be regarded with great interest, but being seen after the three splendid structures just mentioned, make but a meagre appearance.

The *Palais de Justice*, built by Louis XII in 1499, is one of the most richly adorned structures in the city. It occupies one side of a square, and its façade, 200 feet in length, is adorned with all the rich and beautiful decorations of which the Gothic style is capable; and the elegant octangular turret in the centre is most imposing. One of the halls in this building is considered the finest in France. It is called *la grand chambre*, and its ceiling, divided into sculptured compartments decorated with gilt and bronze ornaments, is of oak, to which time has given the appearance of ebony. This truly magnificent apartment is occupied at present by the Court of Assizes, but was formerly the council chamber of the dukes of Normandy.—Concluded to spend another day in this interesting old city.

2b.—Took an omnibus and went to Bapaume, a manufacturing village, about a league from the city. The intervening country lying on the banks of the river, is very fine. We here visited a large calico printing establishment, that gives employment to 400 hands. Admission was freely granted, and we were most politely shown round, and even the details were explained by the superintendent. The general plan of the buildings is very tasty, being ranged around a large oval space, neatly laid out in walks, and planted with shrubs and flowers. There is a great deal of order and neatness in its internal disposition also. Seeing some beautifully laid out grounds on an elevated platform, raised above the Seine, at the distance of about half a mile from the village, we set out to visit them. We approached the porter's lodge, when we learned that this splendid estate belongs to Mr. Lafevre, a wealthy manufacturer, and were admitted to its shady walks and delightful points of view without any difficulty. It is a princely estate. The politeness and attention shown to strangers by these people, both high and low, is truly delightful. Returned again to the city, dined, and turned again to *lionizing*; but I protested decidedly against employing a *valet de*

place, in which my excellent young friend M. de B. fully concurred. The tower of the *Grosse-Horloge*, is a curious relique of ancient architecture and sculpture, designed, as its name imports, as a depository for the town-clock. The *Abattoir*, or public slaughter-house, is a magnificent establishment, in the faubourg St. Sever, and occupies an area of 7337 metres, or about so many square yards, and was erected at an expense of 370,000 francs. Its avenues are planted with rows of fine trees, and are sufficiently spacious to permit a plentiful access of fresh air, and it is abundantly supplied with fresh water to carry off the filth. Here are immense apparatus for rendering the tallow, scalding hogs, and cleaning the tripe, which is soaked and washed in large vats resembling tanner's vats, and stirred by means of hooks with long handles, very much after the manner of hides. These establishments, I believe, are peculiar to France, and are highly worthy of imitation, as they must conduce much to the comfort and health of large cities. It is required by the municipal laws that all animals designed to supply the markets with meat, must be slaughtered in these *abbatoirs*, which are always located in open spaces in the suburbs, and thus every disagreeable odour and unwholesome taint of the air in towns and cities are avoided.

Near the church of St. Eloi, is the *Marche-aux-Veaux*, before which is an open space called *Place de la Pucelle*, where the innocent Joan d'Arc (the maid of Orleans) was burnt, in 1431. Opposite this is a singular old building, ornamented with curious bas-reliefs, called the *Hotel du Bourgtherolde*, erected in the XVth century. The Picture Gallery, in the *Hotel de Ville*, contains a considerable number of very fine paintings. The Great Hospital, situated in an open space, high and airy, at the termination of a magnificent avenue leading up from the river, contains 600 beds, and is a beautiful establishment. It is designed exclusively for the inhabitants of the city.

I am forcibly struck, whenever I enter a crowd, with the low stature of the men, and the strongly marked, not to say homely, features of the people. The costume of the common people is very striking; the males being generally clad in blue *blouses*, and the females wearing those immense white Norman

caps. Both sexes are shod with *sabots*, or wooden shoes, that make an annoying clatter on the pavements. There appears to be no attempt in the lower classes to imitate the higher in dress. The dispersion of the military, with their scarlet pantaloons and glittering arms, in all directions, strongly arrests the attention of an American. The city is remarkably clean for the density of the population, and the people of all classes are very cheerful and happy.

3b.—Set out at 6½ A. M. in the *Cabriolet* of the Diligence, for Paris, distant 30½ leagues (92 miles.) The Diligence, or stage, is an immense and cumbrous vehicle, with low and very broad wheels, divided into three compartments, called the *coupe*, the *interieur*, and the *rotonde*; in each of which the price of a seat varies, commencing at the *coupe*, which is in front, and considered the most eligible. This part contains but three seats, and is provided with glass windows, both before and on the sides, and is sufficiently spacious to be exceedingly comfortable. On the top of the Diligence is a kind of gallery to contain the baggage, which is covered by one entire piece of leather, buckled down on the sides. In front of this gallery are four more seats, called the *cabriolet*; three for passengers, and one for the *Conducteur*, (that important functionary of all Diligences) protected by a falling top and apron. These are the cheapest seats, but decidedly the most pleasant in fair weather. Anterior to this is a small seat, perched like a swallow's nest, for the driver. I observed many little inventions about these vehicles, that add very much to the comfort of passengers. Such for example, are pockets made in every part that will admit of them, for passengers to place their maps, guide-books, &c. in, so that they may be always at hand—straps nailed against the top of the different compartments, so arranged with slides as to secure your hat and carry it with perfect safety (for nearly all travellers wear caps in the stages)—loops made of leather, for the purpose of supporting the shoulders and head of the person on the *middle seat*, if he chooses to sleep—straps and buckles to secure your umbrella, cane, &c.—nets for carrying your overcoat, &c. &c. All these contrivances, although small matters in themselves, are so convenient, that I consider them highly worthy of imi-



tation. These great land-boats are usually drawn by five horses, two at the tongue, and three abreast in front; but in ascending mountains, or even considerable hills, they have relays of horses, and often attach eight, ten, and even twelve. I constantly admired the extreme humanity and kindness manifested towards their animals, both by the *Conducteur*, the driver, and the passengers; for in mounting hills, the former always, and the latter generally descended and walked, which is so much the more easy, as the vehicles ascend very slowly; but when once arrived at the top, and all having again taken their seats, we were driven down with a most fearful velocity, the horses being generally put in a full gallop. The horses are thick-set, crooked limbed, wicked looking fellows, generally all studs, and most commonly grays, which seems to be a favourite colour. They are unreined and loosely hitched, and every scrub of them has his own gait, which seems a matter of the most perfect indifference to the driver, so that they get out of the way of the vehicle. The harness is absolutely of the most slovenly and awkward kind, with immensely high collars, and rope traces; and the whole accoutrement is never washed or greased, from the time it leaves the saddler's hands. The whole establishment is under the direction of two persons, the driver and the *Conducteur*. The first is changed with every change of horses, but the latter is the commodore, and goes all the way through. The *Conducteur* is a respectable looking, intelligent and very civil person, dressed in uniform, commonly a blue roundabout with standing collar, ornamented with a horse's head or coachman's horn, in silver, and a blue cloth cap, with a long loose top dangling to one side, also decorated with the same insignia. By his side is slung a leather bag, in which he carries his way-bill, and all letters and small packages that may be handed to him. His seat is on the left side of the cabriolet, where he has a crank that commands the lock of the Diligence, which he manages with so much care and judgment, that the horses are never obliged to hold back, even in crossing the conduits of the road. He also carries an enormous copper watch, secured by an immense guard-chain of iron or brass wire, which serves as his chronometer. All disputes about seats, rights, privileges,

&c. among the passengers, are referred to "*Monsieur le Conducteur*," who forthwith decides upon them in the style of a pacha, and from whose *dixit* there is no appeal. The cash system is strictly adhered to in these establishments, and the *Conducteur* performs also the function of cashier, for which purpose he has a drawer under his seat, under lock and key, containing his money bag, from which he counts out the pay of every relay keeper at the top of the hill, and to every driver at the end of his course. From his intimate knowledge of every object along the road, and his great civility, he becomes an important oracle to all the passengers, and particularly to those in the cabriolet.

The roads are superb, all graded and McAdamized, and absolutely without a rut. Sometimes before entering a considerable town, they are found paved with square blocks of stone, for leagues. They are shaded nearly the whole distance from Rouen to Paris, by two rows of trees, generally elms, which are frequently so large as to interlace their branches and form perfect arcades for miles. This is delightful on a hot summer's day. It is no longer a matter of surprise to me that foreigners complain of our roads, after being accustomed to such as these.

The country on this route is beautifully diversified by hill and valley; every part is cultivated like a garden, and although the soil in itself is light, (gravel mixed with chalk) it is made very productive by industry. This is an agricultural district, and the crops consist chiefly of rye and oats, interspersed with numerous patches of woad. Extensive prune and apple orchards are common, and there are some vineyards. The inhabitants reside most commonly in the villages strung at short distances along the road; the houses are mostly built of stone and thatched, and exhibit no very favourable idea of comfort or neatness, unless it be in the mode of cultivating their gardens, which are certainly very tasteful. The people appear cheerful and happy. The appearance of a country entirely open, totally destitute of fences and hedges, was to me a curious and interesting spectacle; nor could my fellow passengers comprehend the possibility of each man's property being enclosed by fences. Besides the villages, we passed through the

towns of Ecouis, Clair, Magny and Pontoise; none of them worthy of particular remark. At 6 P. M. we arrived at the *Messagerie Royale, rue Notre Dame de Victories*, where our baggage underwent another superficial examination. While the examination was in progress, M. de B. and myself selected a porter from among the great number that offered their services, and when it was finished, we asked for his *wheelbarrow*, a question he seemed at a loss to comprehend, and demanded whether we had *more* than the two trunks, and two or three carpet-bags, and several over-coats, umbrellas, &c. We replied in the negative; when he observed, "*ne vous donnez pas de peine, je les porterai*;" (don't trouble yourselves, I'll carry them,) and began piling them on a double yoke which they carry on their backs by shoulder-straps, like a knapsack; and having secured them by a rope, he shouldered this immense load, and, to our great astonishment, walked off without the slightest difficulty. Scarcely any thing less than a cart would have served *our* porters for transporting such a weight. We took *rooms* at the *Hotel Bergere, cite Bergere*, a few paces from the *Boulevards Montmartre*, and quite near the *Boulevards des Italiens*, the most fashionable in the city. I say took *rooms*, for it is the custom in this country to hire rooms merely, in the hotels, for which you pay a stipulated price per day; (and persons who wish to guard against imposition always settle this matter definitely) and you are then at perfect liberty to take your meals in the house, or to take them "*en ville*," that is, at the Cafes and Restaurants wherever you may be, when your appetite prompts you to eat. This plan is certainly much more equitable, as well as more convenient for a stranger than our own, and there it is but one possible objection that I have to make to French hotels, and that is, they have no room common to all travellers where a foreigner may have an opportunity of studying the people.

4TH.—It really appears to me like a dream that I am nearly four thousand miles from home, and that the mighty Atlantic is rolling its black, boisterous and unfathomable waves between me and all that is most dear to me, and that I have passed over its vast and restless expanse in less than one short month! This, then, is Paris, the magnificent

capital of the most polished nation on the face of the globe! The great centre of the arts and sciences of the civilized world! I can with difficulty realize it!! I rose at an early hour, and accompanied by my excellent friend, M. de B., went to Galignani's (*Rue Vivienne* 18.) I subscribed to the reading room, and purchased a guide-book and map of the city, and wandered out very much at random through its interminable streets, its squares, passages and gardens until I became bewildered by their magnitude and splendor! Galignani's Reading Room and Library is a delightful place of resort, where you may procure for eight francs per month the reading of innumerable gazettes and periodicals published in all languages and countries under the sun; besides having access to an immense and excellently selected Library of modern works in French, English, German, Spanish, Italian, and perhaps other languages. These rooms are situated in the back part of one of those large, open courts which always appertain to large houses in this city, remote from the never-ceasing turmoil and noise of one of its most crowded thoroughfares, and are luxuriantly fitted up with divans and cushioned arm-chairs covered with scarlet velvet, and at night splendidly lit up with gas. You may here continually find strangers from every country in the world.

5TH.—As my present lodgings are too remote from the hospitals, the principal attractions for me, I went out this morning, with the design of taking a room in the "*pays latin*" (the *Latin* quarter) beyond the Seine, and succeeded in finding one to suit me, in the *Rue des petits Augustins* 10. My friend, M. de B. having determined to lodge with me, assisted me in making the selection. This business being settled, we set out for another random stroll about the city.

The city of Paris, the capital of France, or as the French insist, the capital of the civilized world, is built on both banks and a considerable island of the Seine, and is 3 miles in width, and a little over 5 miles in length. Its circuit measures 13 miles, and embraces an area of 345 Hectores, equal to about 9620 acres; a place surprisingly small for the number of the population, which at the last census amounted to 909,126 exclusive of troops and strangers. The streets, with few



exceptions, are narrow; often not wider than to admit a single carriage at a time; unprovided with foot-walks, or having them very narrow; and the gutters in the middle, with the sides sloping towards them. One may easily conceive the difficulty that the foot-passenger has of saving his toes from being crushed by passing vehicles, particularly when the dense crowd that constantly throngs the streets in this populous city, is taken into consideration. Nothing is more common than to find yourself forced to take refuge from such accidents, by crowding into door-ways (which, fortunately, are very large,) on steps, or by flying for a corner; and there you don't always avoid being soiled. Certainly nothing but the extreme politeness of the French of all classes, could save the dense crowds in the streets under these circumstances from being incessantly embroiled in quarrels. But no one ever brushes against you strongly, without touching his hat and crying "*pardon Monsieur*;" "*excusez*," &c., and as to their politeness to the ladies, that is proverbial, and great praise is justly due them; consequently females encounter but little difficulty even where the streets are choked; for the uncouth looking drayman will doff his "*bonnet*" and arrest his cart to let them pass. The whole circuit of Paris is enclosed by a wall of considerable strength; not as a defence against enemies, for the buildings run up to their very base, but to insure the due collection of the "*octroi*" or duty that every article of provision is obliged to pay on entering the capital for the use of the city. At every one of the 60 "*Barrieres*" are stationed armed men in uniform, with sundry long spears and skewers, for examining hay-wagons, sand-carts, sacks, &c., who stop every carriage and omnibus, and search every cranny and nook, even to the travelling baskets of the ladies. Immediately on the inside of these walls is a beautiful wide and McAdamised street, extending their whole length, planted with two rows of stately trees, called the "*Boulevards Exterieurs*," and forms a charming drive. Those are not the far-famed "*Boulevards*," so much and justly admired by all strangers who visit this gay city. These are called the "*Boulevards Interieurs*" or simply the "*Boulevards*" *par excellence*, and form the most magnificent imposing street

and promenade on the face of the globe. This street is very wide, well paved, and provided with beautiful spacious sidewalks of asphalt, and is shaded by a double row of fine elms, and makes the circuit of the city about mid-way between its centre and the exterior *Boulevards*. Many of its fine trees, however, were cut down during the three days' revolution of 1830, to barricade the street. They are now replaced by young ones. Nearly the whole distance of the *Boulevards* on the Southern side of the Seine is lined on both sides by stately and splendid private houses, nearly all of which have their basement stories occupied by those large and magnificent shops, so peculiar to Paris, interspersed with numerous theatres and other public edifices, including the beautiful church of the *Madeleine*, and the two curious old gates, St. Denis and St. Martin. These gates are very imposing, and formed the main in and egress to the city by the walls that occupied the space now forming the *Boulevards*, and which were levelled for the purpose of making this grand street. This is the place where all the fashionable world congregates, either on foot or in carriages, to see and be seen; to exhibit themselves, their dress, their equipages, &c., &c., and the whole grand avenue is constantly filled by a dense flood of population of never-ceasing restlessness and ever-moving turmoil, like the troubled waters of the restless ocean.

The houses of Paris are very lofty, generally from 4 to 6 stories, and sometimes even extending to 8, 10 or 12 stories; built very permanently of stones and covered with tiles. The mode of building as the mode of living, is entirely different from our own. The houses have extensive fronts and are built in the form of a quadrangle, with a square or oblong court, generally well paved with stones in the centre, and into which the windows from the three back wings look, and from it receive their light. This court is entered by a large gate or folding doors, (the only entrance to the house) called the "*porte cochere*," and is sufficiently spacious, as its name implies, to admit carriages, which are always driven into them to deposit passengers, as the streets are commonly too narrow to admit of their stopping before the houses. To the right and left of the quadrangle, two wide stair-ways, fre-

quently of stone, lead to the apartments of the house. On every story the staircase is terminated by a spacious landing-place, which, in the best houses, is paved with tessellated marble, from which numerous doors lead to the different apartments. These apartments, or suits of apartments, are of various dimensions, and finished in different styles, to suit the means and views of renters; but generally families live within an infinitely smaller compass than they do with us. A suit of apartments of course comprises parlors, chambers, kitchens, pantries, &c., &c., in short a *whole house*. The front part of the basement story is very commonly occupied by shops or offices, and the "*concierge*" or porter's lodge; for every house has its porter, who exercises a kind of general supervision over the establishment, keeps the stair-ways and court-yard clean, and is always at hand to direct strangers *where* to find the inmates, to receive notes, letters, papers, &c., &c., directed to the occupants. The back part of the basement is generally occupied as stables and coach-houses, or is also rented out to families at a low rate; for they are generally damp and unhealthy, and then they are not considered *comme il faut*. A house, therefore, in Paris is a world within itself, and contains from fifteen to thirty families, each one as totally unknown to the other as if they were antipodes. The floors are most commonly constructed of pentagonal tiles, 6 or 7 inches in diameter, painted red and highly polished with wax. In many of the better houses they are of wood, generally pine, cut into strips about 3 inches wide and 15 or 18 inches long, joined at their extremities at an angle of about thirty degrees, and form in the transverse direction a zigzag, which is very pleasing to the eye, particularly in ample apartments. These floors are called "*parquets*," and are polished with wax to a degree that makes them reflect objects like a mirror, and imparts to them the appearance of beautiful silver-grained oak. The walls are covered with paper hangings, which the French excel in manufacturing, of an extraordinary brilliancy and beauty. All closet doors, and even doors leading to different apartments, are ingeniously concealed by extending the paper over them, and this, with the proper arrangement of large

mirrors, (always part of the furniture of a French room) is exceedingly well calculated to make the best of small apartments. This might be well worthy of the attention of our architects, who are not sufficiently careful to avoid the unsightly appearance of numerous doors in our apartments, or do it at the expense of the great convenience of closets. I was often amused to think of the odd position our good housewives would feel themselves placed in, if they were under the necessity of preparing a dinner in a Parisian kitchen; which I am confident they would not consider sufficiently ample for a pantry! But many of their kitchen arrangements are highly worthy of introduction among us.

As is the case with most strangers who visit this extraordinary capital, I had the most intense curiosity to see its great centre, the *Palais Royal*, the capital of Paris as it has been called. The *Palais Royal* is situated near the centre of Paris, not far from the Palace of the Tuileries, the present royal residence, and is entered from the *Place du Palais Royal*, on the *Rue St. Honore*, by an imposing Doric arcade and gateway. Its form is a parallelogram of mason-work, ornamented with various embellishments and statues, enclosing a court of similar form. The upper stories are beautifully finished, and contain extensive galleries of French paintings. These apartments were occupied by the present king while he was Duke of Orleans. But it is the garden and galleries of this palace that are most interesting to a stranger. The garden, or more properly, the court yard, is 700 feet long by 300 wide, planted with eight rows of linden trees, running in the direction of its length. Between the central rows at each end are two beautiful garden-plots planted with shrubbery, enameled with gay flowers, and embellished with fine statues in marble and bronze. In the centre is a large stone basin, supplied with water by a beautiful *jet d'eau*, with numerous branches, which refresh the air by their incessant showers. The other parts of this great court are covered with fine gravel, beaten hard and constantly irrigated, to allay the dust and cool the atmosphere. At each extremity of the great central avenues, are pretty hexagonal pavilions, occupied as "*cabinets de lecture*," at which newspapers are hired out at a *sous* a



piece, and which are constantly surrounded by crowds of politicians and news-mongers. The court is formed by the buildings of the palace, which surround it on three sides, the fourth being occupied by the recently erected magnificent "*Gallerie d'Orleans*." This *gallerie*, 300 feet long by 40 wide, is two stories high, arched over with glass, and paved with black and white marble. It is lined on both sides by rows of the most splendid shops, whose entire fronts are glazed, and the pilasters which separate them are covered with plate looking-glass. The splendour of this magnificent gallery when illuminated by the flood of light poured from its immense gas lamps, softened by their ground shades, and the innumerable lights from the shops, is truly dazzling. One of the most imposing spectacles of this gay city, is this gallery in the evening, crowded as it always is at this hour, with all that is fashionable, gay, grotesque and curious; where may be seen the costumes of all known countries, and the confused murmur of every language on the face of the earth. The movement of this dense crowd, up on the right and down on the left, in unceasing rounds, is really bewildering. Beyond the *Gallerie d'Orleans*, are the court and buildings of the Palace proper. The two great wings, and the south end, are composed of an uniform structure. Fluted pilasters, elegantly ornamented, support a balustrade, upon which are vases which cover its whole length. On the ground floor, an elevated gallery surrounds the building, with 180 arcades, between every two of which is suspended a large lamp. They terminate on both sides in a vestibule adorned with magnificent columns. The intervals are ornamented with festoons and bas-reliefs. Under this grand gallery are those splendid shops so attractive to strangers, and so unequalled in their richness, variety, and the beauty of their arrangement. It is here that you may find all that it is possible to devise to please the taste, to gratify the senses, or to instruct the intellect. Here you find books, the oldest and the newest, the most profoundly philosophical and the most frivolous; shops containing the richest and most costly jewellery, ornamented with all that is rare and brilliant in precious stones—watches, clocks and time-pieces, of the most varied and elegant forms, wrought out of materials the

most rare and expensive; Milliners' shops, filled with the most elegant gauze, ribands, flowers and feathers, arranged with a taste that can only be attained in the *Palais Royal*. One window glitters with the most brilliant silk stuff, disposed in the most captivating manner; and another with the finest cloths, the richest cashmere shawls, or the most delicate embroidery. Here you see set out the most beautiful porcelain; there an exposition of richly ornamented plate in massive silver and gold. This shop offers you all that is exquisite in the art of engraving; that one perfumes the air with its delicious odours. Bonbons and optical instruments, playthings and arms, the insignia of orders tastefully wrought in precious stones and gold, exquisitely painted pipes and beautifully carved "*meerschauts*," luxurious toilette furniture, and articles of dress finished in the most elegant manner, are spread out in endless variety before you. The choicest delicacies from sea and land, from the provinces and from foreign countries, tempt you at the beautifully decorated windows of the restaurants "*Very*," "*Vefour*," and "*Les trois freres Provençaux*," while the best ices and most delicate coffee is found at the Cafes "*de la Rotonde*," "*de Foi*," and "*de mille Colonnnes*," fitted up with carvings, gold, mirrors and arabesques, in royal magnificence. The shops in these galleries, although small, pay an annual rent of from 3 to 4000 francs, to their proprietor, the present king; and for the privilege of hiring out chairs at 2 *sous* a piece, under the linden trees of this crowded court-yard, a rent of 30,000 francs (\$6,000) is paid! That nothing may be wanting to minister to the full gratification of every earthly pleasure, the two most fashionable theatres of the city, the *Theatre Français*, and the *Theatre du Palais Royal*, are within the precincts of this magnificent bazaar. The *Palais Royal*, as may readily be supposed, is crowded from day-light in the morning till 12 o'clock at night, by one continued stream of human beings, embracing all that is grotesque and fantastic, gay, dissolute, idle and fashionable. Every country may here find its representative, and every nation may find opportunity to speak in its own tongue. Here too, you may find concentrated newspapers and periodi-

cals from every country in the world. It is here that all men congregate to hear, tell, and see what is new.

6TH.—In company with my friend M. de B. and Mad. V. of Geneva, *compagnons de voyage*, I repaired to the "*Debarcadere*" (depot) of the "*rive droite*," (for there are two rail roads from Paris to Versailles) took a seat in one of the cars, and in three-quarters of an hour, after a delightful ride of 5 leagues, was set down before the gates of the sumptuous royal palace of Versailles. The country passed over is one of the most delightful in the world. It is beautifully undulating, or in parts even hilly, covered with vineyards, orchards and pretty gardens, interspersed with beautiful cottages and villas. The elegant forest, called *Bois de Boulogne*, is skirted for some distance, with the Seine intervening, of which glimpses are got from time to time, and forms a pleasing contrast with the more varied colors of the well cultivated country opposite. A fortification or two, and several pretty villages, farther tend to vary the delightful scene. The depot of the *rive droite* (the right bank) in the city, is in an unfinished state, but will be a fine solid and convenient structure. The "*bureaux de places*," or ticket offices, are in a large court as you enter the building. There are three of them, to correspond with the three classes of cars, guarded by railings, forming a passage so narrow as to admit but one or two persons at a time. Individuals belonging to each class of cars, have a separate apartment assigned them to await the hour of starting, and a separate door of egress to take their seats. All these arrangements, including a display of glittering bayonets, are well calculated to preserve the most perfect order; and, except the latter, are highly worthy of imitation. The road, upon which are several tunnels, is one of excellent construction, and the best cars are exceedingly comfortable. They are divided into several compartments, and each passenger, in the first class, has his seat separated from the rest by arms. Every thing upon this road is conducted with the greatest precaution, and an unceasing attention to safety; which struck me very forcibly as contrasting with the recklessness of Yankee go-aheadativeness. At distances which can be easily seen, are men in uniform stationed with small flags in their hands. When

these are held up, it is a notification to the engineman that "*tout est en regle*," ("all's right") and that he can proceed with safety. But should he not see the flag, he arrests the engine immediately, knowing there is something wrong.

The town of Versailles is pretty regularly laid out, has wide and well-paved streets, and fine buildings, and contains at present 30,000 inhabitants; but before the revolution it contained 100,000. The magnificent and sumptuous Palace, with its vast museum of historical paintings, is however the great attraction here. It appears that in 1561, Versailles was a small village, in the midst of woods where Henry IV used to come to hunt. It was afterwards much frequented for the same purpose by Louis XIII, who in 1624 built on the site of the present Palace, a small pavillion, as a resting place during their excursions. But the present magnificent structures date from 1664, when Louis XIV commenced the execution of his grand plans. With all the expedition that could be given to the works undertaken by this luxurious monarch, (for sometimes 30,000 of his troops were simultaneously employed on them) the Palace was not in a sufficient state of forwardness for him to take up his residence in it, before the year 1681. At this time it was the most sumptuous and magnificent residence of the richest and most brilliant court in the world. The gardens and park were in extent and decoration fully equal to the dimensions and splendour of the Palace. The park had a circuit of 20 leagues, or 60 miles, and is supposed to have cost more than the Palace and its decorations. The aggregate cost of the whole is said to have amounted to 200 millions of dollars. Versailles remained the residence of the court of France up to the time of the revolution; when it became desolate, and the Palace was stripped of its costly and gorgeous furniture, and sold as national property. It is said that Napoleon would have made it his residence, had it not been for the 50 millions of francs it was estimated to require in order to restore it. His judgment and usual good sense, however, prevented its being sold in lots, or made a branch of the *Hotel des Invalides*, which was proposed. He spent a considerable sum upon it in repairs. Louis XVIII also had a strong desire to reside in this Palace, but similar



considerations prevented him. He however spent 6 millions of francs judiciously in restoring and repairing the apartments. It remained for Louis Philippe, not only to restore this grand Palace to its former magnificence, removing many petty arrangements which marred the great conceptions of Louis XIV, but also to add several new galleries and saloons. He has already expended 15 millions of francs, and the improvements are still progressing.

One approaches the Palace by the *Place d'Armes*, a fine open space, 800 feet wide, terminating the *Avenue de Paris*. This is flanked on each side by large buildings arranged in a semicircle, with courts enclosed by iron railings, and having lofty gateways, ornamented with sculpture. These are the *Ecuries Royales*, or royal stables, sufficiently capacious to contain 1000 horses, with apartments to lodge the grooms. They are at present occupied by troops of cavalry. Beyond this is the *Grande Cour*, separated from the *Place d'Armes* by a beautiful iron railing, richly gilt, entered by a grand gateway ornamented with sculpture. This magnificent court is 380 feet wide, and is embellished with a large number of beautiful statues in marble, ranged along the railing and on each side, mostly representing the great men of France. It is flanked on each side by rows of plain buildings, erected by Louis XIV. for the accommodation of his ministers; and towards the opposite end is a colossal equestrian statue of this monarch, in bronze. At the termination of the *Grande Cour* is the *Cour Royale*, formerly separated from it by iron railings, which were destroyed by the revolutionists. Within this none but the royal carriages were formerly admitted. This court is flanked by the two wings of the Palace, in a beautiful and chaste style of Corinthian architecture, bearing the inscription that announces its present destination—"A TOUTES LES GLOIRES DE LA FRANCE." Beyond this is the magnificent *Cour de Marbre*, surrounded by all that is chaste in architecture, and beautiful in sculptural ornament. From the *Cour Royale* you enter a great number of other courts of various dimensions, surrounded by grand architecture, of various styles and degrees of beauty. By the *Cour de la Chapelle*, and the *Cour des Princes*, you gain access to the

sumptuous gardens of this stupendous palace, and get a view of its grand *façade*, the grandest specimen of architecture in France. The plain republican stands petrified before this colossal mass of royal structure, and wonders that subjects were ever found from whom sufficient sums could be extorted for its construction ! It presents an enormous central mass of building, with two immense wings, consisting of a ground floor, a first floor and an attic, in the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian orders, respectively. The whole length of the front is 800 feet, pierced by 357 windows and doors ; and each of its retiring sides measures 260 feet. The *tout ensemble* of the architecture is strikingly grand ; and the light colored stone of which it is constructed, is peculiarly delicate.

The ground floor of the centre has been restored to its original form by Louis Philippe, and is filled principally by the portraits of the Grand Admirals, Generals, and Marshals of France. One ascends to the first floor by the *Escalier de Marbre*, a grand and magnificent stair-case in party-colored marble. This floor was occupied by the private apartments of Louis XIV, and was the most sumptuous part of this magnificent Royal residence. These have also been restored by the present king, and are filled with historical paintings relating to the time of the "*Grand Monarque*." One of these apartments is the *sanctum sanctorum* of the palace, the *chambre a coucher* (bed-chamber) of the king. Its decorations are exceedingly chaste and beautiful. Within a splendidly gilded balustrade is the Royal bed, covered with the richest embroidered scarlet and gold hangings, with a kneeling stool and desk for prayers on one side, and a dressing-table, of exquisite workmanship on the other. In it Louis XIV died. After passing through an immense number of apartments, all vying to excel each other in sumptuous richness and royal splendor, and crowded with paintings, you finally arrive at the "*Grands Appartements*," the acme of all that imagination can suggest of grandeur and magnificence. Those on the north belonged to the king ; they are spacious and lofty, encrusted with dark marble, and heavily and richly gilt. Those on the south, were occupied by the queen ; are equally spacious, and richly finished in white and

gold, which imparts to them a beautiful effect of cheerfulness. The elevated and beautifully finished ceilings of both, are splendidly painted with luxuriantly warm pictures. All these apartments, too, are filled with paintings. After reveling to dreaminess amid the regal magnificence of these suits of courtly halls, you arrive at the "*Grande Gallerie des Glaces*," regarded as the finest hall in the world. It extends along the whole length of the central façade and measures 242 feet in length, is 35 feet wide, and 43 high. It is lighted by 17 immense arched windows; opposite, and to correspond with each, are as many arcades filled with mirrors; 60 pilasters of red marble, with bases and capitals of gilt bronze, fill up the intervals between the windows and arcades, and the entrances are finished with columns of the same material and in the same style. The high vaulted ceiling is sumptuously painted in compartments by Lebrun, and the floor is beautifully *parquetted*, and so highly polished with wax, that it becomes quite a labor to walk on it. When the eye is cast along the floor of this stupendous hall, it appears thrown into ridges and depressions, by the seams where the narrow strips of boards forming the floor are joined. So deceptive is this appearance, that I frequently found myself bracing my muscles to anticipate a fall. Some idea of the magnificence of the French court under Louis XIV, may be formed from what Vatout says:—"It was in this gallery that Louis XIV displayed all the grandeur of royalty; and such was the luxury of the times, such the splendor of the court, that this immense room could hardly contain the crowd of courtiers that pressed round the monarch."

After passing through another bewildering succession of sumptuous apartments, ornamented with all that luxury could invent or wealth purchase; decorated with the most elaborate works and the greatest efforts of modern painters; you arrive at the *Salle du Sacre*, which contains those two magnificent pictures by David, the coronation of Napoleon, and the distribution of the Eagles to the Legions. For the former of these, this celebrated artist received 100,000 francs, and for the latter 78,000.

Here is another hall of great interest, the *Salle des Heros*,

or the *Salle de 1792*. This contains the portraits of all the great military characters of the revolution, as they were in 1792. Many of these likenesses are double, representing the persons in the characters they bore at a later period, when their fortunes were vastly advanced. Thus the portrait of Napoleon will be observed as Lieutenant Colonel in 1792, and as Emperor in 1804; Marshal Soult as Sergeant in 1792, and as Duke de Dalmatie in 1804; Murat as Sub-Lieutenant in 1792, and King of Naples in 1808; Marshal Barnadotte as Lieutenant in 1792, and Prince de Pontecoroo in 1804; Louis Philippe as Lieutenant-General in 1792, and as King of the French in 1830, &c.

The Southern Wing is called the *Aile des Princes*, and contains, on the ground floor, an immense suit of rooms, facing the gardens, filled with the military history of Napoleon from 1796 to 1809; painted on more than 300 canvasses. Also on the ground floor, and behind those rooms is a single gallery of 372 feet in length, filled with the statues and busts of celebrated generals, from 1790 to 1815. Immediately over this on the first floor, is the *Gallerie de Louis XIV*, of the same dimensions, and filled with the statues and busts of distinguished personages, from 1500 to 1792. On this floor of the south wing, is the stupendous and magnificent hall, called the "*Grande Gallerie des Batailles*," measuring 393 feet in length, 42 in width, and as much in height. It is lighted by large sky-lights from its vaulted ceiling, which is beautifully painted, and richly gilt. The ends are painted in rich frescos. The walls of this immense gallery are covered by 33 pictures of great dimensions, representing the chief victories of the French nation. Among these is one representing the battle of York-town, in which General Lafayette is the principal actor; that battle being of course claimed as a *French victory*. *Voila la gloire Française!* The view of this gallery is exceedingly imposing.

In the Northern Wing, fronting the gardens, is a suit of apartments, containing a series of pictures illustrating the history of France up to the revolution. Behind this is a gallery 300 feet long, containing the statues, busts and effigies of kings, queens and illustrious persons, up to the times of



Louis XV. This series is continued in a gallery directly over this, and is brought down to 1830. In this part of the palace is a grand suit of apartments erected by Louis Phillipe, and but recently opened to the public. The chief objects of interest they contain, are the pictures illustrating the events of the reign of the present king; among which the battles of Algiers are conspicuous. In this wing is also the Chapel, measuring 114 feet in length, 60 in width and 86 in height. Its decorations are of the most costly and sumptuous kind, displayed with the most scrupulous regard to taste. The pavement is of precious marbles of different colors, wrought in mosaic work. The ceiling is a fine arch, resting on a rich cornice, supported by columns of marble and bronze gilt, and is beautifully painted. The chapels contain some beautiful specimens of painting and sculpture, and very fine bronze bas-reliefs. I doubt whether any thing exists that excels the chaste beauty of this royal chapel.

The gardens and park, although less than they were in the time of Louis XIV, still cover an immense surface; extending 7 leagues in length. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the truly royal sumptuousness of these gardens. Besides an infinite display of all that is rare, curious and beautiful in trees, shrubs and flowers, arranged with the most exquisite taste and curious attention to contrast and variety, they are crowded, for miles, with the most splendid specimens of sculpture and casting. Statues, fountains, *jets d'eau*, basins, lakes, bridges, summer-houses, pavilions, grottos, all finished in the most exquisite style, are spread in extraordinary profusion over these grounds. A first visit to them is truly bewildering, and one may spend weeks in them before gaining an accurate idea of their plan. One of these fountains, representing water-falls, from which torrents and sheets descend, alone cost 1,500,000 francs. (\$300,000.) Some of the jets are stupendous: one of them throws an immense column of water to the enormous height of 70 feet! The fountains are all supplied with water from the Seine, raised by immense machinery, and conveyed here at an enormous expense. The operation of the whole of these fountains, called "*Les Grandes Eaux*," takes place but several times a

year, on account of the expense, for it costs each time about 10,000 francs. (\$2,000.)

We returned to the city in the evening, and took a stroll into the "*Champs Elysees*," (the Elysian fields) where all the world resorts for amusement, particularly on Sunday. This is a large open space, thickly planted with beautiful shade trees, laid out in magnificent avenues, of which the principal one extends up a gentle activity, from the *Place de la Concorde* to the *Arch de Triomphe*; a distance of about two miles. This, like the rest, is finely paved, skirted by wide side-walks, and is ornamented by an "*Etoile*" or central round plot, with a large basin and *jet d'eau* in its middle. The whole of these delightful grounds may embrace an area of four or five hundred acres. The only buildings within this space are designed as places of amusement, such as temporary theatres, a large circus, cafes, &c. Nothing can exceed the animation of the scene here on Sunday evening in summer, when this whole extent is brilliantly lit up with gas, and filled with a dense crowd of people, all moving to and fro; alternately obscured by the dark shadows of the forest, or illuminated by the floods of light from the lamps suspended from its boughs. All that can possibly minister to the gratification of a pleasure-loving people is here concentrated. Here you find music of all possible kinds, with parties dancing in all directions; ballad singers, rope dancers, slight-of-hand men, electrizers, puppet shows, monkey theatres, flying horses, dancing bears, learned goats, swinging coaches, flying ships, throwing quoits, pitching pennies, shooting mark, roulette-tables, shuffle-board, &c., &c., &c., *ad infinitum*. I could not avoid remarking at every step the extreme simplicity and good nature of these people. The merest trifle is sufficient to amuse them with an intensity that is really extraordinary. All the stakes I saw put up at the games of hazard, played here, were mere trifles—sous, and generally cakes, bonbons and toys, which were contended for with an interest into which their whole souls entered. It is the love of amusement that prompts them to play, and not the love of gain. Notwithstanding the immense crowd that is here congregated, the most perfect good humor and harmony prevail.

An habitual consideration for the rights and comforts of others causes a constant exercise of politeness among all classes; the "*pardon*," "*excusez*," "*permettez*," with bows and scrapes, and tipping of hats, gives a most agreeable aspect to the scene.

7TH.—M. de B. and myself moved this morning to our new room, No. 10, *Rue des Petits Augustins*, near the *Academie des Beaux Arts*, where we have a very neat room "*au second*," that is on the 3d story, (for they never count the first) furnished with all that neat display so peculiar to the French, at 15 francs per week. After having arranged all our little domestic concerns, and congratulated each other on our snug quarters, I went to the American Embassy, to deliver some packets. As I had understood that General Cass, our minister, resided at Versailles, I neglected to take my letter of introduction with me. The General happening to be in the city, Mr. Ledyard, his son-in-law and Secretary of Legation, gave me an introduction to him. He received me with great politeness, said he recollected brother W. and made honorable mention of the late Governor Hiester. He honored me with an invitation to dine with him on Saturday next. I have received a packet from the Secretary of State, the Hon. Daniel Webster, containing a courier's pass-port for me, and some papers for the embassy. It appears this packet was to have reached me before I left home, but as it came too late, it was sent to the embassy where it awaited me. I next called on Mr. M. of Philadelphia, for whom I had a letter, but not finding him in, I dined and took a long stroll through the "*pays Latin*," and Luxembourg Gardens, and paid a visit to the *Ecole de Medicine*. This part of the city is one of the oldest quarters, is very densely built with very high houses along tortuous, dark and narrow streets. But even this quarter is not so dirty as I expected to find it, from all I had heard of it. Indeed it was a constant subject of surprise to me to find Paris as clean as it is, with so dense a population. The grounds of the Luxembourg Palace are very pretty, having a neat flower-garden in front of it, with a fine basin of water in its centre, surrounded by elevated terraces, their sides ornamented with vases, and their sloping



banks profusely covered with fine shrubs, among which an immense variety of roses are particularly conspicuous. On the right side is an extensive and beautiful plantation of shade-trees; and a smaller one on the left, with numerous stone benches under them. In the middle is a wide avenue, flanked with stately trees, leading to a spacious pair of iron gates, ornamented with sculpture. From this an imposing view of the front of the Observatory is had. On the right of this avenue, is an extensive public nursery; on the left is the large and well-regulated botanic garden of the School of Medicine. This delightful promenade is open to the public every day, from daylight until dusk. Contrary to the received opinion at home, I find the French dress, particularly of the ladies, very plain; but there is a beauty of fit and a perfect harmony in the whole that must strike the attention and agreeably interest even the most careless observer. Nothing can possibly exceed the magnificence and taste with which the shop windows in this city are arranged. I am told that the art of arranging the goods is a peculiar profession, and that every shop employs an "*Artiste*" or two of this kind, whose time is almost exclusively devoted to it. At the better shops the arrangement is changed every day. I should conceive the walking at night in any part of this city to be perfectly safe. In the first place it is pretty well lighted with gas, and in the next place you meet the glitter of the bare bayonet at every turn. I say you see the bayonet, for it is with difficulty you distinguish the bearer of it, wrapt in his dark gray capot, and moving slowly and silently along the sombre base of the high rows of houses.

STH.—The only thing I have to regret in my new lodgings, is the delicious coffee prepared by our excellent hostess, Mad. Marboutin of the Hotel Bergere. French coffee is so vastly superior to any thing of the kind I have ever tasted, that it is scarcely possible to conceive it to be made of the same materials. Took a walk to the Island, called *par excellence*, "*La Cite*," as it is here that the foundations of Paris were commenced under the Romans. It is a densely populated dirty part of the town, where the streets are unusually narrow, and the houses unusually high and sombre. There

are many streets here, whose damp and slimy pavements have never been teached by the cheering rays of the sun. The *Palais de Justice* is here, a large edifice in which all the courts of law are held; and the Cathedral "*Notre Dame*," a fine large Gothic structure, which dates from the 12th century. It is certainly a fine specimen of architecture, but in my opinion cannot be compared with several of the churches at Rouen. Immediately by the side of this, and in the court of the church is the large and far-famed hospital, the "*Hotel Dieu*," which at this time I could only view on its exterior. I delivered a letter to Baron Delessert, member of the Chamber of Deputies, and extensively known for his scientific acquirements and his great liberality. He possesses great urbanity of manners, and received me with much kindness. He speaks English with considerable fluency. I dined at the "*Taverne Anglaise*," with my friends, Messrs. F., C., and C., artists from Boston. The weather and the people here must in some way be influenced by each other; for the former I find exceedingly capricious, and the latter are so by common consent.

9TH.—Rose at an early hour and went to make a visit at the *Hotel Dieu*. The professional visits to the hospitals in Paris, and indeed throughout France, are commenced very early in the morning, say at 6 o'clock in summer, and 7 in winter. The *Hotel Dieu* is the oldest hospital and one of the largest in the city. It may also be considered as the model of the rest. Its foundation is attributed to St. Landri, Bishop of Paris in the 7th century. Its entrance is approached by a wide flight of steps leading to a plain neat vestibule, prettily paved with marble, and ornamented with several statues of benefactors of the institute, and some portraits of celebrated professional men, Bar. Dupuytren, Dubois, &c. From this vestibule or court, doors open to the different wards on the ground floor, and to a neat chapel, an invariable appendage to a French hospital. From this also, access is obtained to the upper wards, by several large stone stair-cases. The wards are arranged in three stories above each other. This hospital is built in two parts, one on each side of the Seine, and they communicate by a paved, covered and glazed bridge,

which commences from the back part of the great vestibule. The building on the opposite side of the river is new, and is also composed of three stories and a basement, which is a large and convenient dissecting room, for conducting the post-mortems of the establishment. The wards are all named after some Saint, and their names written over the doors; the male wards after male saints, and the female wards after female. The cases are carefully classed into surgical and medical, and particular care is taken by the "central committee" to send as far as possible, all cases of a certain kind to the wards of those gentlemen who have paid peculiar attention to that class of disease. Thus, the diseases of the heart, those of the brain, of the lungs, &c., are placed under the care of those who have studied these different classes of disease with special care. The wisdom and advantage of this arrangement, must at once be obvious to every one, as regards the patient, the prescriber and the student. The wards are spacious, well lighted and airy; the windows are constructed to open in parts, for the purpose of regulating safely and conveniently the ventilation; the floors are entirely or in part of red tiles, prettily polished with wax, which gives them a neat and cleanly appearance. When they are constructed in part only of tiles, these form the central passage, and the sides are parquetté or boarded. The bedsteads are of iron, arranged on each side of the wards, and the beds are composed of several mattresses, with sufficient covering, and are very comfortable. They are all supplied with neat white curtains, suspended by a ring from the ceiling, which gives the patient an opportunity of entire privacy. This must add infinitely to the comfort of the patients, and I think is highly worthy of imitation. Each bed is also supplied with a small stand enclosing shelves, a chair, a night-cap and a large cloth capot or over-coat. The shelves in the stand are designed to hold urinals, spittoons, &c., so that these utensils may be excluded from view. The wards are warmed by large tile ovens or stoves, in which wood is commonly burnt, and which produce an exceedingly pleasant and uniform temperature. As all the French hospitals are attended by those excellent and devoted females, the sisters of charity, the

spiritual as well as temporal necessities of the patients are most scrupulously attended to; for each ward has an altar erected at one end, at which daily prayers are offered. These worthy females also charge themselves with supplying the convalescents with suitable books. Many of these sisters of charity are from the higher classes of society, and have enjoyed the advantages of education; and this, with the long, conscientious and devoted attention to the sick, (for most of the superintendents have grown gray in this work of love) renders them superior nurses. It is easy to conceive how much this must lessen the responsibility of the conscientious prescriber, and even how important it is in a scientific point of view; for the most entire confidence can be placed in the perfect integrity and fidelity of these ladies. For example, in courses of trials of any particular regimen or mode of treatment, the physician can most implicitly rely on the full performance of his injunctions, without the most distant fear of deception or connivance with the patient; a source of error, which under other circumstances is very common. It is gratifying to see with what deference these excellent women are treated by the physicians and students, and the tone of kindness and gratitude with which the appellations of "*ma mere*," "*ma sœur*," are applied to them by the patients. I could never cease to admire their disinterested and devoted benevolence. The Hotel Dieu formerly contained 800 beds; but a part of the buildings was lately demolished to make room for some improvement on the Quai, which has reduced the number to 600. There are annually from 1800 to 2000 patients treated here. I introduced myself to M. Gueneau de Mussy, a young physician of fine promise, who received me with great politeness, and invited me to attend his visit, which I did.

After spending some time at the delightful Reading Rooms of Galignani to hear the news of the day, my friend M. De B. and myself paid a visit to the *Hotel des Invalids*, the retreat for the disabled soldiers of France, now rendered doubly interesting to strangers by the deposit in it of the remains of Napoleon. This magnificent establishment was commenced by Louis XIV in 1670, and finished in 1706. It is approached by a



grand esplanade, rising gently from the banks of the Seine to the iron gate of the outer court, measuring 1440 feet by 780, planted with fine trees and laid out in avenues, neatly gravelled and well kept. In the middle of this esplanade and toward the river, is a circular basin with a pedestal in its centre, surmounted by a bust of Lafayette. Immediately in front of the Hotel is a wide terrace, bounded by a *fosse*, laid out in gardens and surmounted by numerous pieces of bronze cannon, many of exquisite workmanship, the fruits of former victories. Most individuals from European countries, I presume, do not feel much flattered by this display. The *façade* of the building measures 612 feet in length, and is four stories high. The central projecting mass is in a fine style of architecture, beautifully ornamented with military trophies; among which is a bas-relief of Louis XIV on horseback, with the following inscription on its pedestal:

LUDOVICUS MAGNUS,

MILITIBUS REGALI MUNIFICENTIA IN PERPETUUM PROVIDENS, HAS AEDES POSUIT.

AN. MDCLXXV.

The main court, called the *Cour Royale*, is entered through an elegant and spacious vestibule, adorned with columns, and measures 312 feet by 192, and is surrounded by four immense piles of buildings. These buildings are finished with arcades and wide galleries, designed as promenades in bad weather. Here on the ground-floor are the four grand refectories or dining rooms, each measuring 150 feet in length by 24 in breadth. The kitchens too, of this immense establishment are very curious, on account of the great scale on which the operations of cooking are conducted. The two large coppers are sufficiently capacious for each to dress 1200 pounds of meat at once; and there is a curious spit which roasts 400 pounds at a time. The bill of fare per day is 3000 pounds of meat, and 60 bushels of vegetables with dressings in proportion. The whole edifice, which covers a space of 16 acres (including the courts) is sufficiently large to accommodate 7,000 persons, but it contains at present but 3,200. All soldiers who are actually disabled by their wounds, or have served 30 years, are entitled to a retreat in this asylum. They all

wear the same uniform, and have no occupation but to mount guard about the building. They have the exclusive right of guarding the body of the king when he visits the Hotel. Notwithstanding the shocking manner in which many of those poor creatures are maimed and mutilated, they appear exceedingly comfortable and happy.

In front of the building is a large space of ground divided by gravelled walks, and laid out in small gardens for the invalids. They are planted with great care, and are generally well-kept, having most commonly summer houses in trellis work, prettily covered with honey-suckles and other flowering vines, and furnished with seats. There are few that are not decorated with plaster statues or medallions of their renowned leader Napoleon. In one I observed a complete model of the passage of the Alps, constructed with great ingenuity. It was a great source of amusement to me to saunter along these walks and observe the various tastes and whims of these veterans in the cultivation of their little patches. All the invalids in the establishment receive a small monthly stipend according to their rank, from 2 francs to 30 francs.

There are two churches within the precincts of the establishment. The one called *l'Eglise Ambienne*, consists of a single nave 210 feet long by 72 wide, and 66 high, with a bold cornice supported by Corinthian pilasters, in which are arranged a double row of flags, trophies of French arms. This church is beautifully lighted from the top, which produces a fine effect upon these flags. There were formerly near 3,000 of these martial trophies preserved here, but the greater part were ordered by Joseph Bonaparte to be burnt the night before the entrance of the allies into Paris. The high altar, a beautiful object, covered by a fine canopy supported on Corinthian columns, is composed of wood and bronze gilt. It is placed at the end of the old church at its contact with the new, and therefore serves for both. The second church, or Dome, is built at the Southern extremity of the old one, and is entirely detached from the rest of the edifice. It consists of a circular tower surmounted by a dome, resting on a square mass of building, 138 feet in length, which

forms the body of the church. Its interior is in chaste and beautiful style of architecture, and its magnificent curve is peculiarly agreeable to the beholder. It is divided into numerous compartments by projecting ribs richly gilt. It is throughout richly ornamented with painting and sculpture, and decorated with the *fleur de lis* and the initials of St. Louis. The entire pavement is formed of marble, inlaid with flowers and the arms of France. The exterior of this dome is one of the most imposing objects in the city. From its summit rises a lantern, surmounted by a spire and globe, with a cross, all richly gilt. Its total height to the top of the cross is 323 feet. In the four corners of the church are four chapels, 74 feet high by 36 in diameter, most richly painted and beautifully decorated. The one in the South-West corner is dedicated to St. Jerome, and contains the mortal remains of the "Great Man," Napoleon. I can assure you, that, although no admirer of the entire character of Napoleon, and by no means an advocate for the whole of his conduct, I approached his ashes with a feeling of reverence exceeded only by my approach to the sacred sarcophagus of Washington. Whatever may be the opinion entertained of the motives of action of the mighty hero, the feeling is irresistible that you stand in the presence of a body once animated by the most gigantic intellect which the world has ever seen! What a moment for reflection! What a crowd of sensations, conjured up by the rapid flight of memory, now animates, now oppresses the mind, until it is fixed in deep, in sober reflection, insensible to the eager throng that is pressing forward to pay its homage at the same shrine! After I had recovered from my reverie and descended from the steps, I was touched to see with what deep reverence the crowd approached the grating. Some, who appeared to be old soldiers, kneeled down and were moved to tears. Mothers brought their children, made them kneel before the grating, saying "*voilà le Grand Homme.*" The chapel of St. Jerome, in itself very pretty, is decorated in the following manner: The capitals and bases of the columns are gilt; the shafts are draped in superb and rich stuff of gold and silk;—the spaces between the columns



are ornamented with hangings of violet-colored silk velvet, studded with gold bees and enriched with high embroidery of gold;—in the middle of the drapery are trophies of antique arms in steel of beautiful workmanship;—on the disks of the bucklers are inscribed the names of Marengo, Wagram, Austerlitz and Jena. The hangings are crowned with a border of purple silk velvet, richly embroidered with the initials of Napoleon, surrounded by laurels. Between the two columns directly opposite the entrance, is raised a platform to the height of about 5 feet, draped with rich silk velvet, ornamented with embroidery and mouldings of gold; upon this is placed the ebony sarcophagus of the Emperor, covered by the same pall which was used for that purpose at St. Helena at the moment of the exhumation, and during the voyage. Upon the coffin is placed the imperial crown, the sword of the hero given to the King by General Bertrand, and the hat which Napoleon wore at Eylau, and which the celebrated Gros received from himself when he was charged with the painting of that great victory. The standards taken at the battle of Austerlitz overshadow the coffin. From the midst of these standards, of which France is so proud, rises an immense gold eagle with outspread wings; it measures about 12 feet between the wings, and soars majestically over the tomb, seeming to await the awakening of him who had rendered him so often victorious. The windows of the chapel are curtained with silk so colored as to transmit a soft and solemn light;—a large gas-lamp, suspended from the vault, is kept burning day and night; candelabras of antique forms are arranged in different positions, which are to be lit up on the anniversaries of those days upon which great victories have been achieved; that part of the hangings behind the tomb is ornamented with a golden cross, embroidered arabesques and antique arms; the chapel is closed by a richly painted grating, to which one ascends by seven wide marble steps, and the whole is guarded day and night by four of the invalids.

I, this evening, went with my friend M. De B. to the "*Academie Royale de Musique*," or Grand French Opera-

house, to hear the "*Freyschutz*" of Weber. This fashionable theatre is situated a short distance beyond the most fashionable Boulevard, the *Boulevard des Italiens*," with which it communicates by a magnificent "*Passage*" lined on both sides with rich shops. The building itself is by no means extraordinary, as it has been temporarily erected to replace one which formerly existed in the *Rue de Richelieu*, but its interior decorations are in a magnificent style. It will contain about 2000 spectators. Its arrangements to obviate accidents from fire, are admirable;—should the fire occur on the stage, which is the most likely place, this may in a moment be cut off from the rest of the house by a fire-proof partition of iron. The doors are so numerous that the house may be cleared in about 10 minutes; and large reservoirs of water placed under the roof, are kept in constant readiness. This imparts a degree of security in crowded houses which added very much to my comfort. As to the music, it was certainly very fine, but, as you know, I am no connoisseur, I cannot speak of it critically. The scenery was the most perfect and magnificent I have ever seen. The scene of the raising of the devil was awfully grand; the very air was dense and lurid with sulphurous vapors, and filled with unearthly forms. I returned to the *Rue des petits Augustins* at a late hour, but my sleep, after it did come, was interrupted by the flitting of spectres and ghosts through my brain, by the carnage of the battle-field, the mangled limbs of the dying and the shouts of victory; in which reveries the mighty conqueror of the world held no inconspicuous place.

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ceived with great kindness, and stepping up to the wall of the Quai we exchanged cards. They were Dr. P. from Philadelphia, and Dr. B. from Kentucky. With the latter of these gentlemen my acquaintance subsequently matured into a delightful friendship. The unsuspicious greetings of fellow republicans, although personally entire strangers, in a foreign land, made my heart beat with joy and pride.

After breakfast I paid my first visit to the *Jardin des Plantes*, (Garden of Plants) and revelled in its beauties and scientific riches, until my feelings were wrought into extacies of pleasure. This is truly a microcosm where all nature has converged to a point. Here you may muse and labor, and learn and enjoy, for at least one lifetime, always finding something new, something interesting. As I consider this the most interesting spot on the face of the globe, I am sure you will excuse me for being somewhat tedious in my account of it. It is common to presume that our friends feel an interest in what interests ourselves most deeply, and I hope in this case that my presumption may not be unreasonable, or if it should be, that your good nature will have patience with my weakness.

The Jardin des Plantes is situated in the Eastern part of the city, on the banks of the Seine, bounded on its two longest sides, as it should be, by the *Rue de Buffon* and the *Rue de Cuvier*. It is of an oblong shape, and contains about fifteen acres. Its front on the Quai St. Bernard, is enclosed by a lofty and beautiful iron grating, which forms a deep curve opposite the *Pont D'Austerlitz*, forming with the Seine, the *Place D'Austerlitz*. Here is the chief gate of the Garden, with its lodges attached. The Place D'Austerlitz offers a convenient station for the carriages of visitors. There are three or four other gates, some of them even more frequented than the main one. Now, in order to give you an idea of this world in miniature, I must beg your complaisance to accompany me through all its plains, mountains and valleys, and we will make our observations as we go. Let us then return to the *Place D'Austerlitz*; and fortunately in this republican city, the style of our arrival, whether in a coach with liveried footmen, or in a calache, or in the more



primitive mode *a pied*, will neither add to or detract from our respectability. On entering the great gate, we have before us at a single *coup d'œil*, the whole of the ancient garden traversed by three magnificent avenues planted with lindens and Indian mulberries, bounded at the extreme end by the façade of an extensive edifice, containing the Cabinet of Zoology. The four first squares are exclusively devoted to the cultivation of medicinal plants, not only for the instruction of the students of pharmacy, but also for making gratuitous distributions of them to the poor. The four next squares are called "*du Fleuriste*," in which are cultivated the most beautiful perennial flowers proper for the decoration of the parterre. By the intelligent care of the gardeners, these squares offer, from early spring until the first frost, an uninterrupted succession of the most beautiful and rare flowers. The next is a curiously dug out square, as you observe, planted chiefly with shrubs. It was excavated, I have been told, by the order of Buffon, to a depth below the level of the Seine, and was filled by the infiltration of its waters. This was formerly the only basin in the garden, and was devoted to the cultivation of aquatic plants.—Here is the extensive nursery of trees and shrubs destined to replenish the garden, and next to it is the *Carre Chaptal*, or square of Chaptal destined to the naturalization of foreign plants in the open air. In the midst of this square is a beautiful basin in the form of an immense bowl, filled with limpid water. Before us you now observe better the cabinet of Zoology; the magnificent new building with its lofty portico on our left, contains the Library and the Cabinets of Mineralogy, Geology and Botany. On our right you observe the immense Hot Houses. We shall return here again after a while.

The beautiful avenue and the squares on our left, will not detain us long, as they are occupied as nurseries of trees and specimens of the cerealia, unless it be to take a cup of coffee at the *café-restaurant*, which is so invitingly situated in the shade of that grove of locusts, mimosas and lindens.

Having returned to our starting place at the Place D'Austerlitz, let us take the second avenue to the right, or that which separates the *Jardin Symetrique* from the *Jardin*



Minor and Barbary. Here is the *Serre Temperee*, or temperate hot-house, with its high, arched, and continuous windows. It is very capacious, measuring 200 feet in length by 24 in height. A few paces further on is the *Serre de Buffon*, or Buffon's hot-house, so called because constructed by his order in 1788. By turning a little to the right, we shall enter the great avenue leading into the *Jardin Symetrique*, flanked on each side by those two magnificent square pavilions, entirely glazed, and of an immense height. These are destined to contain those plants which, from their size, could be no longer stored in the other hot-houses. Let us enter and revel in the beauty and novelty of these luxuriant tropical forests!

We have now seen all that the world affords of what is beautiful, rare and useful in vegetation, and after a glass of "eau sucree" at the cafe, we will take a stroll through that part of the garden which you see so crowded with visitors, and which contains the menagerie. For this purpose we will go back to our first starting place, the Porte D'Austerlitz.

The park on our right contains specimens of Algerine sheep, and that on our left in its first division, a charming little animal of the deer kind from Bengal, called an axis, and in its second division a stag from Java. Here we are in front of the twenty dens of the wild beasts, kept in the most perfect order, guarded by strong iron bars, and furnished with a balustrade to prevent the too near approach of the curious. Here are many labels exhibiting the name of the Prince de Joinville as donor. At the two sides of these dens are two pavilions, containing the small carnivorous animals, such as foxes, jackals, otters, cats, &c. Behind this are the dog-kennels, in which are found dogs from all countries. Now let us turn a little to the left, where you see that curious motley crowd of children and adults, of soldiers and civilians, of high and low, all with their features relaxed into the widest grin of the most unrestrained amusement. It is the *Palais d'ete des Singes*, the summer Palace of the monkeys. It consists of a large rotundo of beautiful wire-work paved with asphalt, with various ropes stretched across it, to serve as slack-ropes for the jolly inmates. At the posterior part of this drawing-

room, are their private apartments, where they frequently retire to repose when fatigued by the arduous entertainments of the *saloon*. If the most inveterate hypochondriac does not relax his care-worn features and shake his diaphragm while contemplating the odd pranks of this grotesque company, his case must be desperate. After passing a number of parks both to our right and left, with their romantically rustic structures, thatched with straw, and containing many beautiful specimens of deer from all parts of the world, including our own brown species, and after having glanced at a part of the garden newly laid out toward the *Qai de la Tournelle*, we shall arrive at the long range of cages containing the birds of prey. The first division, containing the condor, the adjutant, &c., by their droll and grotesque gravity presents the most amusing burlesque on the human species imaginable. With all their high claims to nobleness and assumed air of superiority, they, like their more aspiring fraternity of bipeds, are addicted to the most grovelling propensities and filthy practices. The next division contains the parrots, parquets and kokatoos, birds of the most splendid plumage, but who render themselves disagreeable by their harsh and unmeaning garrulity, and whose lack-lustre eyes roll in stupidity; thus strongly resembling those pretty creatures, the lions of the Boulevards, the cocknies of Regent street, and the soap-locks of Chesnut street and Broadway. The last division contains a large collection of nocturnal birds of prey, whose solemn gravity has been regarded as the emblem of assumed wisdom from the earliest times.

In this park on our left you see the Muntjac stag of Malabar, and an antelope from the same country, presented by M. Dussumier, whose liberality has been so often exercised in behalf of this grand national institution. Instead of proceeding along this avenue, let us turn shortly to our right, and we shall come to the *faisanderie*, which is a beautiful structure, also of wire-work, and contains an immense number of specimens of the gallinaceous family. It also contains a number of small birds, among which no doubt you will be delighted to see our own little robin red-breast;—it is quite like meeting with a familiar friend. Observe in the

opposite park the beautiful little animal called the *dauw* from the Cape of Good Hope. It is a perfect little horse in miniature, with a prettily striped coat. In the next division of this park is another small animal, belonging to the genus *equus*, which lives in the steppes of Asia. It travels with great rapidity, and is said to be able to make sixty leagues without drinking. We will now make the tour of this large park on our right. Here see the beautiful gazelle from Algiers, with its light form and graceful movements, its pretty smooth skin and large soft black eyes so expressive of gentleness. No wonder that the Arab has made it the standard of comparison for all that is graceful, charming and pretty. In the next division you see that most singular animal belonging to the antelope family, called the chickara, being provided with four immense horns. Here is that large bird the casked casoar, from the Indian Archipelago, whose size is almost that of the ostrich. The singular bony protuberance on its head, from which it derives its name, is most curious. Its feathers of a brown color resemble coarse flat hair; the wing feathers are replaced by five large barrels without barbs; its legs and feet are of immense size and strength, for it is by these that it defends itself against its enemies. In this same enclosure you also see the Numidian cranes, teal, ducks, &c., from all parts of the world, and of the most varied and beautiful plumage. Opposite to you, you see a great variety of those awkward creatures, the tortoises.

Now let us turn down in this direction to that tasty round building, surrounded by a high and very strong palisade. This is called the great rotundo, and contains the large mammiferous animals. Here are found the elephants, dromedaries, tapirs, buffaloes, a hemione with its young, and giraffe, the latter of which was a present from Mehemet Ali to Charles X.

Turning back again through this labyrinth of wonders, we shall leave on our left the park containing the goats and the axes, and proceed to that which encloses the water-birds, having a large pond in its middle. Here you see great numbers of those odd grave-looking birds the herons, flamingos and other waders, a very pretty small species of goose, called



*tadorne*, which lodges in burrows, like the hare. Observe on your right, in company with the gazelles, and which it much resembles, the beautiful and agile chamois of the Alps. This animal, as you know, has the faculty of running with incredible celerity over the most rugged parts of the high alpine regions, and of bounding with the most perfect safety and ease from precipice to precipice, at the distance of 20 or 30 feet. There are still a number of animals that we have not seen, but you must be fatigued, and we will close our observations in this part of the garden. Nor will I request you to see the extensive collection of living serpents, knowing your great antipathy to these creatures. For any one else but yourself, it would be curious to see the brood of young rattle-snakes which were hatched last summer in the garden, when the remarkable fact was observed that the old one set on her eggs.

Now we will go to the "*Bureau de l'Administration*," and present our passports as strangers, where we shall receive tickets of admission to the different cabinets. These tickets will admit us on special days at particular hours that are devoted exclusively to the visits of strangers. You will not fail to admire with me the great liberality of the French towards foreigners who visit their great capital. All other nations, as far as I know, extend their civilities first to their own citizens and then to strangers, or perhaps even throw various impediments and onerous fees in the way of foreigners. But the French, with their proverbial politeness and liberality, reverse the rule and reason thus:—the native is at less expense and more at his ease in his own capital than the stranger, whose expenses are in many respects greater, and whose time is too precious in Paris not to have every facility of seeing and learning extended to him; and I have actually known Frenchmen to *borrow the passports of foreigners in order to enjoy the strangers' privileges!*

Let us first then, visit the cabinet of Natural History, the largest and best arranged in the world, contained in the immense building before us. You observe with what spirit and attention to natural attitude all the animals are mounted, and how perfectly they are preserved in the glass cases hermeti-

cally sealed. All you see are neatly labelled with their names, country, the names of the authors by whom described, and arranged under their respective genera, orders, families and classes. After having viewed the whole of the existing species, we will proceed to the next immense saloon, which contains the fossil animals, or the extinct species, arranged with the same scrupulous regard to scientific classification. A full consideration of these most singular forms would require years of study! This is the "*monumentum ære perennius*" of the celebrated Baron Cuvier.

This building, forming the three sides of a court, is the far-famed Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy. Among the skeletons is found one of an Italian with an additional lumbar vertebra, and also that of the celebrated dwarf *Bebe*, who belonged to Stanislaus, king of Prussia; and must have stood about 22 inches in *his shoes*. There is a wax figure of him in the Anatomical cabinet of the School of Medicine, dressed in a suit of his own clothes. These consist, according to the fashion of his day (for he was no *small* dandy) of plush breeches with buckles, clocked stockings and buckled shoes, a low collared wide skirted coat, long embroidered vest, a worked scarf, and powdered wig. Here is also the very curious skeleton of *Ritta-Christina*, who had one body with two chests, two heads and two minds. She was born at Sassari in Sardinia, in 1829, and died at Paris, aged 8 months. Each head was separately baptized under the names of Ritta and Christina. Ritta, the right head was melancholy, sad and sickly;—Christina, the left head was gay, smiling and in high health. Ritta became dangerously ill, during which time Christina seemed not to suffer the least inconvenience, and even played cheerfully in the lap of her mother while her sister was suffering in the last agonies of death. When the former drew her last breath, the latter uttered a shriek, sunk upon her mother's breast and expired suddenly. In another apartment is the great collection of skulls of the celebrated *Dr. Gall*, the founder of phrenology. In the immense edifice, with its beautiful classic portico, on the opposite side of the Garden, are contained the Cabinets of Geology, of Mineralogy, of Botany, and the Library, the



richest in scientific works of any in existence. It also contains a splendid series of botanical paintings, on more than five thousand sheets of large vellum neatly arranged in portfolios. Our tickets, as you see, give us free ingress to all these, but your fatigue will not permit us to visit them now. You may well express your surprise at the munificence of the government in keeping up this grand establishment at an immense expense; for there are 47 professors and officers supported at the garden alone, besides the travelling naturalists who are employed in every country on the face of the globe. How pleasant it is to see the immense crowds of high and low who constantly throng these beautiful avenues in the pursuit of health and intellectual improvement! What an influence this must exert physically and morally, on the population of this densely crowded capital! And every Frenchman, even to the lowest citizen, seems as proud of it as if it were his own individual property.

How remarkable it is, that notwithstanding the free access of all classes, the most scrupulous care is taken not to deface or destroy anything;—not a leaf is disturbed, nor a grass-plot trod upon, even by the children!

I must now beg you to take a cabriolet, and go to the Tuilleries gardens, where I will meet you on the South terrace, (for we will dine to-day at the Palais Royal) while I will deliver my letter from Dr G. to Prof. de J. who resides in the garden, as do nearly all the professors. Mons. de J. is a tall, plain, dark-complexioned gentleman, of about 40 years of age, having the appearance of a hard student. He received me with great kindness, enquired very particularly after his friend Dr. G. and offered me every facility in his power to advance my inquiries into his particular branch.

11TH.—Rose at 6, and went to the hospital *La Charite*, in the *rue Jacob*. The visits at all the hospitals are made at an early hour, in winter often before it is sufficiently light to see without candles. The site of this hospital, although in the densely built part of the city, is much better, as it is much higher, than that of the Hotel Dieu. It encloses a number of courts which are laid out in pretty gardens, forming delightful promenades for the convalescents. Its internal

arrangements are very convenient; and it contains two amphitheatres for lectures and pathological investigations. There are 500 beds in this establishment, and the average admission of patients is 8,157 per annum. Being naturally very desirous of seeing a man with whose name I was familiar from my earliest connection with the profession, I at once enquired for the wards of Prof. Velpeau, and in a few moments I stood in the presence of the most celebrated surgeon now living. I found him a middle sized, gentlemanly looking man, about 60 years of age, with a very pleasant, animated countenance. He was standing in the middle of his long ward, dressed in his long white apron, (for all the French surgeons and physicians wear aprons during their hospital visits) surrounded by a group of students, calling the roll of his *interns*, and regularly pricking the names of the absentees with a pin. I was delighted to see the kindness and benevolence with which he treated his patients, all of whose faces wore a smile of pleasure as they saw him approach. He had some funny remark, some little pleasantry for all of them. The first patient in the ward was a young female, who had her distaff lying by her side; he very drolly picked it up, stuck it into his apron string, and began to spin a great cable of thread, to the no small amusement of his patient and the students. After breakfast I called on Mr. R. professor of Botany in the School of Medicine, at his delightful residence in the garden of the Luxembourg Palace, to whom I had a letter and a small packet, from my friend Prof. G. of New York. I found him one of the most agreeable gentlemen I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. I next called on my very polite and excellent friend Dr. P. of Philadelphia, where I found three other young countrymen, also physicians. They were kind enough to accompany me to see the *Clastique Models* of Dr. Auzoux, which excited my deepest interest and greatest astonishment. They are anatomical models, made of *papier mache*, exhibiting the structure of the whole human frame with the most surprising faithfulness and accuracy, not merely as regards the relative position of parts, but also as regards the natural colour. Every part of the model is capable of being taken apart, so as to show the internal

arrangement of the whole structure, even to the minutiae. It is in fact an exact copy of nature. Every one will at once comprehend the importance of this invention to the student of anatomy; and it comprehends among its other advantages this peculiar one, that the student is taught the science not analytically only, but also, synthetically. This invention is probably, in part at least, due to Napoleon, who had offered a large reward for the construction of such a model.

I now availed myself of the benefit of the ticket kindly loaned me by Gen. Cass, for visiting the *Chamber of Peers*. They hold their sessions in the beautiful old palace of the Luxembourg. The apartment is semicircular in its form, and very plain in its appearance, not nearly so imposing as the Senate Chamber at Washington. The Peers are dressed in rich uniforms decorated with their orders, and as a body, are well calculated to inspire respect. As there was no business of importance before the house, I had but little opportunity of judging of the manner of their proceedings.

12TH.—My friend Dr. P. of Philadelphia, called on me this morning, and accompanied me to the *Hopital Neckar*. This is one of the smallest hospitals of the city, containing at present 140 beds only, but an addition is being built which will afford room for 280 more. The average admissions per annum are 2,332. The chief interest at this hospital is the ward of the celebrated surgeon *Civiale*, whose ingenious operations for the stone have given him such merited fame. Never has the sight of any man gratified me so much as that of Dr. Civile; never have I experienced stronger feelings of respect and admiration for the genius of any one than I did for the man whose ingenuity has disarmed the most frightful operation for one of the most painful disorders in surgery of all its terrors and its pains!—Civiale has taught surgeons to free their patients of this horrible malady without an incision, or the loss of a drop of blood!—He is a middle-sized well-proportioned gentleman, with a high and beautifully rounded forehead, long face, well-proportioned nose, large mouth, and large black eyes, which give his expression a cast of seriousness bordering on melancholy. His voice is melodious, and his manner extremely bland and attractive, with great urbanity

and kindness towards his patients. He appears much younger than I had fancied him. The consummate skill and delicacy of his operations strike one with astonishment, and his adroitness has been well expressed by a Professor of our own country, by saying that "his instruments seem to glide into their places by some inherent intelligence, rather than to be put there by the hand of the surgeon."

Set out at 10 A. M. for Versailles, 15 miles, where I arrived in 45 minutes by rail-road. After making a breakfast on "*café au lait*" and bread and butter, always of the most delicious kind in this country, I went to the palace, and promenaded its magnificent halls and galleries until 5 o'clock, when I went to dine with Gen. Cass at his country residence, situated in a beautiful garden, which communicates by a gate with the grand park of the Palace. Here I was introduced to his family and some half dozen strangers, most of them Americans. Dinner consisted of five or six courses and a considerable variety of wines, served *à la Française*, by servants in short clothes and liveries, bearing the American Eagle on their collars. After dinner the carriage was ordered for a drive in the park, to listen to the Royal Military Band which plays there every evening. I returned to the city in the evening, leaving my friend M. de B. at Versailles for the night.

As I felt lonesome without my friend, I took another stroll to the *Place de la Concorde*, which I can never tire in visiting. It is in my view the most magnificent place of the kind on the face of the globe. It is an immense square, situated between the garden of the Tuilleries, the Champs Elysees, the Rue de Rivoli and the Seine, laid out in carriage ways, between which are wide parades paved with asphalt, and the whole surrounded by a deep fosse. In the centre, on a large oval plateau, is erected the obelisk of Luxor, which stood before the great temple of Thebes in Egypt, and was presented to the French by Mohamed Ali. It is the smallest of those two curious specimens of Egyptian art, erected there by the great Sesostris 1550 years before Christ. It is a single block of beautiful red Syenite, covered on all its sides with three rows of vertical hieroglyphics, measuring 72 feet 3



inches in length, 7 feet 6 inches in width at the base, and 5 feet 4 inches at the top. It weighs 500,000 pounds. The difficulty and expense of its transportation from Luxor, caused it to be delayed until 1830, when a vessel was built for that express purpose at Toulon, and *M. Lebos* was charged with the superintendence of the task. The whole shaft had to be cased in wood, to prevent injury. Its removal from Luxor to the Nile, employed the labour of 800 Arabs for the space of three months. After being embarked on board of the vessel, which it was necessary to saw through vertically in order to receive it, it descended the Nile to the bar below Rosetta, where it was passed with the greatest difficulty. It arrived in Paris in 1833, but was not set up before 1836, owing to the extent and immensity of the necessary preparations and machinery for this purpose; when it was elevated in presence of the King and royal family, and 150,000 spectators. The plinth on which it stands, is a single block of grey granite, weighing 240,000 lbs. and measuring 15 feet by 9 feet square at the bottom, and 8 at the top. On its sides are engraved in gold, representations of the machine that was necessary to transport and elevate it. It would be very curious, had the Egyptians left similar drawings. The pedestal is formed also of immense granite blocks, and measures, with the plinth, 27 feet, making the whole height 99 feet 3 inches. The cost of removing the obelisk from Thebes and of erecting it where it now stands, is said to have been two millions of francs, equal to four hundred thousand dollars.

On each side of this remarkable relic of ancient art, on the same plateau, are two magnificent fountains, one dedicated to Maritime, and the other to Fluvial navigation. They consist each of a circular basin, 50 feet in diameter, and two smaller ones above each other, 20 and 12 feet in diameter respectively. They are formed of stone encrusted with marble, and the upper ones are supported by colossal figures in iron, made to represent bronze, holding spouting dolphins richly gilt. These pour forth incessant torrents of living waters, whose spray falls in cooling and refreshing showers.

On the parapets of the fosses are placed twenty beautiful rostral columns in bronze gilt, bearing lamps, and surmounted



by gilded globes. Along the internal edges of the parades are forty iron gilt lamp-posts, half of which are furnished with cocks at their bases for watering the place. On the 8 angles of the fosses, are placed as many pretty pavilions encrusted with marble, surmounted by allegorical colossal figures, representing the chief provincial cities of France, by some of the most celebrated French sculptors.

Magnificent as this place is in itself, this magnificence is vastly enhanced by the splendid objects by which it is surrounded. As you stand in its centre at the foot of the obelisk with your face turned to the West, the Champs Elysees, in all their delightful freshness, are spread out before you, and far in the regularly ascending vista of the great central avenue, at the distance of nearly two miles, is that grand object of architectural skill, the *Arch de Triomphe*. On your right is the beautiful *rue de Rivoli*, flanked with its elevated arcades, on which front those two sumptuous structures whose architecture even vies with that of the Louvre, the Hotel of the Minister of Marine, and the *Garde Meuble de la Couronne*. Between these two buildings, runs the beautiful wide street, the *Rue Royale*, ascending gently to the foot of the splendid church of the Madeleine, whose wide steps, Corinthian colonnade and sculptured front, never cease to excite the most vivid emotions of delight. On your left, dance in conscious pride the sparkling waters of the Seine, whose parapeted bed is spanned by the beautiful Pont Royal. At the end of this, and in full view, is the magnificent *Palais Bourbon*, where the chamber of Deputies holds its sessions. In the distance, on the same side, rises in imposing grandeur the majestic cupola of the Invalids. If you now turn your face to the East, the view will not be less imposing. The splendid garden of the Tuileries, with its avenues planted with stately trees, its chaste and beautiful sculpture, its magnificent basins and *jets d'eau*, its terraces, flower-pots and shrubery, delight the ravished sight with their sumptuousness. The long line of the venerable looking old palace, although in itself an object of but little beauty, contrasts well by its sombre stateliness with the gaiety of the garden. When the wide gates of the palace are open, which is generally the case during the fine

season, the view is extended through it, under the Triumphal Arch, over the *Place du Carousel* and is only terminated by the magnificent façade of the *Louvre*. Grand as is the aspect of the *Place de la Concorde* by day-light, its splendour is infinitely heightened when it, and the gardens and *Champs Elysees* float in the floods of light that are poured forth from the thousands of gas-lights at night!

13TH.—After taking a cup of coffee with our old (*former—I mean*) land-lady of the *Hotel Bergere*, who understands the preparation of this nectareous fluid better than any one I have ever met with, (perhaps her kind manner and pretty French lisp may add considerably to its zest,) I called on Mr. S. at the *Hotel Meurice*, where I found several other Americans. This being Sunday, we went together to the residence of our countryman Col. Thorn, to attend worship in his private chapel, which we found very neatly arranged, carpeted with Brussels carpet, and containing an organ. The sermon was preached by an Englishman, who omitted the prayers for the *Queen*. The only difference observable in Paris between Sunday and any other day of the week, is that it is made a day of more extensive and varied amusement, and that there is less labour performed. All the retail shops are open, and all artisans continue their work as usual; at least in the forenoon. The most attractive pieces at the theatres; and the best operas, are reserved for Sunday evening. All great reviews and fetes take place on this day, and most of the galleries of paintings and museums of curiosities are also open. In the evening I called on Mr. M. of Philadelphia, who is a thorough Republican, and spent a delightful hour with him and his amiable young wife.

14TH.—Rose at an early hour, and went to the Hospital *La Pitie*. This is one of the oldest hospitals in the city. It is situated in an airy, elevated situation, opposite the Garden of Plants, and its general arrangements are similar to those of the other institutions of this kind in Paris. It contains 600 beds, and the average admissions are 8,972 patients per annum. The *La Pitie* is the theatre of action of the celebrated and eccentric M. Lisfranc. He is a tall, coarse, awkward-looking man, with a considerable stoop in his shoulders,

and an immense nose ; dressed in a pair of wide pantaloons, and a well worn dangling brown frock-coat, a vest whose colour is scarcely discernable through the thick coat of snuff with which it is covered, and a small greasy cap on his head. Among the first words I heard him utter were some horrible imprecations upon his *interns* for some neglect of duty, and such volleys of abuse as would have been borne by the students of Lisfranc alone. His attempt at playing with the children in his ward, tickling them for example, to which he seemed to have a peculiar propensity, was truly ludicrous. After the visit I followed him into the amphitheatre to hear his lecture, which was made up in great part of the most powerful invective against his rival M. Velpeau of La Charite, uttered at the top of his stentorian voice, with his eyes glaring and fixed in a kind of frenzy, whilst he kept up a constant sawing of the air with his right hand. I presumed that something peculiarly exciting had occurred to irritate him, but I had occasion to hear him lecture frequently after this, and it was seldom that the practice and chief surgeon of La Charite escaped his abusive animadversions.

After dinner I took a long stroll along the Boulevards, and terminated my walk at the site formerly occupied by that abominable state prison the Bastile, and which is now called the *Place de la Bastile*. It was here that Napoleon intended to erect a magnificent fountain, in the form of a bronze elephant, the beautiful model of which in plaster is still to be seen here. I regretted much to see this stupendous piece of art exposed to the weather, which must in a few years totally destroy it. The height of the model, including the tower supported by the animal is 72 feet—its legs measure six feet in diameter, in one of which was to be placed the stair-case leading to the tower. The water was designed to issue from the proboscis of this colossal monument, and the body it is said, was to have been occupied as a saloon for ices and refreshments. The Place de la Bastile is at present occupied by a splendid bronze column of the Doric order, 155 feet in height, and 11 feet in diameter, surmounted by the Genius of France, in the form of the ancient flying Mercury, 15 feet in height. This magnificent column commemorates, in large

gilt letters, the names of persons who fell at the taking of the Bastille on the one half, and on the other the names of those who fell during the three days of July, 1830; and hence it bears the name of *Colonne de Juillet*.

15TH.—Paid another visit to the Hotel Dieu, to attend the "*clinique*" of M. Roux, one of the most distinguished surgeons of this capital. He is an aged, gentlemanly looking man, of small stature and fine regular features. He is suffering from ill health, which renders him excessively irritable. After breakfast, (for we don't breakfast here till eleven o'clock) I went to the *Ecole de Medicine*, and heard *Dr. Cazanave*, a gentleman well known at home, deliver a lecture on diseases of the skin. The Anatomical Museum, which occupies one part of the School of Medicine, is the most rich and extensive establishment of its kind in the world. Besides the great variety of beautiful anatomical preparations and casts, it contains a set of specimens of the *Materia Medica*, and a complete series of surgical instruments from the earliest times to the present epoch, chronologically arranged in each department of operations. If, then, you wish to study the successive improvements in the instruments of a given operation, you have only to select the particular case in which they are deposited, and you have at one glance an exhibition of the whole history. There is no part in this Museum that occupied more of my time, or that interested me more than this, for it exhibits an accurate history of practical surgery, often from its first dawn. I delivered my letter from Prof. G. to *Dr. Richard*, Professor of Botany in the School of Medicine, who has a delightful residence in the Botanical Garden belonging to the medical school, situated within the *Jardin de Luxembourg*. I found him a very pleasant gentleman, who has travelled and knows exactly the wants of a traveller. Having been told that I was going to visit Italy, he politely offered me letters to his scientific friends in that country. He was delighted to hear directly from his friends Drs. G. and T. and always showed me the greatest kindness. I now went to the *Place du Carousel*, the great meeting place of all the omnibuses, and took a seat for the far famed Cemetery, *Pere La Chaise*. In passing

along, I asked some questions of the conductor, which he politely answered, and then remarked, "you are an Englishman;" not much relishing the idea of passing for a "*rosbif*," I replied somewhat decidedly, "no, I am an American." The man, looking at me with a mingled expression of surprise and doubt, observed, "*mais vous etes blanc*," (but you are white.) The remark was so utterly unexpected to me, that in replying *comme vous voyez*, I burst out in an open laugh right in the poor fellow's face. Pere La Chaise is beautifully situated on an eminence, just beyond the exterior Boulevards, and from its chapel, which is the highest part, you have the most extended and magnificent view of this gay city, extending on the east as far as Vincennes. It contains at present about 100 acres, the whole enclosed by a stone wall. It is tastefully laid out in gravel walks, and planted with an infinite variety of beautiful trees, shrubs and vines. Many of the tombs are truly magnificent, rich in all that art can devise, to beautify and embellish. The whole number of tombs in this sumptuous *necropolis*, is said to exceed 13,000; and their aggregate cost is estimated at 100 millions of francs, or 20 millions of dollars. Among the tombs which interested me, more on account of the distinguished personages they cover, than on account of their beauty, are the following: that of *Abelard* and *Heloise*, which is thickly strewed with crowns of life-everlasting, by the visitors; the tomb of *Fourcroy*, of *Hauy*, of *Dupuytren*, of *Valentin Hauy*, the inventor of books for the blind, of the *Abbe Sicard*, of *David*, the painter, &c. &c.

This evening, M. De B. and myself visited the *Cirque National*, a beautiful new edifice in the Champs Elysees. The amusements were conducted with great order; but the riding I think was far inferior to our own.

16TH.—Went to the Hotel Dieu, and attended the "*service*" of *M. Brechet*, the anatomist; who has a small surgical ward here. He is a short portly gentleman, of about 65, with a very fine head. He appears somewhat testy and irritable, and has but a small class to follow him. I next went to the Garden of Plants, and delivered my note of introduction to Prof. *Decainse*, who occupies one of those delightful resi-



dences in the Garden. He is a small, active, bustling gentleman, of great simplicity of manners and apparent kindness of heart; but speaks a little too rapidly to be well understood by a foreigner. He very kindly and politely offered me every aid in his power for seeing all that is to be seen in this wonderful capital. After enjoying the delights of this terrestrial paradise, the Garden of Plants, for an hour or two, I took a long random stroll through the city, giving free scope to the bent of my curiosity, and pursuing whatever course seemed to offer the best chance for its gratification. I have always found a great pleasure in traversing a strange city in this unrestrained manner; it seems so much like a pleasant dream.

The support of equipages must cost dear in this city, as you observe but few carriages with more than one horse. It seemed odd to me to see a driver in livery stuck on the box of these one-horse vehicles, which is not at all uncommon here. Another object that strikes a stranger forcibly is, the frequency of occurrence of the *red riband* in the button-hole of the left coat-breast, the badge of the *Cross of Honour*. It appears to be indiscriminately bestowed on military men and on civilians.

17TH.—I paid a visit this morning to that delightful institution, the *Hopital des Enfants Malades*; designed as its name imports, for the treatment of the diseases of children. It is situated in a fine airy position in the faubourg *St. Germain*, and encloses large courts laid out in pretty gardens, with fine avenues of trees, shady walks and grass-plots. It contains 480 beds, and its average annual admissions are 3,631; children are admitted from the age of 2 years to that of 15. *M. Guersent*, a gentleman of great mildness and kindness of manner, is the physician. I was delighted with his mode of treating his numerous little patients. After my visit to the hospital, I repaired to the School of Medicine, and heard a charming lecture on Botany from my friend Dr. Richard. His manner in the lecture-room is exceedingly pleasing; his voice is sonorous and melodious, and his enunciation unusually distinct. He is among the most popular lecturers of this city, and attracts crowded audiences.

18TH.—Rose at an early hour, and threaded my way through the narrow, crooked and dirty streets of the faubourg *St. Jacques*, to the *Hopital des Veneriens*, or *du Midi*, to see and hear the celebrated *Ricord*. The edifice of this hospital is old and irregular, and situated in a crowded part of the city. It contains 250 beds, and its admissions are 3,376. M. Ricord, who is an American by birth, (upon which, I am told, he prides himself very considerably) is a middle sized man, about 38 years of age, with strongly marked coarse features, but playful and agreeable manners. After his visit, he repaired to one of the courts of the hospital, and taking a seat on a bench under the thick shade of some beautiful elms, he delivered to a large crowd of pupils who surrounded him, a most eloquent and pertinent lecture on a delicate operation in that branch of surgery to which he devotes himself; interspersed with many witticisms and anecdotes. M. R. is one of the most popular teachers in Paris, owing to his devotion to the study of the disease he undertakes to treat, and his consequent superior knowledge of it; his agreeable mode of lecturing, and the distinctness of his pronunciation, which renders him the peculiar favorite of foreigners.

This afternoon M. de B. and myself made an excursion to the village of *Sevres*, two leagues from Paris, to see the great royal porcelain manufactory at that place. This is an immense establishment, and was an object of the most intense interest to me. It contains a museum, in which are deposited a complete collection of all foreign china-ware, with specimens of the materials of which it is composed; a collection of the china, earthenware, and pottery of France, and of the earths used in their fabrication; and a collection of models of all the ornamental vases, services, figures, statues, &c., that have been made in the manufactory since its first establishment. These collections occupy a long suit of rooms, and might afford matter for investigation and amusement for days; but it is in the immense and brilliant show rooms, filled with the wares finished at the manufactory, that the astonishment and delight of the visitor is excited to the highest pitch. Such a splendid display of sumptuous and beautiful objects of art is nowhere else to be found. The models

of the wares are of the most graceful and pleasing kind, and the justness, beauty and richness of the coloring cannot be exceeded in the best oil paintings. A great number of the very best artists in modelling and painting, are here employed. We were politely shown the whole process of manufacture, from the grinding of the feldspar and the preparation of the quartz, to the last delicate touch of the enameller's brush. That the most highly finished wares should cost enormously high, is not so surprising, when we are told, that after every few touches of the brush, it is necessary to put the work anew into the kiln, in order to fuse and incorporate the colored enamel. This must require an incredible number of repetitions in some of the largest and most delicately painted pieces. How often must the artist, after the labour of many weeks, perhaps when just on the point of congratulating himself on the beauty and splendour of his work, see it utterly destroyed by some unlucky touch, or some crack by the application of the necessary degree of heat! That such accidents are by no means unfrequent, one may infer from the great number of broken and imperfect pieces that are seen. In order to give you some idea of the value of these princely wares, I noted down the prices of a few :—a large urn 37,000 francs; another do. 20,000 francs; a large do. 70,000 francs; a small likeness of the Duchess of Orleans 700 francs; a Madonna and Infant 20,000 francs; a small portrait of a lady 11,000 francs; history of Chateaubriand (small painting) 30,000 francs; a landscape 30,000 francs; another painting 40,000 francs; the School of Atheists 53,000 francs; the mistress of Titian 25,000 francs; a breakfast set of 11 pieces 3,885 francs; another do. do. 4,800 francs; another do. do. 6,500 francs; and another do. do. 9,840 francs; a small coffee urn 2,400 francs; a small painting of 10 figures 50,000 francs; an ornamental urn 40,000 francs; common sized plates 300 francs a piece. The cheapest articles in the rooms were cups and saucers, for which 50 francs a piece were demanded. By calculating 5 francs to the dollar you will easily perceive that these rich and sumptuous articles can only come within the scope of princes and millionaires. At least breakfast sets at 16 or 17 hundred dollars, do not *suit me* at all.

Immediately opposite Sevres is the village of St. Cloud, which derives its name from the famous Palace and Park of St. Cloud, the favorite place of residence of Napoleon. The palace is a very pretty plain edifice, whose terraces command beautiful views; but as we had no order, we were unable to see the interior. The park forms one of the most charming promenades imaginable. Its gardens, avenues, statues, lakes, canals, jets d'eau, cascades and noble forests, present the most varied and enchanting scenes. On the most elevated point is the *Lantern of Demosthenes*, erected by Napoleon after a copy of the monument of Lysicrates at Athens. From this is obtained one of the most magnificent views in the world. An immense amphitheatre is spread out before the ravished sight, extending to the distance of six or seven miles, embracing the beautiful banks of the Seine, with its enchanting villas, its neat cottages and gardens, picturesque castles and bright green vineyards; and the whole is terminated by the city of Paris, with all its domes, spires, and monuments delightfully blended and softened by the thin haze that constantly hangs over this immense city.

19TH.—Went to La Charite Hospital and attended the clinical lecture of M. Velpeau. The professor, observing I was a stranger, addressed me with the greatest kindness, asked me what countryman I was, how I liked their hospital, how long I intended to remain, and then politely pressed me to continue my visits to his lectures. The perfect ease with which the French savants are approached, their great familiarity and disinterested kindness and liberality, are the constant theme and delight of every stranger who visits this delightful capital. No one but the stranger in a strange land knows fully to appreciate these attentions which are bestowed with a like grace in France alone. I next called on Mr. Webb, a distinguished English botanist, at his charming residence, adjoining the Luxembourg gardens. He received me with great politeness, and kindly offered me letters to his friends in Italy. I dined to-day with my young friends the artists at the "*taverne Anglaise*."

As I shall allow myself to spend but a few more days in Paris at this time, I went to the *Messagerie Royale*, and



secured a seat in the diligence for *Chalon-Sur-Saone*, a distance of 260 miles; for which I paid 44 francs, or rather less than \$9, making about 3½ cents per mile; from which you will see that travelling is much less expensive in France than it is at home. The charges at the best hotels are generally from one to one and a half francs (20 or 30 cents) for breakfast; 3 francs (60 cents) for dinner; and 2 francs, (40 cents,) for room rent per day, with a small gratuity, say 1 franc, "*pour le garçon*," or for the servants.

20TH.—This is Sunday, but it is very unlike this day at home. Accompanied by my travelling companion, Mr. S. of New York, I attended public worship in an English chapel in the *rue de Caillot*, where we found a large congregation, and heard an indifferent sermon.

After all that I had heard of French filth, I feel myself agreeably disappointed in finding the streets of Paris remarkably clean for the density of the population. All the main streets and the open squares are constantly sprinkled with water, which is drawn on carts in large casks with a fixture at the hind end to transmit it in numerous fine jets. This operation cools the air delightfully, lays the dust, and is an inestimable comfort to passengers.

21ST.—Visited the Hotel Dieu to see the wards of *M. Chomel*, one of the most distinguished and successful practitioners of this capital. He is a man about 48 years of age, of middle size, well proportioned, very regular features, a fine intellectual countenance and florid complexion. His manner is earnest and dignified, without being severe. I was delighted with his deliberate and patient manner of investigating disease. His custom is to order a chair to the bed-side of all new cases, and deliberately seating himself, to examine the patient with the most scrupulous attention. No case in private practice could be more carefully examined. I paid another visit to *M. Auzoux*, whose anatomical models never cease to excite my admiration.

I had the great satisfaction to-day, of attending a session of the *Academy of Sciences*, who hold their weekly meetings in the venerable *Palais de l'Institut*. This is a large and imposing edifice, situated on the *Quai Conti*, directly opposite



the Louvre, with which it is connected by a beautiful foot-bridge of nine cast-iron arches, is upwards of 500 feet long, and is one of the most light and elegant structures of its kind. This Palace, which was formerly occupied as a college, and was known under the name of *College Mazarin*, from its munificent founder, Cardinal Mazarin, is built in the form of a segment of a circle, terminated at the extremities by pavilions standing on open arcades. The centre is a pretty Grecian portico, surmounted by a pediment, over which rises the finely proportioned dome, which makes so conspicuous an object in most of the views of Paris. The pavilions are ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, and their entablatures are decorated with beautiful vases. Presuming that like myself you may have a confused impression of the manner in which the different branches of this grand national institution conduct their multifarious business, and how they are divided, I will take the liberty of transcribing the following abstract: The "*Institut de France*" is the name given to the collective body of these venerable savants, and is divided into five *Academies*, viz: 1st. the *Academie Francaise*; 2d. the *Academie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres*; 3d. the *Academie Royale des Sciences*; 4th. *Academie Royale des Beaux Arts*; 5th. *Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. The whole is supported by the proceeds of individual endowments and by the government. The funds, common to all the academies, are managed by a committee of ten members, two from each academy, presided over by the Minister of Public Instruction. The nominations to vacant places are balloted for in each Academy, subject to the approval of the King. The members of one academy are eligible to all the others; and each receives a salary of 1500 francs. Every time a member attends, he receives a counter to denote that he was present; were he not to attend during the year, his salary would be but 1200 francs, and the remaining 300 francs would be divided among those who were present at the meetings. Each academy has its special rules and funds at its own disposal. The library, collections, &c., of the Institute, are common to the five Academies. The Institute comprises 217 titular members, 45 free

academicians; who receive no salary, 31 associates, and 219 correspondents.

The *Académie Française* consists of forty members, who are charged with the examination of important works in literature, with a view to the improvement of the language. This academy adjudges alternately an annual prize of 1500 francs for poetry and eloquence, It also decrees two annual prizes, founded by M. Montyon, one for the work most useful to public morals, and another for an act of virtue displayed in the lower classes of society.

The *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres*, is also composed of 40 members, and 10 free academicians. The learned languages, antiquities and monuments are the objects of their researches and labors. Their attention is particularly directed to the translation of Greek, Latin and Oriental works into the French language, and to the formation of diplomatic collections. This academy adjudges annually 1500 francs for literary memoirs; and medals are distributed to such persons as produce the best memoirs on the antiquities of France.

The *Académie des Sciences* contains 63 members, 10 free academicians and 10 associates. It is divided into 11 sections, as follows:—geometry 6 members; mechanics 6; astronomy 6; geography and navigation 3; general philosophy 6; chemistry 6; botany 6; rural economy and the veterinary art 6; anatomy and zoology 6; medicine and surgery 6. The annual prizes adjudged by this academy are, one of 3000 francs for physical science, one for statistics; one for experimental physiology and one for mechanics. It also adjudges prizes for improvements in medicine and surgery; for discoveries relative to the treatment of patients; for the means of rendering an art or trade less insalubrious; for works or discoveries published in the course of the year upon objects of utility; and one by *M. Lalande*, for the principal astronomical discovery or observation.

The *Académie des Beaux-Arts* is composed of 40 members, 10 free academicians and 10 associates. It is divided into five sections, viz: Painting 14 members; sculpture 8; architecture 8; engraving 4; musical composition 6. It also

distributes annual prizes. Those who obtain the grand prizes of painting, sculpture, architecture and musical composition, are sent to Rome, and supported there at the French Academy, at the expense of the state.

The *Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, is formed by 30 members, 5 free academicians, and 5 associates, and occupies itself with history, and the moral and historical sciences. A secretary is attached to each academy, and two to that of sciences. Each academy meets once a week, and the annual united meeting of the five academies takes place on the first of May. On public occasions the members of the Institute wear a costume of black, embroidered with olive leaves in green silk, which had to me a novel and pretty appearance.

The apartment in which the Academy of Sciences holds its meetings is a plain one, hung round with the portraits of some of their great men. The desks of the officers are a little elevated above the rest, and seats are provided around the walls for visitors, with a reservation of several for the reporters of different scientific journals. The intellectual countenances and nobly formed heads of the members of this venerable body, were exceedingly striking. The business was conducted with great order and decorum, the members reading their memoirs and speaking in their seats without rising. I noticed many of my acquaintances in attendance as members; as Dr. Richard, Prof. De Jussieu, Prof. Velpéau, &c. What gave me very great pleasure also at this meeting, was the sight of the venerable *Baron Humboldt*, the celebrated traveller, who is now a very aged man, and so infirm that he seldom goes from home.

22d.—I rose early, and went to work in good earnest to arrange my effects preparatory to my departure to the south. After my trunk was put in order, (for you must recollect when you come over here, not to bring more than *one* trunk, the smaller the better) I went to the Post Office to despatch some letters to my friends, and several pamphlets. The former were received, but the latter they told me must go by the '*messagerie*' or packet-post. On arriving at the office, I offered my *brochures*, but was told that I must put them up

in *oil cloth*, attach a *specific list* of the contents of the packet, and make a declaration of the value of the articles. Finding them so very precise, even as to the manner of putting them up, I enquired where I could get the necessary information and materials, and was politely shown to a shop, where all the requisite appliances were to be had for a few sous. I afterwards found that there were a number of persons in the neighborhood of the *messagerie*, who make their living in this way. After having seen the number of newspapers, documents, and *other things by members of Congress* (as is reported) stuffed promiscuously and uncereemoniously into the mail bags at home, I naturally considered these precautions at first view onerous and even puerile. But, novice as I am in travelling, I had already learned not to judge precipitately of customs that differ from our own. These packet-posts form one of the most convenient arrangements that can well be imagined. By them you are enabled to send in the most perfect security, any packet, no matter how small, or how valuable, if it were even a casket of jewels, to any, even the greatest distance on the continent—from Italy to Russia, from Holland to Vienna. All packets are carefully registered, along with the invoice and your declaration of the value, and if they should be lost, you are at once, without suit or prosecution, reimbursed. You will hence readily understand the reason of the great punctiliousness observed at these offices. I next called on my estimable friend *Baron Delessert*, who is my banker, and procured a letter of credit; another small item I would beg you not to neglect when you come to these parts. Now, the mode of managing your funds is another great convenience in these countries, by which you are not subjected to the annoyance and risque of carrying ready money on your person. You make up your mind as to the probable sum your journey is going to cost you, for which amount you ask a letter of credit from your banker, giving him a list of the principal cities through which you pass. The letter is made out and addressed to your banker's correspondents in those cities, from whom you may draw as much money as you want to the full amount your letter calls for. In order to prevent any one but yourself from drawing



from these correspondents, if even your letter of credit should be stolen or lost, your banker sends to each of them your signature, which is always compared with the signature on your receipt.

My mind being at ease at the termination of my arrangements, M. De. B. and myself set out to visit the *Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile*, that magnificent monument commenced by the direction of Napoleon in 1806, and designed to commemorate the splendid victories of France under his government. It is situated on an eminence at the west end of the great avenue of the Champs Elysees, and forms one of the most conspicuous and imposing objects in Paris. I feel myself at a loss for language adequate to express the powerful impression that this stupendous and magnificent structure produced upon my mind! It is built of a light colored stone, which admits of a fine polish and strongly resembles marble. Its height is 152, its width 138, and its thickness 68 feet. The grand central arch measures 90 feet in height by 45 in width, and the transverse arch, running from north to south is 57 feet high and 25 feet wide. The whole edifice is decorated with the most exquisite sculpture and alti-relievi, by the ablest artists of modern times. Under the main arch are inscribed the names of 96 victories and 384 generals. I have understood that the name of *Baron Larry*, the celebrated surgeon-in-chief of the French armies, the friend of Napoleon, has been inscribed on the Arch of Triumph since his death, which took place in June of last year, (1842.) The erection of this splendid piece of architecture was from time to time interrupted by various changes and circumstances, and its completion and the exquisite manner of its decoration were left for the liberality and taste of Louis Phillipe. The total cost is estimated at 9,651,115 francs, or nearly two millions of dollars.—I spent the evening with my good friend M. Huber in the excellent family of M. Guerber.

23d.—I this morning went to attend the clinical lecture of *Dr. Racamier* at the Hotel Dieu, where I met Professor March of Albany N. Y., who reminded me of the lecture of M. Guerin, the celebrated *tenotomist* for breakfast I



resorted to the *Hopital des Enfants Malades*, the theatre of action of M. G. and with some impatience sat out a verbose lecture on his favorite subject. He then performed a number of operations for strabismus, club-foot, and other deformities, with sufficient skill; but their results of course I do not know. I here made the acquaintance of Dr. Wooster of Cincinnati, who gave me an introduction to Dr. Parker, our countryman, the able surgeon and indefatigable missionary to China. I was much gratified to make the acquaintance of a gentleman I esteem so highly. On my return from M. Guerin's lecture, I visited the *Musee Dupuytren*, the extensive and deeply interesting collection of pathological specimens and wax models of this great surgeon, purchased by the University of Paris, and beautifully arranged by M. Cruveilhier. This is perhaps the richest pathological cabinet in the world, where a surgeon or physician may spend weeks in profitable study.—I dined this evening with my friend Mr. Webb, who may truly be said to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. Although a bachelor, I met at his table two ladies, and a number of scientific gentlemen, all of different nations, English, French, Italian, Spanish, German and American. It was amusing to hear the mixture of tongues, but the French of course was the current language. The conversation was exclusively of a scientific character, in which the ladies joined with great ability. I spent the evening delightfully, quite after my own taste.

24TH.—Called on M. M. Richard, Webb, and other kind friends to procure the letters they had prepared for me, and to give them farewell. At half past one, after giving a hearty adieu to my excellent young friend M. De B., I mounted the cabriolet of the diligence, and soon found myself floundering along through the narrow streets of this crowded city, on my way to Chalon-sur-Saone. Several leagues from Paris we passed through the beautiful village of Charenton, where is located the Asylum for the Insane. Six or eight leagues further on, we came to Melun, a town containing about 7000 inhabitants, where Abelard was professor. Some leagues beyond Melun we crossed the Seine on a stone bridge, and coasting along the beautiful banks of the Yonne

for several leagues, we crossed the latter river at the picturesque village of Pont-sur-Yonne. We now soon arrived at Auxerre, a curious and interesting old town, containing 12 or 13 thousand inhabitants, situated on the slope of a hill amid the most luxuriant vineyards. We here crossed the Vivernais on a pretty stone bridge, and proceeded by a level road, through St. Bris and Vermanton, to Avallon. The country here became more wild and romantic, and less cultivated. After passing through a number of old-fashioned towns and quaint villages, we arrived at Autun, a place containing 10,000 inhabitants, and the ruins of two Roman temples, one of Minerva, and another of Janus. Ten leagues more through a country of but little interest, brought us to Chalon-sur-Saone, where we arrived at 3 P. M. on the

25.—The country I have passed over from Paris to this place is one of the most delightful I have ever seen. Beyond Avallon it is diversified by richly cultivated plains, beautified green meadows traversed by sparkling rivulets or larger streams, by smiling vallies and gently rising slopes covered with luxuriant vineyards, the whole interspersed with towns villages, villas, cottages and stately castles. This really is France, sunny, smiling vine-clad France, all and more than my imagination has painted it, a thousand times! There was but one thing wanting to make this Elysium perfect, the "friends, the beloved of my bosom,"

"Who make each dear scene of enchantment more dear,"  
who could feel

"how the blest scenes of nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

The soil is a light calcarious one, but cultivated in the highest degree. Lime is abundantly applied as a manure, and I was told, with the happiest results. Wheat is extensively cultivated on the plains, and the crops looked very rich and promising. We also passed extensive salt works, where the primary evaporation is conducted by letting the water trickle from the top of tall sheds over faggots of brush wood, for the purpose of increasing the evaporating surface. It is afterward boiled in the ordinary way. I am sure nothing could be more amusing to a Berks county farmer, than

to see the awkward agricultural implements employed by these people. The clumsy plough with its misshapen wooden turn-board and a pair of antediluvian looking wheels stuck under the beam, the collars extending at least a foot above the horses' necks, the hames projecting still higher, expanding at the top to at least a width of fifteen inches, painted of a flaming red with homely drawings of vines and tulips in bright blue, like those seen on old German chests, the rope gears and raw-hide traces, the cumbrous and lumbering wagons and carts, &c. &c., were objects that constantly excited laughter and surprise. My fellow-passenger in the cabriolet as well as the conductor were unusually silent for *Frenchmen*, but the latter had his astonishment excited to hear I was an American, and very unsuspectingly observed, "*mais vous n'etes pas noir.*" (but you are not black!)

Chalon-sur-Saone, called Cabillonum by Cæsar, where the central Canal is formed by the union of those of the Loire and the Saone, is an active bustling place containing 12,000 inhabitants. Here are also many fine improvements constructed under the direction of Napoleon. A few leagues from this is Givry, the place where Abelard died in 1142.

26TH.—Embarked at 5½ A. M. on board the beautiful, long, swan-like formed steamer, *Hirondelle*, bound to Lyons, a distance of 32 leagues, or 96 miles. This boat is regulated like those on the Seine, having a *restaurant* on board, at which you may order anything you want to eat, and at any hour you may prefer. I like this system much better than our own, as I have already told you, in the account of my voyage from Havre to Rouen. This is a great preventive of those scenes of tumult and disorder, so common at the ordinaries of our boats, and so sedulously avoided by the French. Nothing can be more charming than this voyage on the Soane. Its banks partake rather of the boldly formed beautiful than the grand. The vine-covered hills are studded on both sides by peaceable looking hamlets, quietly nestled in the dark cool shade of the lively coloured prune and fig-tree, with their quaint little church-spires peering above them, with here and there a village of greater pretensions, and an occasional town with its hum of commerce.

The Rhone is perhaps 100 feet wider, and is crossed by three bridges. The *Hotel de Ville* is a splendid Gothic structure, it is said, the finest in Europe next to that of Amsterdam. The great Hospital called the *Hotel Dieu*, situated on the quai of the Soane, is a beautifully proportioned and imposing building, with a fine dome. Its roof is formed of differently coloured and glazed tiles, which gives the whole structure a rich finish. This is one of the best kept hospitals in the kingdom. There are also several fine churches in Lyons, particularly the Gothic Cathedral of St. John. But all who have had the rare gratification of examining the magnificent Gothic structures of Rouen, become very fastidious in these matters. These have left an impression of their solemn grandeur on my mind that can never be effaced. The public squares in this city are very numerous, and among them is the magnificent *Place de Bellecour*, which is said to be unsurpassed by any in Europe. It is surrounded by splendid buildings, and is adorned by linden trees, and a beautiful bronze equestrian statue of Louis XIV. The *Place des Terreaux* is also spacious, and very fine. As I was passing along this square, I observed a large crowd collected before a coffee-house, eagerly looking as if there was something extraordinary to be seen within. I immediately made for it, and asked a person what was to be seen here? "An exhibition of *pretty girls*," was the reply. Being very naturally anxious to witness so novel and pretty a show, I elbowed my way into the room, and following the example of others, made my bow to the ladies, took a seat at one of the pretty little marble-topped tables, and called for a cup of coffee. On an elevated sofa, covered with embossed crimson silk velvet, behind a counter of white marble decorated with vases of pretty flowers, sat four beautiful young females, dressed with all that neatness and delicacy of taste so peculiar to the French, attending in their ordinary capacities as superintendents of the establishment. I sat, sipping my "*demi-tasse*" of delicious coffee, and regaling my sight with the beauties before me, the one lending a new zest to the other, until I felt that mental fatigue that is experienced after examining for a while the pictures of some of the great masters. Now



this enjoyment is at the command of every one who can afford to spend a half franc in the purchase of a cup of coffee. This custom, I was told, is not unfrequent here, and is resorted to in order to attract visitors, and thus prove a benefit to the house. This exhibition, however, will not appear so singular to you, when I tell you, what I believe I have not yet told you, that in this country all the coffee-houses are superintended by one or two females, seated and decorated as I have already described. As the most beautiful and tasty girls attract most visitors, they of course command the highest wages; so that beauty in France, as you see, is actual capital. I like this arrangement, for it tends in no small degree to refine the manners, and is the means of preserving the most perfect order and decorum. It also tends to elevate the female character, (a result so constantly obvious in this country) for you can neither come in or go out of a coffee-house, without making your bow and receiving the pretty, complaisant smile of *Mademoiselle*, unless you wish to attract attention, or run the risk of being set down for an ill-bred clown. In fact, the ladies transact all the ordinary business of life in this country, and that very frequently with their husbands at their elbows. When you enter a hotel and want chambers, you ask for Madam; she shows them to you, descants on their neatness, comfort and cheapness; if you want any alteration or changes made, you ask for Madam; if you want any information in regard to the city or town you are in, you apply to Madam; if you have any complaints against your servants, (which by the bye is very rare in France) you lodge them with Madam; if you want to hire a horse, or a vehicle, or wish to procure a *valet de place*, you refer to Madam; if you want to pay your bill Madam makes it out, receives the money and receipts for it; and so on in every thing else. In short Madam is the *factotum*, the all-pervading genius—is everywhere except, as *you* would say, where she ought to be. But she performs all these multifarious duties with an ease and grace peculiarly French. All things seem to be bought, sold and bargained for by the females. So in their shops, even the large shops of Paris, although you may make your purcha-



ses of males, they will accompany you to the "*caise*," (the treasury) which is a prettily ornamented desk near the door, with an elegant elevated sofa behind it, occupied by two or three ladies, (*pretty* of course) who make the calculation, receive the money and receipt your bill. They also direct you in what part of the establishment to find the article you want, for to them you are handed over by the liveried servants that you generally find at the doors of large shops in the cities. All the different kinds of goods are arranged in particular parts of these shops, which are often bewilderingly large. Thus for example, if you ask for linen, you will be shown to a particular compartment in which this article alone is kept; thus with velvet vestings, with silk vestings, with cotton vestings, with stockings, with gloves, &c., and the sale of each particular kind of goods is attended to by a particular person. This is a great convenience to *shoppers*, for by a single glance of the eye they see the whole stock of the particular description of goods sought for and the selection is much more readily made. Apropos, shopping—I asked a French lady one day whether they ever went *shopping* in Paris in our sense of the word, (that is, going round to *look* at the goods without any intention to *purchase*) and used a literal translation of our word, and then gave her an explanation of what I meant by it. She was extremely amused with the idea, and assured me that they should consider such conduct quite *maihonnete*.

28TH.—I rose at 5 o'clock and sallied out in search of the market. It is one of my peculiar fancies to loiter through the market-places in different cities, for I am always sure to learn considerably and to encounter no small amount of amusement. It is here I learn with the least trouble the natural productions of the country or province I am in, the appearance, manners and customs of the people in the country around, and often even some of their views and modes of thinking. The articles of marketing are brought to this city, as is common all over France, on the backs of mules and jack-asses, driven or rode (often astride) by women, who frequently spin or knit as they go. All articles are im-

mediately bought up by the retailers and removed to their shops in different parts of the city, so that the consumer never purchases from the producer, nor is he obliged to go, as with us, to the market, but lays in his stock, or rather purchases his articles by dribs at these shops, as he wants them. The market at Lyons is very abundantly supplied with a great variety of articles at a very cheap rate. I here saw kids exposed to sale, and a great abundance of fine fowls, generally capons, of which the French make more use than we do. I here also for the first time saw fresh figs, and tasting, I found them delicious, and at once bought as many as I could hold in both my hands, determined to have a delightful feast. I retired to the quai and commenced eating, but so luscious did I find them that I soon discovered I had far overestimated the powers of my palate. Some ragged urchins in my vicinity were not sorry for my miscalculation, for I was obliged to divide the greater portion among them. I was seldom able to eat more than two fresh figs at a time.

Crossing the Saone by one of its beautiful stone bridges, I ascended the opposite steep bank by upwards of 150 stone steps, which brought me into a narrow precipitous street, winding by various turns between high walls and tall houses, and terminated finally on the elevation called the hill of Fourvieres. Here is situated an observatory, called the tower of Pitrat, a very pretty modern structure that was rebuilt within a few years. I ascended and enjoyed from its top one of the most rich, magnificent and varied views that can be imagined. The hour was the most propitious, the still morning of a bland and charming summer's day, when the calmed and recruited senses are in harmonious unison with the all-pervading quietude around. Immediately surrounded by the pretty villas and rich gardens of the rich citizens of this second capital of France, the venerable looking old city of Lyons, situated on the rich alluvial land between the bright waters of the Rhone and Saone, with its tall dark houses, its domes and pointed spires, its numerous squares, avenues, streets and beautiful quais, was spread out at my feet. In its immediate vicinity were its faubourgs; and

numerous pretty villages interspersed with forests and mulberry groves, and stately chateaux, and charming country seats, reclining on the sunny slopes amid luxuriant vineyards, and dark green groves of fig trees, with here and there a Roman ruin, the beautiful bright waters of the Saone taking their meandering course far, far in the distance, were objects that filled up this beautiful picture, whose back ground was formed by the dark masses of the mountains that bound the distant horizon. The beauty of this enchanting scene was farther heightened, and deliciously mellowed by the blue mantle of the morning's mist, which is peculiarly soft and delicate in these latitudes.—In this vicinity is also situated the general Cemetery of Lyons, which I next visited. It is extensive, is prettily laid out in avenues and walks planted with fine trees, and contains many beautiful tombs, which are generally enclosed by neat railings in which flowers are cultivated. I like much this custom, so common among the French, of cultivating flowers on the graves of their deceased friends. They may be made emblematic of most of the moral qualities, and are always a beautiful emblem of that great consolatory doctrine of our holy religion, the resurrection. Then there is something very touching in this delicate and simple tribute thus paid to the dead, and is moreover within the reach of all classes. Returning into the city, I saw numbers of she-asses driven from door to door to be milked for the use of the sick; this is also common in Paris. I resorted to the American coffee-house to take my *café au lait*, and there met with an excellent young countryman, Mr. R. S. Ely, from Hartford, Conn., a distant relative of the Rev. Dr. Ely. At 11 o'clock, my friend Prof. Seringe called on me to show me an establishment for the manufacture of *galvanized iron*. The object is to coat the iron thinly but equally with zinc, thus forming a galvanic series which entirely prevents rusting. The sheet-iron is first plunged into a bath of sulphuric acid and water, and the solution that remains after the clarification of vegetable oils by sulphuric acid is considered far superior. It is next put into a weak solution of sulphate of soda, and then into another bath of muriatic acid, from which it is removed and thoroughly dried

in a furnace. It is now plunged into a bath of melted zinc, covered with sal ammoniac, as in the process of tinning. Iron thus prepared can be furnished at the same price with tin, and is used for roofing and other purposes where sheet iron and tin would be corroded by rust. We next visited a number of silk factories and witnessed the various processes through which this rich material passes before it is prepared for use. Among many other curiosities in the manufacture of silk, we looked at a most ingenious loom just patented, for the weaving of silk velvet, by which two pieces are woven at the same time one over the other, and they are cut apart by a knife moved by the loom itself. By this machine three times the amount of work can be done as by the ordinary loom. I was exceedingly tempted to purchase many of the splendid articles of silk that were offered me to day, at prices too so very low. A magnificent double silk velvet shawl of immense dimensions and most beautifully figured, excited my covetousness to the last degree, but I was travelling South, and was obliged to forego it. Prof. Seringe introduced me to the director of the Museum, who was very polite in showing me all its rich and curious treasures. The gallery of Natural History is very fine, and kept in the neatest order. There are some fine paintings and many antique relics found in and about Lyons. Among the latter is a beautiful mosaic pavement representing gymnastic exercises, and another representing chariot races, and the table on which is engraved the speech made by the Emperor Claudius in favor of Lyons. I was also introduced to Dr. Comarmond, a gentleman of wealth, who possesses a most rich and curious museum of Roman, Greek and Egyptian antiquities, as well as a great variety of beautiful relics of the middle ages, occupying five large apartments, all of which he showed me with the greatest politeness and patience. He pressed me very much to return to Lyons to attend a great scientific meeting of *savans* in September next. Nothing, you may well suppose, would have given me more pleasure, but it was incompatible with my other arrangements.

29TH.—Embarked at 4 A. M. on board the iron steamer *Pepin* for Avignon, 180 miles. The boat is very fine, but



the captain and attendants admit of some improvement. The Rhone is a noble river below its junction with the Saone, and reminds me more of our own rivers than any I have yet seen. The country on either side is beautifully varied by vine-covered hills, rich plantations, green meadows and romantic dells, interspersed with quaint old villages and pretty towns, until you come to Montelimort, where the hills, becoming more abrupt, are barren, uncultivated and often quite bare. These naked and arid eminences are peculiarly uninviting in their aspect; but even here every foot of bottom-land is thickly covered with the mulberry-tree (*Morus Alba*) for the feeding of the silk worms which are so abundantly reared in this part of France. My friend Prof. Seringe of Lyons assured me that the *Morus Multicaulis* is but a *variety*, and not a *species*, as I believe has generally been supposed at home, and that it does not well bear the climate even of the middle of France. The *white mulberry* is the only kind I have seen cultivated thus far.—The appearance of the vines on the Rhone remind me very much of our fields of young corn, for they are not permitted to exceed more than two or three feet in height, and are unsupported by props. I made the acquaintance of a plain, sensible old gentleman on board of the boat, who is a land-proprietor and vine-dresser. He assured me, contrary to what I had frequently heard asserted at home, that the cultivation of the grape and making of wine are very lucrative in France. Not far distant from Lyons we passed the town of Vienne, to which Pontius Pilate, the Procurator of Judea was banished, and where he died by his own hand.

The Rhone is spanned by a great number of suspension bridges of the most light and beautiful construction, in which iron wire cables are employed instead of chains. These cables must be much stronger and safer than the ordinary chains composed of large links and rods of iron, which are infinitely more subject to flaws and imperfections. We arrived at the curious old city of Avignon at about 4 P. M. after a most delightful voyage.

Avignon is a strongly walled and garrisoned city, situated on the left bank of the Rhone, opposite a delightful little



island, and in a country of great richness and beauty. It contains 30,000 inhabitants, and is built in the Italian, or perhaps more in the oriental style, the houses very substantial, stuccoed externally, and with very few windows to the street. The streets themselves are extremely narrow and tortuous, often not more than six or eight feet in width. The old papal palace enclosing an antiquated church is a very interesting and venerable-looking pile, whose time-worn steps are reduced to one third of their original thickness by the tread of departed thousands. This was the residence of seven successive Popes in the XIV century. A view of the city obtained from a high rock near the palace reminded me much of Catharwood's panorama of Jerusalem.

30TH.—I rose at 5 o'clock and set out upon my usual business of a random ramble, when I met persons carrying all kinds of fruits and marketing, which induced me to pursue means I had frequently before employed for the purpose of finding the market place—that of stemming the current of the crowd to its source. I found the market very abundantly supplied, particularly with southern fruits, and the costumes of the peasantry unusually varied and picturesque. Plums, prunes, apricots, figs, oranges and lemons were already in full maturity, and very cheap. I handed a woman a *sou* (a cent) for some apricots, supposing I should get one or two of them; she began to prepare her scales to weigh them, (for everything even to fruit, is sold by weight in France) but telling her it was unnecessary, that I wanted but a few, she picked me out *six* of the finest, assuring me she was "*bien contente*." The country people, and the lower classes even in the city, speak a *patois* that approaches the Italian, (often terminating their words by adding a vowel) which I did not, however, find very difficult to understand.

I next called on Prof. *Requien*, director of the Botanic Garden, for whom I had a small packet from Prof. G. of New York. He appointed me to meet him at 8½ o'clock at the Garden, to which of course I was punctual. The Botanic Garden being situated on low ground, was almost ruined by the great freshet, and I found the Professor busily engaged in retrieving his mortifying losses. It is small, but I have

no doubt, from the activity and energetic character of the director, that it must have been rich and well kept. M. R., although much occupied, did me the kindness to accompany me to the Museum. The department of Natural History is small, but extremely neat, and the collection of minerals, made solely by M. Requiën, is peculiarly rich and beautiful. It is also unusually rich in coins, and by the liberality of Mr. *Deininger*, of Reading, I was enabled to perfect their set of American coins, of which they had but two, viz: the half cent, and the dollar. I added the cent, and the 5, 10, 25 and 50 cent pieces. Mr. D. had sent by me a set of our coinage to one of his friends in Wertemberg, and added a duplicate set to be disposed of as I might see proper. M. Requiën, who takes a deep interest in the subject, was highly gratified with the donation. But what interested me most in this museum, were the large and valuable collections of Roman and Gallic antiquities, particularly the former. I was assured by the director that they have here the best assemblage of Roman glass in existence, consisting of bottles, plates, dishes, &c. I was very much interested in the numerous *lacrymatoria* preserved here. They are small glass vessels, that would hold from several drachms to an ounce, formed with a long neck and bulb at the bottom in the shape of a pipkin, in which the Romans collected the tears that were shed at funerals, and preserved them by carefully sealing their mouths. They were then placed in the funeral urns, along with the ashes of the dead, where they are found at the present day. Many of those I saw actually still contained small quantities of the liquid.\* Here are also collected a great number of those curious little ornaments called *priaps*, worn by the Roman ladies, probably of all ranks, as they are made of bronze, precious stones, silver and gold. Ivory pins, (perhaps for the hair, as they are long) bronze needles and thim-

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\* Some of the best archæologists of the present day believe that the *lacrymatoria* served to contain some holy unguent or balsam, and not the tears; or that the tears were mixed with this balsam. This would appear to gain plausibility from the fact that in all those I saw, including numbers taken from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, the contained liquid was thick and viscid.

bles, small bronze images of the *penates*, or household gods, bronze lamps, knives, spoons and pens are abundant in this collection. I also saw here ivory dice, and some of them are said to be *loaded* with *lead*, as is practiced at the present day; so you see that the world has not much changed, in some things at least, within the last two thousand years. There were Roman as well as Yankee *black-legs*, and the *modes of practice* have undergone no change. The *strigil* was a curious bronze instrument, resembling the small scrapers used by gardeners for loosening the ground around their plants, designed to scrape and cleanse persons when in the bath. The inference to be drawn from the use of this instrument is equivocal, and I have not yet decided in my own mind whether to presume that the Romans were more *filthy* or more *cleanly* than ourselves. This is a point that would admit of much debate on both sides, as Knickerbocker would say. It is really very astonishing that the ancients did not discover the art of printing, for there are in this museum some moveable types, which appear to have been used for stamping bricks and other such like articles. Many of the funeral urns still contain the ashes of the dead, with fragments of bone sufficiently organized to be easily distinguished. The collection of Roman coins and medals is very considerable. The library, which is also in this building, contains 25,000 volumes, beside many ancient manuscripts of great rarity and value.

The principal manufactories in this city are those of silk. I visited an establishment in which there were 50 reels, driven by steam power, and attended by females. The filatures and looms are usually distinct; but here they were conjoined, and the silk stuffs were finished from the cocoons under the same roof. I would advise you to stop at the *Hotel de l'Europe* when you come this way, for it is a delightful house, and the landlady is most obliging.

At 6 P. M. I clambered into the *cabriolet* of the Diligence, and set out for Marseilles, distant 80 miles, for which I paid 7 francs, about one dollar and twenty cents. As far as I could see, before night overtook us, the country was level, rich, and cultivated with great care. The forepart of the

night was balmy and delightful, and our solitary way was cheered by the sweet and melodious song of the nightingale. This was the first time I had heard this celebrated songster of the night, and I was charmed with it. Its note, although low, is full, very melodious, and rich with a soft plaintiveness that harmonizes well with the night and with my temperament. No wonder that the praises of the nightingale have been sung by poets both ancient and modern; for who does not become poetical, in *feeling* at least, under its charming carol at the witching hour of midnight, when the air is thick with perfume, and fairies walk! In the latter part of the night the air became so keen and sharp, for we had now got into a hilly country, that it chilled me thoroughly, and I was obliged to get into the *interieur*, where I soon fell asleep and slept soundly. This is a great comfort in night travelling on the continent, that you can sleep delightfully; so fine are the roads, so roomy is the vehicle, and so steady is its motion.

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#### JULY—1841.

1st.—We stopped early in the mornin gat Aix, a celebrated watering-place and beautiful town, to get a cup of coffee, which I relished with great zest. After leaving Aix, the country was broken and picturesque, and highly interesting to me from the new appearance which the growth of Southern vegetation threw over the rich and varied landscape. We entered the ancient and commercial city of Marseilles at 8 o'clock in the morning, and I took lodgings at the magnificent *Hotel des Ambassadeurs*.

Marseilles was founded by a Greek colony from Phocæa 600 years before Christ, and has undergone unusual changes in its fortunes. Under its original founders it became a flourishing republic, and was considered a place of great importance under the Roman domination. Cicero called it the *Athens of Gaul*. It is situated on both sides of an inlet of the Mediterranean, which has a very narrow entrance, forming its harbour; capable, it is said, of containing 1200 vessels. The old town, between the harbour and the sea, is closely built upon narrow, crooked streets, and is inviting



in its appearance; but the new town in the opposite direction, contains many beautiful houses and fine wide streets, with side-walks, a rare luxury in continental cities. The *Cours de Bonaparte* is a magnificent street shaded by majestic trees, and the *Cours St. Louis* is also very fine, terminated at one end by a Triumphal Arch, and at the other by an Obelisk. The city is strongly fortified on the side toward the sea, and the harbour is well defended by *Fort St. Jean* on one side of the entrance, and the *Citadelle St. Nicolas* on an immense elevation on the opposite side. From the latter position, I enjoyed a magnificent view of the city and the Mediterranean, rolling its beautiful blue waves at my feet, and dotted with the white sails of the shipping as far as the eye could carry! This then is the classic Mediterranean, and the ardent, longing desires of my boyhood are really consummated! My eyes actually rest upon its still blue waters. It appears to me like a delightful day dream, that over-crowds the imagination and makes me fearful to move, lest it should vanish!

I called on Mr. *Croxall*, our consul, to ascertain the residence of Dr. *Yvan*, for whom I had a card from my good friend Prof. Richard of Paris. He received me with great politeness, but could give me no information of the Doctor. I next searched out the *Hopital du St. Esprit*, the city Hospital, a fine large establishment, exceedingly well kept, but unfortunately situated in a very crowded part of the city. To this I think may be attributed *in part* the fearful mortality after capital operations, which, I was told by one of the pupils, is 12 out of 15! It was here I incidentally met with Dr. *Yvan*, who received me with the greatest politeness, and introduced me to his friends Prof. *Derbes* and Dr. *Ducros*. The latter is physician to the hospital. Dr. *Y.* and Professor *Derbes* accompanied me to the *Museum of Natural History*, which is not extensive, but very neat. The Prof. showed me his rooms in the college, containing a beautiful collection of philosophical apparatus. I was also introduced by these gentlemen to Dr. *Cauriere*, another of the principal physicians of the city, who, as well as M. *Debres*, speaks English with considerable fluency.



2D.—I rose at 5, and paid a visit to the market. The peasantry are of low stature, but muscular and well formed, and the women rather pretty and very vivacious; but their costume is not so picturesque as in many other parts of France. The horses here are not so fine as those of Paris, but they have a remarkably large breed of mules, that seem to be unusually docile, and a great number of beautiful small ponies used both for saddle and draught. I here for the first time saw goats driven about the streets to supply the citizens with milk. Among the most striking and interesting objects of this city are the interminable varieties of costumes from all nations on the globe. Those from the East are very picturesque, and presented to me the greatest novelty. Dr. Ducros, according to promise, called on me and very politely offered me a seat in his carriage to visit the hospital. I was very much pleased with his manner of investigation, and the kindness with which he treated his patients. I was however, utterly unable to understand the *patois* of the inmates, and was obliged to beg the doctor to interpret for me, which he did with great kindness and urbanity. Dr. D. says *typhoid fever* is one of the most common affections in their hospital. He thinks the glandular ulcerations are its characteristic pathological signs, but believes that it often commences as a simple *entorite*, which from neglect run into ulceration, and that the peculiar general symptoms are the result of absorption. Indeed he conceives that the typhoid affection is *always* the consequence of an absorption of a peculiar poison, either through the medium of the lungs or the absorbents. Excuse me for giving you an occasional dash of medical lore; this is for Dr. I., and you can readily pass it over unread.

Having a day to spare before the departure of the boat for Italy, I agreed to accompany Mr. *Rieger*, an Austrian gentleman who lodged at our hotel, on a visit to Toulon to see the principal navy yard of France. We set out in the diligence at 9 o'clock in the evening, and arrived there at 4 the next morning, a distance of 35 or 40 miles. I regretted much that I could not make this route by day-light, for I am told it is one of the most romantic in the South of France.

I slept soundly, however, nearly the whole distance, both going and coming, (for we returned again by night) and know nothing of the road except that it appeared to be very mountainous. I think I have had occasion already to refer to the facility and comfort of sleeping in a French Diligence. Night travelling scarcely gives one any inconvenience in this country. Toulon is a quiet comfortable looking town, very strongly fortified by walls, and defended by a citadel and a number of forts and batteries. It contains about 30,000 inhabitants, exclusive of the strong military force that is constantly kept here. After taking our breakfast and a rest at the *Croix de Matte*, an excellent hotel situated on a delightfully shaded square, we engaged a guide to show us the great fort at the mouth of the harbour. It is an immense structure, situated on an eminence that commands the approach of the harbour to a great distance. Its subterranean works, to which we could not be admitted, are said to be gigantic. We next called upon M. Durand, an *employe* at the navy-yard, to whom I had a note from my very good friend Dr. Yvan. He received us with great politeness, and turned us over to an officer to show us the yard. This man seemed to enter upon his task with more willingness when he heard I was an American, for he said he had visited Boston and New York in his cruises, and that he had received much kindness from Americans. The buildings belonging to the yard are immense, and all fire-proof. Ship building is carried on here on a gigantic scale and the labour is almost exclusively performed by the galley-slaves, of which there are at present upwards of two thousand. They are dressed in a uniform of a red jacket and cap, and have a heavy chain attached to the ankle, which is hooked up to their girdles when they are at work. Every thing necessary to the construction and arming of a man-of-war, except the glass, is made in the yard. After having walked incessantly through this immense establishment for the space of upwards of two hours, until we were thoroughly fatigued, we were told that we had seen but the smallest part of it, but we declined going any further. As far as I could judge the convicts appear to be well fed, well clothed and treated with great humanity.

Among them I observed some nearly black, but who had the sharp features of the white; I inquired who they were, supposing them to come from the West Indian colonies, but was told they were Bedouins. We returned to Marseilles at an early hour in the morning, highly delighted with our excursion, and gratified with the polite attentions we had received at Toulon.

4TH.—Embarked at 9 A. M. on board of the steamer Pharamond, bound to Naples, to put in at Genoa, Leghorn and Civita Vecchia sufficiently long to see those cities. For this trip I paid *tout compris*, while *on board*, 180 francs, equal to about 35 dollars. This is a beautiful boat, all French even to the engines, decorated with that peculiar taste and neatness in which these people so eminently excel. At 10 o'clock we weighed anchor, and our pretty vessel touching the waves as lightly as a swan, glided buoyantly under the citadel of St. Nicolas, and cast her delicate shadow on the placid bosom of the deep blue Mediterranean. The day was calm and quite as one of Indian summer, and the mellow rays of an Italian sun painted the fast-fading city of Marseilles in the softest colors. My sensations were of a peculiar and indescribable character: a kind of dreamy, luxurious excitement chastened by a feeling of agreeable melancholy, such as is felt on the last lingering day of autumn, when the latest weathered leaves of the forest fall reluctantly, and drop, with a gentle rustle, to the ground. Our company on board was not very numerous, but select. Among the passengers were five Dutch ladies from Amsterdam, with their carriage and two servants, who are going to make the tour of Italy without any other protector than their coachman. I mention this to show that European ladies feel themselves competent to protect themselves; for it is by no means a solitary instance of similar occurrence. When will American ladies manifest a like degree of courage and independence? While at dinner I addressed one of these ladies who sat next to me, in English, (for they speak four or five different languages) and in the course of conversation mentioned that I was an American, when a gentleman opposite to me remarked, "then we are countrymen, for I am also an American,

and am happy to meet with a compatriot." This was a nephew of Commodore Preble, named Henry Oxnard, who is a merchant and resides in Marseilles. He was going to Italy to meet his family, who are rustivating in the neighborhood of Leghorn. I found him a polite, intelligent gentleman, who furnished me with a great deal of valuable information. He told me that the rearing of the silk worm is considered a very profitable business in France, and that it is pursued by the proprietors of large estates. The production of the cocoons, the reeling and its subsequent manufacture form distinct branches of business. Cocoons generally bring from 3 to 4 francs per pound, and reeled silk 15 francs. He also assured me that the cultivation of the vine is one of the most lucrative occupations in the kingdom, and that the vine districts are esteemed among the most wealthy.

5TH.—Last night was calm, and after a most delightful evening spent on deck, I retired late and slept very comfortably. At 7 A. M. we entered the magnificent Gulf of Genoa, and in an hour more anchored before Genoa, the *city of palaces*, called by the Italians "*Genova la Superba*." We were immediately boarded by the health officers, who ordered all of us to one end of the deck, from which we were passed to the other end, undergoing, one by one, their strict scrutiny. This done, we were pronounced "clean," and at liberty to enter the Sardinian domains. But the Pharamond owed us a breakfast, and we were not willing to depart without it. The table was spread on deck, and we took our "*dejeuner a la fourchette*" in this beautiful harbour, under the serene blue sky of Italy, fanned by the cool morning breeze of this delicious climate. Before us stretched along the beach was the long white line of the fort, with its immense black guns reposing in solemn silence, as if disdaining, conscious of their annihilating power, so insignificant an object as our beautiful little steamer. Above this, rising in a crescent form, reposed the snow-white city of Genoa, with its gilded domes, its fretted spires and marble palaces ranged one above the other like the seats of a gigantic amphitheatre, delicately tinged with purple and gold by the oblique rays of the newly-risen sun, mellowed by the light blue mist of the morning.

This was thrown into bold relief by the dark shadow of the Apennines, against which the city is built, which rise high above its limits and impress their graceful outline upon the clear blue ether beyond. On our right and left lay anchored the shipping with its variegated flags gently undulating in the breeze, and between it were softly flitting the gaily decked boats of the watermen like spirits of the sea. Behind us, stretched farther than the eye could reach, the blue mirror of the Mediterranean dotted with white sails that at every moment were changing their shade of colour and their form. This scene exceeded my most vivid youthful dreams! Its sight is an epoch in my life!

Five of the passengers now joined in a party to visit the city, for which purpose, after our debarkation, we engaged a guide. Genoa contains about 85,000 inhabitants, and is defended on the land side by double walls of great strength. There are but three or four streets that are sufficiently wide to admit carriages, and many of the rest are not more than four or five feet in width. They are, however, well paved, clean and delightfully cool, for the houses are of such an immense height that the sun's rays never fall upon the pavement. We are altogether in error at home when we suppose that wide streets add to the coolness of our cities. The great object in the cities of this country is to exclude the sun as much as possible, and this is done by making their streets excessively narrow and tortuous. I was at a loss to account for the narrowness of the streets in the old cities of Europe, before I went to the South, and experienced the comfort of being screened from the intense heat of a vertical sun by these means. As population and civilization proceeded from the South to the North, the manner of constructing their cities was carried with them, and habit continued a practice whose object had ceased to exist, as is very common in many other things. Nothing can exceed in magnificence several of the streets in this city, particularly the *Strada Nuovissima*, which is lined on both sides nearly throughout its length by the most splendid palaces in beautiful white marble. The Cathedral is an interesting old Gothic structure, and contains some very fine paint-



ings and statues. Many of the palaces are magnificently furnished and decorated, and contain most precious objects of art. In one of these is a large apartment finished in marble and *plated* throughout with pure gold  $\frac{1}{2}$  line in thickness! Its appearance is very rich, but greater taste might have been displayed at infinitely less expense. In the *Palazzo Ducale*, formerly the residence of the Doges, is an old painting which must deeply interest every American; it represents the debarkation of Columbus. Here is also an original portrait of the great Navigator. One side of the city is traversed by a deep ravine, across which a beautiful stone bridge of immense elevation is thrown. Many of the houses in this neighborhood rise to the height of fourteen or fifteen stories. Here for the first time, I noticed the sedans which are put in requisition on account of the extreme narrowness of the streets. They are oblong boxes, completely closed, with doors like coach doors on the sides, the upper parts of which are glazed and furnished with curtains that draw on the inside. These are set upon a frame with four feet to it, and two handles projecting from each end like a bier. In the interior is arranged a comfortable seat well cushioned, and the whole is carried by two porters. These *sedie* are found stationed in groups in convenient situations, awaiting passengers, like our cabs and hacks. Habit familiarizes every thing, but I felt something extremely revolting in the idea of using my fellow-beings as beasts of burthen.

Here I parted with my Austrian friend, M. de Rieger, who goes into the interior. I regret this, for I found him a very intelligent gentleman and agreeable companion. Our party dined at the Hotel Suisse, a very large establishment, but I cannot say that I was very favourably impressed with my debut in Italian gastronomy. We re-embarked and set sail at 7 P. M. Being excessively fatigued, I turned in and slept soundly, and when I awoke in the morning of the

6TH, I found we had anchored before Leghorn. By the time I had made my toilette, I found that all my fellow-passengers had already gone ashore. While I stood at the gangway parleying with those miscreants, the Italian watermen, who were trying to impose upon me, I caught the open, hon-

est countenance of one of the deck-passengers, and recognized the German in it with so much certainty, that I unhesitatingly addressed him in that language. I was but slightly mistaken in my conclusion; he was a Swiss, who had served six years in the Neapolitan army, spoke Italian, and was perfectly familiar with the Italian character. I at once engaged him as interpreter and guide.

There is nothing in the least interesting in the situation of Leghorn; (called *Livorno* in Italian) but the city itself is well built, generally on very narrow streets as is common in this country. It contains 65,000 inhabitants, and appears to be much more commercial than Genoa. The principal street, called the *Strada Ferdinanda*, runs the whole length of the city, is wide, well paved and of great magnificence, owing to the splendid shops with which it is lined. It is at all times densely crowded with the most motley and heterogeneous throng I have ever beheld. Turks, Greeks, Jews. Bedouins, noisy hawkers, filthy peasants, well-dressed gentlemen from the North, half naked lazzaroni, squalid beggars, and fantastically attired harlequins, are all mingled pell-mèll in the most grotesque manner. The lower classes of the natives in this city are filthy, boisterous and intrusive to the last degree. It is with the greatest difficulty they can be kept at a respectful distance. Crowds of beggars and scarcely less pertinacious hawkers beset the stranger with the most annoying obstinacy, and the perambulating boot blacks will attack you at every step, and jostling each other for the job, will dab their wet brushes on your well polished boots, and then, when driven off by absolute violence, will most impudently stretch out their hands and demand pay at the top of their voices. The only remedy I had to escape their intrusions was to use my cane most unceremoniously on their knuckles. I cannot at all make you sensible how much I was annoyed by these vile people, against whom even my Swiss soldier was unable to protect me, for he did not act under the authority of a uniform, being attired in a civil dress. In our perambulations he met with a fellow soldier, also a Swiss, on his way home from Naples, having retired on a pension in consequence of the loss of an eye. He was a weather-

beaten veteran-looking fellow, dressed in a long gray fatigue coat, with a rakish blue military cap stuck on one side of his head, and an immense hanger suspended by a broad white belt to his side, and wore an enormous pair of grizzly mustachios. I must say I did not feel at first much flattered by the accession of this new acquaintance. But I soon discovered that this escort was a sovereign means of protection against all intrusion, for a silent but commanding wave of the old soldier's hand, and an authoritative squint of his one eye was quite sufficient to make those miscreants at once fall back and slink away like spaniels.

How happy I should have been to have procured you one of the beautiful straw hats that are manufactured here in such perfection, but it was out of my power to carry it. I made a few small purchases, and found that my Swiss was always able to beat them down at least one half. We here parted with the Dutch ladies, and Mr. Oxnard, much to my regret, for they were most agreeable travelling companions. At 6 P. M. we set sail with a pretty stiff breeze in our teeth, which caused considerable motion in our boat, and, in combination with some previous indisposition, brought on a severe attack of sea-sickness. I went to bed early, but passed an uncomfortable night. At 12 next day,

7TH, we anchored before Civita Vecchia. This, although the port of Rome, from which it is distant 47 miles, is a small dirty place, filled with beggars and lazzaroni. I had purchased two beautiful silk handkerchiefs at Leghorn, which in a thoughtless moment I put into the back pocket of my coat, and was scarcely on the quai before I discovered that they were stolen. I was by no means sure that they were not purloined by the miserable ragged boatman who brought me to shore. After remaining here long enough to take in coal, we again weighed anchor and got under way at 4 P. M. in a pretty rough sea. I found the motion on the Mediterranean much more insupportable than on the Atlantic, owing to the shortness of the waves.

8TH.—I rose at 7 o'clock, and found that we were entering the renowned and magnificent Bay of Naples! Although not yet recovered from my sea-sickness, a feeling I know

you understand, from the repeated quantities of *tartar emetic* you have been obliged to take, the grandeur of the enchanting scene disclosed to my delighted senses, was sufficient to rouse me from my torpid indifference, and excite in me the most ecstatic feelings. Before us on the left, sweeps in graceful crescent form along the beach, the beautiful *Chiaja*, a magnificent promenade, skirted by the enchanting *Villa Reale*, with its gravel walks and dark shade of live-oaks, and is abruptly terminated in the distance by the hill of *Posilipo*, clothed in all the rich luxuriance of a Southern climate. Immediately before us are the two stupendous *Moles*, extending far into the bay on our right and left, with the light-house on one and the *Castello dell'Ovo* perched on a high rock on the other. Between them runs the magnificent street called *Santa Lucia*, flanked by a splendid row of towering edifices. Farther on, beyond the termination of the Toledo, are seen to great advantage the Arsenal, the Royal Palace and the beautiful fort called the *Castello Nuovo*. Beyond the Great Mole on our right, is the main harbour, filled with shipping and hosts of gay gondolas. Still farther on to the right, the city extends in a gracefully curved line along the edge of the deep blue bay, until it terminates in the country beyond, thickly studded with towns, villages, palaces and villas delightfully reposing amid the dark green foliage of the most luxuriant vegetation that the imagination can conceive. From the water's edge the snow-white city rises in magnificent grandeur upon a high and steep mountain in the form of a pyramid, capped by the colossal castle of *St. Elmo*, whose imposing outline is delightfully drawn with surprising sharpness in the deep azure sky behind. Turning the looks Eastward with our backs to the city, we have to our left the great dark mass of *Vesuvius*, sending up its never ceasing column of black smoke to heaven, and the pretty little island of Capri, terminating the long extended line of Cape Sorrento. On our right reposes in beauteous majesty on the placid waters of the bay, the elevated island of *Ischia*, clothed to its very top with the richest vegetation of this luxuriant climate, dotted with gray ruins and white villas. The beautiful little island of *Procida* almost connects



the former with the main land. Could I convey to you but a feeble notion of the grandeur and magnificence of this scene, you might *begin* to appreciate the tumultuous delight of my feelings! But my powers are infinitely too weak to *approach* an adequate idea of that which language is too poor to describe!

We debarked about 9 A. M., and by the recommendation of my Swiss soldier, I took lodgings at the *Hotel & Pension Suisse*, for which I had frequent occasions to felicitate myself. The situation of this house is convenient, opposite the exchange, and within a few paces of the Toledo. My chamber window enters upon a platform guarded by a railing, from which I can look into the very jaws of Vesuvius, and see him belching forth smoke by day and flames by night; for the column of smoke that constantly ascends appears luminous at night, at least at intervals. The hotel is kept by a Swiss family, and among my first *felicities* was the conviction that I should not be coolly requested to eat as much dirt as in an Italian house, for these people are shockingly filthy. I here also made the acquaintance of many respectable Germans and Swiss, both residents and travellers, who gave me so much valuable information as completely to protect me against the imposition of this vile people. And I can say what I am sure very few travellers can say, that I was not in a single instance *outrageously* imposed upon in Naples.

After a dinner at the *table d'hôte*, I commenced my usual random excursion through the town. This city, called *Napoli* in Italian, is about 9 miles in circumference, and contains about 350,000 inhabitants. Its houses are immense stone structures, often having flat roofs, and covered externally with white stucco, which contrasts finely with the dark green foliage of the splendid trees with which the court-yards are planted, and which gives the city so enchanting an appearance from the bay. The majority of the streets are extremely narrow, and most of them in the part of the city which lies on the hill, too steep to admit of being traversed by carriages, if even they had sufficient width. Many of the narrow streets in this quarter are paved in the form of low



wide steps, which are nevertheless mounted with great facility by mules and jackasses, upon which and sedans, those who do not wish to walk have to depend. The Toledo, the great thoroughfare, is comparatively wide and well-paved, has narrow side-walks, and is lined on both sides with splendid shops. It is the most constantly and densely crowded street I have yet met with in any city. The public buildings, although large, are in general by no means striking. Having been charged with some documents from our legation at the court of France to *Gov. Throop*, our *Charge* to this country, I went in search of him, but ascertained that he had removed to the country. I left them in the care of Mr. *Hammet*, our consul, whom I found exceedingly obliging. He kindly offered me a ticket of entrance to the *secret cabinet* of the Museum, which is probably frequently overlooked by strangers; a matter which I should have deeply regretted, as it exhibits the ancients in a peculiar, but by no means enviable point of view. In the evening I accompanied my friend Mr. *Martins*, a Prussian lawyer from Marianwerder, to the magnificent opera in the great theatre of *San Carlo*. This is the largest theatre in the world, and with the exception of the *Grand Scala* at Milan, the most sumptuous. There are six tiers of boxes, decorated in good taste, and the pit will accommodate 674 persons seated and 150 standing. The stage is immense. The music was very fine and the scenes truly splendid.

9TH.—Mr. *Martins* and myself rose at an early hour, and resorted to the beach on the side of the *Villa Reale*, to enjoy the luxuries of a sea-bath. There are hundreds of temporary bath-houses ranged along the edge of the bay, so constructed as to admit of a full view of Mount Vesuvius, and of the whole of the magnificent scenery in its vicinity while bathing. After our bath, we took our breakfasts in the open air, under the thick cool shade of the live-oaks of the *Villa Reale*, and then regaled ourselves with the soothing and oblivious luxury of our German pipes, while enjoying the most grand and magnificent scene in the world! Nothing I conceive could convey a more accurate idea of the Turkish Paradise!

Decidedly the most interesting object in the city of Naples is the *Museo Borbonico*. This is an immense building, containing eight or ten large galleries filled with the most curious and interesting antiquities from Pompeii, Herculaneum, Pæstum, Stabiae, Nola, &c. &c. I there spent five hours to-day with the most intense delight. Besides an immense number of objects calculated merely to illustrate the habits and customs of the ancients, there is a rich collection of ancient paintings, mosaics and statues, which are of the highest order in point of art. I will not fatigue you with a dry catalogue of the objects found in this immense repository of antique curiosities, but will defer their description until I visit Pompeii, when I hope to make the account more interesting by indicating at the same time the exact position in which they were found. I have, as you may readily suppose, the most intense desire to see this disinterred "city of the dead," and although I am within eight miles of it, I think it better to suppress my longing curiosity, in order that I may, contrary to the advice of most travellers, first familiarize myself with the furniture, utensils and other objects that were found there. It seems to me that this plan is more *analytical*, if I may so say; and you shall have the result of my experience of its advantages or disadvantages, for your guide when you visit these interesting scenes.

After dinner and a *siesta*, (a nap) which is always taken in this country, Mr. Martins and myself took a hack, and drove several miles up the bay to some ruins called the *School of Virgil*, for what reason I do not know. Our road led along the Chiaja, the most fashionable drive and promenade of the city. Of this magnificent scene I can only say with Rogers:—

"This region surely is not of the earth!  
Was it not dropt from heaven!—Not a grove,  
Citron, or pine, or cedar, not a grot,  
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,  
But breathes enchantment."

It is here that all the gaiety, and wealth, and fashion of this splendid city resort to enjoy the delightful freshness of the sea-breeze, which comes stealing gently over the gulf so

soon as the long shadow of the mountain on which Naples is built touches its gently rippled azure waters. The delightfully refreshing effects of this breeze upon a system jaded and relaxed, and exhausted by the intense rays of a vertical sun, are like the breathing of an atmosphere with a larger proportion of oxygen. All the sickening depression of body and mind are suddenly removed; you feel an inward strength and vigor, and are again capacitated to enjoy. This drive extends more than a mile along the bay, and is divided into three roads; the two exterior are designed for carriages, passing up by one and returning by the other; the wide central one is occupied by horsemen. Two dense rows of the most magnificent equipages, from the royal carriage with its splendid escort, to the calash and four of the scarcely less showy establishment of the wealthy Signore, circulate here several hours every evening. The carriages are generally open, and display the ladies in their rich dresses and easy positions, to great advantage. They are not generally what I should call beautiful, although they are far from being uninteresting. They have delicate complexions, black hair, large languishing eyes, long eye-lashes, regular features, and decidedly pretty mouths; but their *embonpoint* is considerably greater than would accord with the standard of the *Venus de Medici*. The central road is crowded with well dressed horsemen, on finely caparisoned horses, while the spacious gravel-walks of the Villa Reale swarm with a gay crowd of pedestrians. The Neapolitan horses are among the most beautiful I have ever seen. They are generally studs, with beautiful long tails almost trailing on the ground, and the black colour seems commonly preferred. Their docility and gentleness, while moving along the choked up Toledo, constantly excited my greatest admiration. They really seemed perfectly sensible of the great danger of a single careless step in this dense crowd, and when it would become too thick, they would stop of their own accord until it was somewhat more dispersed. So soon, however, as they would get upon the open street, leading to the Chiaja, they would prance and bear on their bits with a restive firmness that made them really appear dangerous.

The evenings are spent in the theatre and the coffee houses, where immense quantities of ices are consumed. Their variety and delicacy is much greater than with us, and they are very cheap. Their iced fruits are peculiarly fine. I found the iced tea, coffee and chocolate very palatable and refreshing. Smoking tobacco is also a luxury almost universally indulged in, although their tobacco is very dear and of an inferior quality. I was at first very much struck by the singular custom of selling two such heterogeneous articles as *tobacco* and *salt* at the same shop. But on inquiry, I found that both were government monopolies, and it was convenient to have both articles included in the same license. There is an abundance of hot corn offered for sale in the streets, and eaten with great avidity by the natives.

10TH.—I rose at an early hour, took a long stroll through this most curious and interesting city, breakfasted, and again resorted to the museum, where I spent five more hours revelling with the most intense delight and curiosity in this immense repository of antiquities. I am totally unable to describe to you the pleasure and delightful excitement that its inspection produces upon me !

I have thus far suffered but little from the heat of the climate, for every possible precaution is taken against its influence. My thermometer has not risen above 80 degrees in my room. To the narrowness of the streets as means of excluding the heat, I have already referred. The houses are immense stone buildings, with very thick walls, covered with white stucco externally. The ceilings are lofty, and the floors are formed of glazed tiles and uncarpeted. The inhabitants are completely *phlogophobic*, for they immure themselves in the innermost recesses of their immense houses, in the dark, and cry out with as much impatience to their servants to close the doors in order to exclude the hot air, as we do in mid-winter to shut out the cold. The better houses are generally decorated with beautiful frescos, for which indeed there seems to be a passion with these people ; for the lowest *cabaret* must have at least a Venus or a Cupid in the centre of the ceiling. The tiled floors are often rich and elegant in the highest degree,



resembling the most beautiful oil-cloths and expensive mosaics. So accurately are they frequently made to imitate the finest specimens of mosaic, that I was often obliged to examine them by the touch, before I could distinguish the imitation from the reality. The style of furnishing, in Naples, as far as I have seen, is pretty, without however possessing the elegance that is found in Paris. The bedsteads are usually of iron, often of beautiful workmanship, and prettily japanned. No doubt this material is used to prevent the harbouring of insects, so common and abundant in this climate.

The whole city, a few of the principal streets excepted, is a complete work shop, for all kinds of trades and mechanical arts are carried on in the open streets. It is extremely curious for an American, accustomed as he is to our labour-saving machines and improved modes of working, to see the primitive and awkward manner in which many of these occupations are conducted. It was also a never-failing source of amusement to me, to loiter along the streets and observe hundreds of mechanical operations that were totally new to me, and which in other countries are conducted privately in shops. But the most peculiar, and to a stranger, offensive objects in this city are the swarms of the *Lazzaroni*, a name probably derived from the word *lazero*, a beggar. Of this class there are said to be between 30 and 40 thousand in Naples, who live in the streets, and public places, without a shelter or a home, and subsist in the most precarious manner by acting as porters and messengers, and by begging and stealing. I am totally unable to convey to you an adequate idea of the wretched, squalid misery, nakedness and filth that surrounds one at every step. The stranger has sounding in his ears from morning to night by crowds of these wretched creatures, the heart-sickening and distressing cry of "*a trifle for the love of God, to keep me from starving.*" The entire dress, of many, (if such filthy rags deserve the name of dress,) consists of a pair of what once were pantaloons, torn off up to the knees or higher, and a vest, and all the rest of the body is unprotected. The females are scarcely better clad, and the children, until they arrive at the age of



four or five years, are as totally naked as they were born. If you walk out early in the morning, you will find every little nook along the streets, as well as all the porticos of the churches, palaces, theatres and other public buildings lying full of these unfortunate beings, huddled together, men, women and children. A lazzarone that can afford the luxury of a basket to sleep in, is of the higher order, and excites the envy of all his less fortunate neighbors. No doubt it is often even sneeringly stigmatized as an effeminate indulgence, and extravagance. This basket is some eight or ten inches deep, and just wide and long enough to contain the body, and the legs are left to extend beyond it, (more particularly perhaps when the poor fellow is dreaming of long glib strings of macaroni) to the interference and annoyance of pedestrians, who are passing along the narrow side-walks. In this case a kick or a good sharp blow with a cane will clear the way, and cause the poor wretch to gather up his naked limbs without the least manifestation of resistance. I have never seen human beings treated so much like dogs, nor could I ever have imagined such a state of degradation. A common scene about midday is to see groups of these filthy creatures huddled up in the shade of some high wall, maybe a church or a palace, intently employed in freeing each other of vermin, with which they are woefully infested. Their chief food is macaroni, which is boiled in large kettles in the streets, and served out to them with the hands on plates, from which they eat them or rather let them run down their throats, by seizing a long string at one end, and, holding them up at arm's-length, direct them into their out-spread jaws. Long rows of great kettles, filled with the most disgusting and dirty looking mixtures of vegetables and fruits, are also seen boiling in many parts of the city, for the use of the lazzaroni. In passing along one of the public places this afternoon, I saw a large crowd of these wretched creatures collected in the shade, and feeling curious to ascertain the object, I made my way in among them. I found that they were purchasing scraps of cooked meat that had been collected from the hotels and the kitchens of the rich, and was served out to them on pieces of paper

picked out of the gutter in the streets. I have been too well drilled in practical anatomy to have my stomach easily affected through the sense of smell, but here it would have revolted, had I not held my nose and retreated immediately. Yet these famished miserables ate these disgusting viands with the greatest avidity. Such scenes as these, and I am sure you are far from being sensible of the whole, you may readily suppose, detracted vastly from my enjoyment. O, how often did I inwardly and sincerely bless our own dear happy country! We may be said not to have even the slightest idea of poverty and suffering at home. It is totally impossible to think of relieving the distress you see around you, not only from its extent, but from the importunity with which you are assailed by hundreds, as soon as you stop to bestow a charity. I could only occasionally slip a trifle unobserved by the rest, and without stopping, to some miserable creature, who seemed more immediately at the point of famishing.

It seems perfectly conceded that the lazzaroni have an indisputable right to every thing that is found in one's back coat-pockets, which they constantly search with as much coolness as you would draw your own handkerchief from them. I have already been robbed of three or four pocket-handkerchiefs, without exciting the least surprise or sympathy in those to whom I related it. On two occasions, while walking on the Largo del Castello, one of the most public places in the city, and almost under the cannon of the main-guard, did I detect by the shadow, those scoundrels rummaging in my pockets. And although surrounded by hundreds of well dressed persons, not the least intimation of it was given to me. My first impulse on the first occasion was to knock the fellow down, and I had absolutely already drawn my cane, when the thought flashed on my mind that I was in a strange country, and that difficulty and detention might be the result, although I should have justice on my side. And in a moment after, the idea of mending the morality of thirty thousand of such bandit looking fellows as I saw around me, by chastising one of them in the streets, struck me as so preposterous, that I laughed right out, and left the

rascal escape with a few hard words, at which he very coolly shrugged his shoulders, and deliberately retired into one of the narrow streets. I then determined to pursue the same forbearance on all future occasions, and for this I had reason to felicitate myself, for a short time after an Englishman met with the same adventure and struck the fellow, when a scuffle ensued and he was immediately surrounded by a number of accomplices, one of whom drew a knife and stabbed the gentleman near the eye, by which he lost his sight. You must never attempt to ask your way from any of these fellows, or you will be sure to be beset and followed by at least half a dozen of them, under pretence of directing you, notwithstanding every protestation you may make, and every one will demand a gratuity in the most pertinacious and boisterous manner. So you will find them to intermeddle with every purchase and bargain that you attempt to make in the streets. If, for example, you go to hire a cab, you will at once be surrounded by a dozen of them, all interfering as may best suit their interests, and with a vehemence and boisterousness that in any other place than Naples would be taken for a regular row. As soon as your bargain is concluded with the cab-driver, which has always to be a clear and distinct negociation, (for this class of people are of the *worst* kind every where, and perhaps a little *worse* here) you will find one to seize upon the door and open it, another will let down the steps, a third will grab your cane, another your guide book, or whatever else you may have in your hand; several will catch you by the arms, another will hold up the skirts of your coat, and thus you will finally get seated, amid the deafening clamors of the whole gang to be paid for their services. This matter settled with great noise and dissatisfaction, for I never heard that any one had ever satisfied them, no matter what amount was given, three or four of these filthy ragged imps will jump on the box behind, in order to render you the same services in getting out. Thus you see then, one never rides without a due number of footmen in Naples. But, notwithstanding the degradation and destitution of the lazzaroni, they are a peaceable, good-natured, jovial set of fellows, whose hardships

and privations will all be swallowed up in a single plate of macaroni and an exhibition of the antics of their favorite *Punchinello*, on the Largo del Castello, or a good tale by some humorous *improvisare* on the Molo.

Instead of taking the usual airing this evening on the Chiaja, Mr. Martins and myself took a cab and drove up to the beautiful palace called *Capodimonte*. It is situated on an eminence just beyond the city, in one of the most enchanting spots in the world. The edifice is a large plain one, with nothing of peculiar interest about it; but the prospect from it is magnificent, and the park is delightful. Returning, we passed some Roman aqueducts in a tolerable state of preservation. After taking our ices and a cigar at the *Caffe de l'Europe*, we went to the little theatre *San Carlino*, where we witnessed some very good playing at a moderate price. The house was crowded by a mixed audience, that behaved with great decorum. This is one of those theatres that are opened twice in twenty-four hours, in the afternoon and evening.

11TH.—This is Sunday, and I have remained in my room nearly all day, except this evening, when I walked out to enjoy the sea-breeze. The shops were generally closed to-day, and all classes of people quite at leisure. My friend, Mr. Martins left me this morning, and I was for the first time called upon to perform the continental salutation of kissing on both cheeks. Notwithstanding that I had become familiar with this custom by having very frequently witnessed it, yet I cannot tell you the odd, awkward feeling it produced in me when I came to be one of the actors. The courage requisite to encounter with your face a bristly mustachio and unshaven beard is truly incredible; and how these gentlemen ever find *ladies* stout enough for the task, (*if they ever do*) is totally beyond my conception. Certain it is, that in *public*, the ladies revolt as much from this rencontre, as they would from being caught eating fat bacon; for the gentlemen are obliged to take their beards into one hand, and then are permitted to kiss them on the forehead only.

12TH.—I rose at 7, and made my breakfast on a cup of *lait de poule*, with some bread without butter, for this is a luxury scarcely found in Italy, and when met with is shock-

ingly bad. Olive oil is substituted in almost all cases where we use butter, and is often even eaten with bread. All kinds of vegetables and fruits are very abundant and cheap here. The water-melons of this country are peculiarly fine. After strolling about the city until nine o'clock, I went again to the Museo Borbonico, where I spent five hours more with undiminished interest. In the evening I resorted to my favorite spot, the Chiaja, and promenaded through the different avenues of the Villa Riale, surrounded by the *elite* of this fashionable and wealthy city, and all that is grand in nature and beautiful in art, while enjoying the delicious effects of the cool and bracing sea-breeze. It is in scenes like these that my thoughts often travel beyond the seas, and ardently desire the presence of those that are far from me!

13th.—This morning, after a breakfast at the Caffè de l'Europe, I went in search of Dr. *Guesone*, to whom I had a letter from Prof. Richard of Paris. He resides in the neighbourhood of the castle of St. Elmo, and I had no small difficulty in finding him. I was surprised, however, that even in this part of the city there were few shops in which I did not find some one who spoke French enough to give me the requisite directions. I always found the Italians most kind and obliging to strangers, and always ready to give you every information requested. The doctor resides in a most charming situation in the midst of a delightful grove of orange trees, fig trees, palm trees and vines, and has a beautiful terrace which commands a magnificent view of Vesuvius, the bay and the city. He received me with the unaffected frankness and kindness of a man of science and refinement, and offered me every facility in his power to see what was to be seen.

After due preparation by a substantial dinner, I set out at 1 o'clock in company with Mr. *Brobst* from Leipsig, and Mr. *Marouse* from Belgium, to visit the crater of *Mount Vesuvius*. We proceeded to *Portici* on the railroad, a distance of about five miles, and then walked a mile and a half to *Resina*, at the foot of the mountain. One would as soon think of going to Strasbourg without eating "*pate de foi gras*," or to Bologna without eating *sausages*, as to ascend Mount



Vesuvius without drinking "*lachryma Christi*." It is however, usual to take this celebrated wine at the *Hermitage*, where any truck is palmed upon strangers, for which they are made to pay at least a triple price. The knowledge of our good friend Mr. Brobst, protected us here, as well as on many other occasions, against both kinds of imposition. He led us to a vintner of his acquaintance in Resina, who makes the wine from the fruit of his own vineyard; and here in the refreshing shade of the vine itself, whose delicious juice we were quaffing, we regaled ourselves with several bottles of this luscious wine, besides a bottle or two of pure, unadulterated *Muscat*. We also supplied ourselves with several bottles to be used on the way. As regards myself, I infinitely prefer the *Muscat*; the *lachryma Christi* is too sweet and rich for my taste. We next applied for horses or mules, and guides, when we were immediately surrounded by several dozen ragged, bandit-looking fellows with a dozen or more of the sorriest beasts of all varieties, with trappings to match. As I had put myself entirely under the care of Mr. B. I remained a silent observer of the odd scene before me. Here we stood in the middle of the main street of the town, surrounded by the whole host of these miserable, filthy, half-clad rascals, with their wretched, spavined, blind and superannuated beasts, each one jostling the other and bawling at the top of his voice, and trying to thrust his beast under our notice by hauling, pushing, driving or wringing his tail. If they could by any means barely catch the eye of any one of us, they would mount their crippled animals, and lay on them right and left with their heavy clubs, crying with all their strength to the rest to clear the way in order that they might show off their speed. Thus they would ride out a distance, looking back occasionally to see whether their performance was attracting our attention, and if it was not they would again return to the crowd and endeavor anew to bring their beasts to notice. In the midst of this scene of boisterous tumult and uproar, stood Mr. Brobst as cool as a Mohawk, a stout, broad-shouldered, athletic man, in a coarse travelling frock and great cudgel in his hand, who was able to stamp his strongly marked features into the most

frightful expression, and raise his stentorian voice far above the tremendous clamour of the crowd. Close by stood the Belgian, whose French irritability would every now and then be taxed beyond all forbearance, and he would hiss through his clenched teeth "*quels diable de betes.*"

At length Mr. B. made choice of three ponies and three guides, and after having made a distinct contract with them, we mounted and set out, but not without being followed by a number of noisy fellows offering their services, to whom we paid no kind of attention, and they soon left us. We continued to ascend for about two hours by a pretty rough and steep made-path, through plantations of fig-trees, mulberry-trees, and the most luxuriant vineyards, until we arrived at the platform from which the crater rises. Here cultivation ceases entirely, except around the *Hermitage*, where are a number of shade-trees. The *Hermitage* is a small building situated on the edge of the platform, and kept as a place of entertainment for strangers who visit the mountain. We found a number of soldiers, who are placed here by the government as a protection to visitors. From the *Hermitage* to the base of the cone is about half a mile, over a good level road. Nothing can exceed the dreary desolation of this part of the mountain. The whole platform is studded with great blocks of black lava thrown together in the most frightful disorder, or covered with the black ashes and cinders that have from time to time been cast from the crater. On the left, stretches the long black line of the elevation called the *Somma*, in a crescent form, and terminates abruptly near the cone, from which it is divided by a deep ravine. This whole mass appears like an extinct Volcano, black and dreary, without a tree or a shrub to relieve the desolate aspect. Directly in front, and at the Northern extremity of the platform, rises the cone to a great height in the form of a sugar-loaf, from whose top ascends a never ceasing column of black smoke. It is composed of immense blocks of lava, loosely piled upon each other, and the same kind of dark gray ashes and black cinders that are found on the plain. The profound silence that reigns in this region of desolation, and the manifest evidences of the mighty power that has been exerted in

its production, impresses the mind with an awe that is unique and entirely indescribable ! As we passed by the guard, several of the soldiers immediately took up their muskets and followed us to the base of the cone, where, after we had dismounted, they took charge of our horses.

We now commenced the principal ascent over the disjointed, sharp and angular blocks of lava, sometimes stepping from one to the other, with no small danger of falling into the crevices ; at others, surmounting larger blocks by the best efforts we could exert both with our hands as well as our feet. In these greater difficulties, the guides would precede us and let us lay hold of one end of the bridle reins which they took from their horses and carried with them for that purpose. But as the performance of this duty was not in the *contract*, they of course subsequently loudly demanded pay for it. The cone rises from the plain at an angle of 25 to 28 degrees, which makes this ascent, particularly under an Italian sun, and with the incredible radiation of caloric from its black surface, an enterprise of excessive fatigue.

After a most laborious scramble of nearly two hours, we stood, nearly exhausted, bathed in sweat and blackened with cinders, on the edge of the frightful abyss of the crater ! This horrible gulph is more than half a mile in diameter, and its depth has been variously estimated from eight or nine hundred to two thousand feet. I should suppose that the former estimate is nearer the truth. It has the form of an inverted cone, whose sides are formed of ashes more or less consolidated and interspersed with blocks of lava. Its point terminates in the fiery abyss whose profundity has never been fathomed by mortals, and whose diameter is perhaps fifty feet, whence issues a black smoke strongly charged with sulphurous and chlorine vapours. From every minute to every minute and a half, an explosion takes place, when the flames are distinctly seen, and a blacker and more frightful discharge of smoke is perceived. The edge of the crater is composed of rather loose ashes, intermixed with large quantities of sulphur, which in many places is still in a viscid state from the heat. It is full of crevices from which smoke issues in more or less

and if the ashes are removed

from those particular spots the heat is sufficient to poach eggs in a few minutes. The width of the edge varies from two to fifteen or twenty feet, so that a passage along the narrowest parts is truly hazardous, and it required all the courage I could summon, to make it. Between the awful fiery gulph on one side, and the steep descent of the cone on the other, particularly on the side of the Campana where there is not a solitary object to break the sight of the tremendous depth, my head reeled with an alarming vertigo. I made out, however, to follow our friend Mr. Bröbst, and we made the whole circuit in safety.

Mr. Marouse, our Belgian companion, was determined to explore the interior of the crater, an exploit which I viewed as a kind of fool-hardiness in which I was by no means willing to embark. He had some difficulty in inducing the guides to descend, on account of the unsteadiness of the wind. There is but one side on which the descent is at all practicable, and that only when the wind blows from that direction and carries the suffocating sulphurous vapors in the opposite course. To-day the wind was variable, and the undertaking consequently very hazardous. By largely bribing the guides, however, two of them consented to accompany him. After we had made the circuit of the crater we found that they had not yet returned, and we began to feel some apprehensions for their safety, particularly as the wind frequently carried the black column of smoke over the side on which they had gone down. We called repeatedly, and after a long while we heard the voice of Mr. M. from a great depth "*nous voilà en bas*," "here we are below." Finally they reached the top, but in a most laughable condition; black as colliers, bathed in perspiration, and their faces striped by the course the sweat-drops had taken. Mr. Marouse absolutely had his hair singed by the fire. Being determined to look into the fiery gulph, he took hold of one end of the bridlerein, while the guides held the other, and thus ventured out upon a block of lava that overhung the abyss. While in this position a strong explosion occurred, which drove the flame in his face. After we had emptied several bottles of lachryma Christi, which we brought with us, I stretched myself on



the hardened ashes on the brink of the crater, in such a position as to look into the very jaws of the volcano over my left shoulder, while I witnessed before me the sun set in all its majesty and grandeur over the city of Naples! I am totally unable to describe to you the sublimity of this sight! This moment is an epoch in my life!!

After remaining long enough above to see the sublimity of the volcano by night, we commenced our descent over a part of the cone composed exclusively of loose ashes. This was performed with great rapidity and ease, but not without our being excessively soiled by the black dust into which we were obliged to wade at least half knee-deep; and which wasso uncertain under our feet that we not unfrequently tumbled headlong into it. Happily it was night when we arrived on the platform, and we were unable to see each other's sad plight; or rather *unhappily* for the exercise of our bumps of mirthfulness; for the mere idea that we all looked like Mr. Marouse when he came out of the crater, was enough to excite my risibility to the last degree.

We here remounted our horses, paid the guard a trifle, and commenced our descent towards Resina, where another scene of great tumult arose from the extra demands made by our guides. Thanks to the horrific countenance that our friend Brobst was able to assume, the matter was soon accommodated by his *not* yielding to their impositions, and we jumped into a hack, and arrived in Naples about 11 o'clock. After making our toilettes, of which no colliers ever stood more in need, we resorted to the Caffè de l'Europe, and ordered a supper, to which, as you may suppose, we did full justice. Ices and segars terminated the events of the day, and I retired much fatigued, but spent an uncomfortable night dreaming of suffocating vapours, volcanos and earthquakes. I found next morning that my gingham roundabout of the fastest colours was completely bleached by the chlorine, wherever a drop of wine had fallen upon it.

14TH.—After a late breakfast, I called on Prof. *Tenore*, to whom I had a letter, and then prepared to set out on an excursion to *Baia* with my friends Messrs. Brobst and Marouse. We met on the Largo del Castello, and after the *fracas* of



hiring a hack, we took our seats, attended as usual by several ragged lazzaroni, who mounted on behind our carriage. We left the Chiaja by the *Strada de Piedigrotto*, which leads through the *Grotto of Posilipo*. This grotto is a magnificent tunnel, that passes through a solid rock under the hill of Posilipo, and proves how early the art of tunneling was understood, for the period of its construction "runneth beyond the memory of man." Just before entering the Grotto, on the left, in a most charming spot are shown the ruins of *Virgil's Tomb*. The Grotto itself is a surprising monument of the skill of the ancients. It is upwards of two thousand feet long, twenty-two in width, and in some places ninety feet high. About its centre are two immense funnels cut through the roof, to admit light and air, and the intervening parts are lighted up by lamps suspended from the ceiling, which are kept burning day and night.

On emerging from the grotto we found ourselves again on the borders of the bay, and near the island of *Nisida*, on which is situated the Lazaretto. This island was formerly called *Nesis*, where Brutus had a villa. Pursuing our road along the bay, we soon arrived at *Pozzuoli*, formerly called *Puteoli*, where St. Paul disembarked after his perilous voyage from the East, "and where," the account says, "we found brethren and were desired to tarry with them seven days, and so we went toward Rome." This place has undoubtedly undergone very great changes since that day, but there are still many ruins here dating from before that period, and part of the ancient pavement still remains. It was impossible for me to resist the reverential feeling that I was treading upon the very flag-stones once trod by the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and that his shadow was cast upon the very columns now before me! The cathedral here was once a temple dedicated to Augustus, and is built of hewn stones joined together without cement. On the principal *piazza* is a beautiful pedestal in white marble, decorated with fine basso-relievos, and an ancient statue with the inscription "*Q. Flavio Mario Agnatio Lalliono*." Not far distant are the magnificent ruins of the temple of *Jupiter Serapis* in white marble. The shafts of three of the columns are composed of single pieces of

*cepallino*, a kind of beautiful green marble with white zones. Their lower part, to the height of six or seven feet, is singularly worn as if by the action of water. The centre of the temple is an elevated platform of a circular shape, approached by four grand flights of marble steps, and the pavement is of beautiful marbles. In the lower part of the edifice are a number of small apartments, which it is supposed served as baths for the sick and infirm. This supposition is strengthened by the facility with which water could be introduced into the temple; indeed, even at present, the lower pavement is covered by it to some depth.

After gratifying our curiosity with all that we considered worthy of attention here, we took a boat to cross the gulf. Here we observed the ruins of a most gigantic piece of work, supposed to have been a mole constructed at a very early date. Some of the pillars are still seen above the level of the water, and are said to be joined together by that peculiar hydraulic cement, for a long time known at home under the name of *Roman Cement*. We passed on our right *Monte Nuovo*, an elevated island containing four or five acres, which sprang up in thirty-six hours in 1538 by a volcanic explosion. Beyond this island we disembarked. Close by is the lake of *Avernus*, the Tartarus of Virgil, a small sheet of limpid water surrounded by beautiful banks covered by a luxuriant vegetation. If it was ever so noxious as to contain no fish, or that birds were destroyed by venturing over it, it has certainly changed very much; for they now traverse it in every direction, and it is said to contain an abundance of fish. On the banks of this lake is the Grotto of the *Cumæan Sybil*, a dark subterranean cavern, which has to be explored by torch-light. But as I have a particular dislike to going underground *before my time*, the guides lost their fees by my refusal to follow them.

We now re-embarked, and passed over to another part of the bay to visit Nero's Villa, in which are natural vapor baths of a high temperature. Farther on are some more hot baths and the ruins of Cæsar's Villa. In Baiæ itself are many ruins of great interest. The temple of *Venus Genetrix* is a beautiful ruin. It was built of white marble, externally

of an octagonal shape, and internally round. The temple of *Mercury* is an elegant structure, in an excellent state of preservation. It is a circular edifice without windows, and lighted from an aperture in its dome. The temple of *Diana Baiana* is near the former, but is very much dilapidated.

We again embarked on board of our boat, and finished the northern circuit of the gulf to *Cape Misenum*, passing many ruins which we had not time to examine. Under this cape was the town of Misenum and a harbour of the same name, which contained the Roman fleet commanded by Pliny the elder at the time of that great and destructive eruption of Vesuvius, which buried Herculaneum, Pompeii and Stabiae, and proved fatal to himself. We returned to Pozzuoli, enjoyed a mess of excellent macaroni, and arrived in Naples before night.

15TH.—I rose at an early hour, and went to the Caffè de l'Europe to meet my Belgian friend Mr. Marouse, with whom I had agreed to make an excursion to Pompeii. After our breakfast we set out to the *Strada di Ferro*, (the rail-road) by which we were carried as far as *Torre del Greco*, about nine miles from the city. From here we went on foot through *Torre della Nunziata* over a very dusty road to Pompeii, a distance of about three miles. This part of the road affords a magnificent view of Mount Vesuvius. Our approach to the city will be through the suburb anciently called *Palus Augustus Felix*, built on each side of the *Via Domitiana*, and flanked with double rows of tombs up to the Herculaneum Gate. But here is a delightful little canal of cool limpid water, shaded with vines and mulberry trees, the invitation of whose gentle ripple is irresistible after our hot and dusty walk. Let us then indulge in its refreshing draughts and grateful shade while we read over the graphic account of the subversion of this long lost city, in two letters written to Tacitus by Pliny the younger, who was an eye-witness. The horrible catastrophe took place on the 25th of August, A. D. 79.

*Letters of Pliny the younger to Tacitus, containing an account of the destruction of Pompeii.*

"Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgements; for, if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal works will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those to be, whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands, and should indeed have claimed the task, if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun\* and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study. He immediately arose and went out upon an eminence, from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius.† I cannot give a more exact description of

\*The Romans used to lie or walk naked in the sun, after anointing their bodies with oil, which was esteemed as greatly contributing to health, and therefore daily practised by them.

†About 12 miles distant from Naples. Martial has a pretty epigram, in which he gives us a view of Vesuvius, as it appeared before this terrible conflagration broke out:

"Here verdant vines o'erspread Vesuvius' sides:  
The generous grape here pour'd her purple tides.  
This Bacchus lov'd beyond his native scene:  
Here dancing satyrs joy'd to trip the green.



its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner: it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house, he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea: she earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with a heroic turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain, that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones, and black pieces of burning rock: they were likewise in danger, not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea: but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return; to which the pilot advising him, 'Fortune,' said he, 'befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus.' Pomponianus was then at Stabiae,† separa-

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Far more than Sparta this in Venus' grace :  
 And great Alcides once renown'd the place :  
 Now flaming embers spread dire waste around,  
 And Gods regret that Gods can thus confound."

†Now called Castel a Mare di Stabia, in the gulf of Naples.



ted by a gulf, which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board ; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and, indeed, extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation : he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered with an air of unconcern the baths to be got ready ; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the meanwhile, the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him that it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames : after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep ; for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out ; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions ; or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two ; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them. It was now day every where else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night ; which, however, was in some degree dissipated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore, to

observe if they might safely put out to sea; but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon the cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjectured, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and being frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I, who were at Misenum\*—But as this has no connection with your history, so your inquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that, therefore, I will put an end to my letter: suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or conceived immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter and a history; between writing to a friend, and writing to the public. Farewell!"†

"The letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum; for there, I think, the account in my former broke off.

"Though my shocked soul recoils, my tongue shall tell."‡

"My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies which prevented my going with him, till it was time to bathe. After which I went to supper, and from thence to bed, where my sleep was greatly broken and disturbed. There had been, for many days before, some shocks of an earthquake, which the less surprised us as they are extremely frequent in Campania; but they were so particularly violent that night, that they not only shook everything about us, but seemed indeed

\*See this account continued, in the following Letter.

†Pliny's Letters, Melmoth's Translation, vi, 16.

‡Virgil, book ii.

to threaten destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behavior, in this dangerous juncture, courage or rashness; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full security. While we were in this posture, a friend of my uncle's, who was just come from Spain to pay him a visit, joined us; and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmness, at the same time that he reproved me for my careless security. Nevertheless, I still went on with my author. Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet, as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining without certain and great danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and, as to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own, pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being got at convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with an igneous serpentine vapour, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great warmth and earnestness: 'If your brother and your uncle,' said he, 'is safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him: why, therefore, do you delay your escape for a moment?'—We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards the cloud seemed to descend, and cover the

whole ocean; as indeed it entirely hid the Island of Capræ\* and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do: as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible. However, she would willingly meet death, if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and taking her by the hand, I led her on; she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself, for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path, when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the Gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the Gods and the world together.† Among these were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frightened multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames, as in truth it was, than the return of day. However the fire fell at a distance from us: then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were every now and then obliged to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast that, during all this scene of horror, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped from me, had not my support

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\*An Island twenty miles from Naples, now called Capri.

†The Stoic and Epicurean Philosophers held, that the world was to be destroyed by fire, and things fall again into original chaos; not excepting even the national Gods themselves from the destruction of this general conflagration.



decorated with paintings of birds, fruits, masks, and in it were found fragments of a silver vase. Here is the *triclinium* or dining hall, which appears small for so sumptuous a house; but then you must recollect that the *triclinia* were family dining rooms only, and that when *dinner parties* were given by the ancients their tables were spread in the *occus*, in the peristyle or under its porticos. Observe the beautiful frescos in these ante-rooms—the car of Diana, with her stags unharnessed, the car of Apollo drawn by gryphons, &c., and all as fresh as if the artist had just left his work. What do you think our good ladies would say, if they were shown into such contracted covey-holes as these, for chambers? They might readily conceive that the servant in a fit of absence of mind had mistaken the door and opened the clothes press, if they did not see the low, narrow platform on which the bed was placed. These alcoves in the chambers were covered by curtains, as rings were found at their top. This apartment was a dressing-room, in which a number of small glass vases were found, for containing perfumes and cosmetics. Here is another triclinium, probably designed for winter. Let us pass through this ante-room, and we shall see the whole luxuriant arrangement of the private baths of a gentleman of wealth. Bathing was considered a luxury of the first importance among the ancients, and hence the space occupied by, and the care and expense bestowed upon their baths. Here is the *Hypocaustum* or stove room, there the *Frigidarium* or cold bath; the *Spoliatorium* is the hall in which the bathers undressed and dressed. This apartment had glazed windows, it was supposed. The *Tepidarium* was a room heated by hot air passed under a hollow pavement and between double walls, where the bathers were scraped with *strigils* and anointed with oil. The *panes of glass* we saw in the Museum at Naples, were taken from this apartment, and the sash of the window, was found reduced to charcoal. This is the *Sudatorium* or steam bath, this the *Calidarium* or hot bath, and this the *Laconicum* or hot air bath. The windows of the Calidarium were also glazed. This large hall in Roman houses is called the *occus*, and was used as a dining room on gala-days. The small cabinet on this side appears



to have been the library, which, although insufficient at the present day to hold the *literary* treasures of many a novel-reading Miss, was yet abundantly ample to contain the whole library of a Pompeiian. Now let us descend to the ground floor and examine this large hall which must have been magnificent, judging from the remains of the paintings and stucco with which its walls were decorated. In this apartment were found the remains of a carpet. These small rooms appear to have been designed for servants, and in them were found a human skeleton, and that of an animal with a small bell, shovels, and other agricultural implements. Here is the kitchen, and there is the oven, and this the kitchen fire place, both of which might be put to their former uses, so perfectly preserved are they! I really feel as if I were intruding on the domestic privacy of this rich gentleman's house, and start at every blast of wind, lest I should meet one of his slaves and be ordered away. In the kitchen were found the bronze stove, with the covered bronze stew-pan upon it, which we saw in the Museum. Here is the garden with the very soil laid out as directed by the good taste of Mad. Diomedes, eighteen hundred years ago! It is flanked by porticos under which its rich owner could walk in bad weather and enjoy its delightful perfumes, and a *pergula* or summer house was erected in its centre, in which was a table supported on a pedestal, to which the family no doubt often resorted in those charmingly mild summer evenings to take their '*Calida*,' (hot drinks, composed of hot water, wine and spices) as our good ladies take their tea. Perhaps, in the absence of Monsieur, a few intimate lady friends were also admitted, and then a bit of scandal and the discussion of the fashions from Rome would give increased zest to their cups of Calida. From the garden there was a door opening toward the sea, near which were found two skeletons; one had a key in one hand and a finely ornamented gold ring on the other. Near these skeletons were also found fragments of silver vases, and that linen wrapper in the Museum, containing eighty-eight silver, ten gold and nine bronze coins. Here in this part of the garden is the reservoir for fish, embellished by a jet d'eau; for a Roman cook it is said always selected his fish perfectly fresh.

Observe a number of *Amphoræ* (wine jars) leaning against the back wall of the garden; they were probably set out in preparation for the approaching vintage. Under these porticos of the garden were the cellars as you see, lighted and ventilated from the street, by loop holes formed exactly like those of modern date. In this cellar were found the skeletons of eighteen adults and two children, one quite an infant. The cellar was nearly filled up with fine ashes blown in through the loop-holes, and formed perfect moulds around each corpse. If you will come a little nearer, you will see the distinct impression of the female breast and part of the neck here against the wall. This unfortunate subject seemed to have perished in a standing position. What must have been the horror and alarm of this wretched group of human beings on that awful day of destruction and devastation! Near the skeleton of the young woman, the impression of whose body you have seen in the indurated ashes, were found several gold necklaces, silver and bronze rings, a comb, and in her hand a purse full of copper coins. This is the purse which you saw at the Museum so surprisingly preserved. On the other side of the street and nearly opposite this house, you see the tombs of the family of Diomedes.

Adjoining the villa of Diomedes, towards the gate of the city, is a small, rectangular structure, whose walls are stuccoed and adorned with paintings, which contains three platforms for couches, and the marble pedestal of a table. In this was eaten the *Silicernium* or funeral repast. Farther on you observe some beautiful tombs in white marble on the same side of the way. The first bears the inscription of *Navoleia Tyche* and *Caius Munatius Faustus*, and is an elegant funeral monument in the form of an altar, whose sides are ornamented with bassi-relievi. One of these represents a vessel going into port. Its interior you observe is a *Columbarium*, (niches constructed to receive the cinerary urns) in which were found three large glass vases or urns cased in lead, and containing burnt bones, and a liquor composed of oil and wine. Many lamps and urns of pottery were also found here. The next is the magnificent tomb of *Calventius Quictus*, who, it appears from the inscription, was one of the

*Augustals*, an order of priests bearing a high rank. Let us now cross to the opposite side of the street, and examine yon tomb without an inscription, and having a marble door by which we can enter it. It has but one niche, in which was found a single cinerary urn, containing burnt bones and ashes, and on it was deposited a gold ring. Here on the right side of the street is the tomb of *Aricius Scaurus*, embellished with bassi-relievi of gladiatorial combats. Its interior is a very perfect *columbarium*, consisting of many compartments. It appears from the inscription that the magistrates of the city had decreed an equestrian statue of Scaurus to be erected in the Forum.

Nearly opposite this you observe the ruins of a very large building that was fronted by a long portico. This was a *Hospitium* or inn. Here in the court yard is the fountain with a watering place for cattle, still in good repair. Under the ruins of the portico were found five skeletons of human subjects who appeared to have perished in each other's embrace. They are supposed to have been a mother and her children. Two other skeletons were also found in this house with a number of gold and bronze coins near them. A great variety of interesting articles were found on this spot which you saw in the museum. Gold rings and ear rings, lamps, water buckets, tongs, scales, cups, pots, vases, lachrymatories of glass, bottles, pad-locks, a marble mortar, exactly resembling modern ones, dice, &c., &c. These galleries on the top of the building must have commanded a magnificent view.

On the right hand side of the way, and opposite the inn you observe that large square space originally surrounded by porticos. This was called the *Ustrina*, or the place where the dead were burnt and their ashes collected. This platform of masonry, and these broken vases are supposed to have served for washing the dead. This path leads up to the ruins of a spacious *villa*, which has received the name, for what reason I know not, of Cicero's Villa. On one of the walls of this ruin was discovered the following inscription: "*Sea and fresh water baths of Marcus Crassus Frugi*us." Here were found some fine frescos and those beautiful mosaics made by Dioscodes of Samos, (whose name they bear)

representing comic scenes which we so much admired in the museum.

Opposite this villa is a small semi-circular building with a seat of mason work around it, and on the right hand side of the way nearer the gate, are two similar ones finished with stucco and roofed. They seem to have been designed as resting places for foot-passengers. Near the first were found two skeletons with numerous bronze and gold coins. This niche close to the city gate was the sentry-box, and by it was discovered the skeleton of the guard with his lance and helmet, who like a true Roman, did not desert his post even during the awful catastrophe that overwhelmed the whole city!

Here we are then, in reality under the walls of the city of Pompeii, and "At a step two thousand years roll backward!" The ardent and dearly cherished desires of my whole life accomplished! It seems like a waking dream! Never shall the impression of this moment be effaced from my memory, for it is an epoch in my life which will ever be recurred to with unceasing pleasure.

The whole city was encompassed by double walls, of which you see a specimen excavated here on our left. The external wall ran through the centre of a ditch, and between the two walls is the platform called *agger*, about twenty feet in width. Let us ascend to the top of the ramparts or *agger* by means of this flight of steps. This was no doubt used by the Pompeiians as a promenade, and must have afforded a delightful prospect. The walls are from twenty to twenty five feet high and are built of travertino, a species of limestone, and peperino, a kind of hard lava, which consists sometimes, as you here see, of immense blocks joined without cement. Some parts of the walls appear to have been repaired rather hastily, perhaps after their injury by the earthquake which is known to have occurred in the year 63. Here is one of the square towers by which the walls were fortified at unequal distances varying from one to five hundred feet according to the situation of the ground to be defended. This one nearest the gate is among the most perfect; it was three stories high and provided with a sallyport. This

gate is called the *Herculaneum gate* and is a plain substantial structure of brick, consisting of three arches very much after the fashion of modern gates. The central arch designed for carriages is about fifteen feet wide and high in proportion, and the side arches calculated for foot-passengers are about five feet wide and ten in height. On this gate was found an inscription stating that there would be a chase and gladiatorial combats at the Amphitheatre, and that the seats would be shaded by awnings.

This street, one of the principle ones, is called the *Via Domitiana*. Its width is thirty-three feet including the side-walks, which are about five feet wide, and raised about a foot and a half above the pavement. The pavement of the street is composed of flat pieces of peperino (hardened lava) of various shapes and sizes laid in a strong cement and joined with great exactitude. This was the common mode of paving, among the Romans. The side walks are paved in the same way with smaller pieces and more heterogeneous materials, including fragments of bricks. Here you observe the ruts worn to the depth of several inches by the action of the carriage wheels. The distance between the wheels of ancient cars it appears, was about four feet. The first house on our right within the gate, with the *chequers* painted on the side of the principal entrance, seems from this circumstance, to have been a public inn, for these chequers appear to have indicated places of public entertainment. The entrance is sufficiently spacious to admit carriages, and this, taken in connection with the objects found on the premises strengthen the supposition that this was the post-house. Here surrounding the court-yard you see many chambers of various sizes and a portico. This passage leads to the vaulted cellar underneath. These two shops near the front door, appear, from their fitting up, to have been restaurants. Here is a curious *talisman* on this pilaster fronting the street, about which there appears much discrepancy of opinion; some supposing it to be a charm against the *evil eye*.\* Skeletons of horses were found in the stables, rings for fastening horses, the remains of three

\* *Hoc signum penis est immensæ magnitudinis suis glandibus ornatus.*



cars, and some pieces of iron resembling wheel-tire, &c. According to an inscription, which is nearly effaced, the proprietor's name of this establishment was *Albinus*.

This building on the left was evidently a *Thermopolium*, or what at the present day would be called a *coffee house*; where *calida* (preparations of hot water, wine and spices) were sold. Here you see upon the marble top of this counter, the marks of cups or glasses, and by taking this lens you will perceive that the stone is corroded to an appreciable depth. Did the ancients make use of some corrosive liquid, of which we have no account, as is supposed by some antiquarians, or will wine alone have this corroding effect if it is permitted to remain a long time, and until it has become *acid*? for I have understood that the cups themselves were found upon the counter. The latter supposition appears to me most probable. In this *caffè* were found a stove or furnace, and other utensils for the preparation of *calida*.

This edifice is called the *House of the Vestals*, and was arranged to accomodate two families. On the pavement of the *prothyrum* or entrance, you observe the pretty device wrought in mosaic of black and white stones, with the hospitable inscription of "SALVE" (Welcome!)—This is an appropriate idea, and pleases me much.\* Here is the reception room, and there are the baths, the bed-chambers ornamented with paintings, a dressing-room, a saloon, the library, &c. &c. This is the *Lararium*, or family chapel, with three recesses for statues, and a place for the sacred fire. On this door sill you observe two serpents in mosaic, and in the centre of the pavement of this small room, is the representation of a labyrinth or table for playing an ancient game, and on the floor of this room is a cornucopiæ. In this house were found a human skeleton, and that of a dog, with some gold ornaments for ladies. Behind the house were discovered ten skeletons, (one of them having four rings on the same finger) with a number of gold ear rings, a necklace, two bracelets, gold and silver coins, and the small square bronze lantern glazed with *horn*, which we saw in the Museum.

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\*Miss F. an ingenious friend of mine in Paris, has suggested this device and inscription for door-rugs. Would it not be pretty on oil-cloth for halls?

Contiguous to the House of the Vestals you see this edifice with a large *atrium* or court, around which are ranged numerous rooms, terminated by a garden. This is called the *Anatomical Theatre*, or *House of a Surgeon*. In it were found those numerous surgical instruments that interested me so intensely in the Museum. You recollect how strongly I expressed my astonishment at the slight variation that these instruments have undergone for the last eighteen hundred years. Take a seat in the shade of the wall on this fragment of a column, while I recur to my notes taken in the Museum.

1. Numerous forceps: one five inches long, with blades that separate; another five inches long, with rounded extremities and a lateral curve near the end; one six inches long, bent in the middle. This is no doubt a gullet forceps. One three inches long, the blades of which are narrow at their joined extremities, and widen as they proceed towards the grasping extremity, which closes in the form of an arch. This forceps is furnished with a sliding ring to keep it closed, like our tenaculum forceps. Another small one, exactly resembling our old fashioned tweezers, and was no doubt used for the same purposes. 2. Two catheters with the elongated openings or eyes. The male catheter is nine inches in length, and has the double curve in the form of the letter S; and the female is four inches long. 3. Two spatulas of bronze. 4. A highly finished instrument in the form of a forceps, probably designed for extracting teeth. 5. Several probes and a cautery of iron. 6. A needle, also of iron, curved like those in present use, but round. 7. Two lancets, made either of copper or bronze, probably the latter, one about two and the other three inches in length. 8. Several scalpels: one with a short handle and a blade about two inches long, very much curved on the edge and having a straight back; another with a blade also two inches long of a triangular shape. A thick back runs beyond the narrow extremity of the blade and forms a button, no doubt designed to run in the groove of a directory, like the modern probe-pointed bistories. These are also made of bronze, which the ancients must have possessed the art of tempering like steel. 9. An elevator with flat and serrated prongs at each end and a handle in the middle, exactly like

those of the present day. 10. A bronze instrument with three blades, generally supposed to be a *dilator uteri*, but I have not the least doubt was designed for a *speculum*, of which some of our modern instruments are awkward imitations. In this house were also found a number of leaden weights with an inscription that signified that those who *pay* will be *served*. I do not see what use a surgeon could make of such things, particularly bearing such inscriptions, disinterested as is the profession. He no doubt came by them accidentally in the terror and fright of that dreadful day of destruction.

This spacious edifice which encloses two extensive courts and is entered by this large gate-way, is the *Ponderarium* or Custom-house. Here were found steelyards, and a great number of leaden weights, and among them, the one you so much admired in the Museum, representing a head of Mercury. In the back court-yard were discovered the skeletons of two horses, with three bronze bells on the neck of each, parts of carts and remains of harness. It seems that the Pompeians, like the Neapolitans of the present day, were accustomed to decorate their horses with bells. How often have we had occasion to trace the strong analogy of modern with ancient customs. You recollect how strongly our curiosity was excited the first few days after our arrival at Naples by the singular shapes of many of their ordinary utensils, their furniture, &c., and how surprised we were to find their most exact counterparts in the Museo Borbonico, in the articles taken from Pompeii and Herculaneum. Here you see the remains of a subterranean passage formed of columns, and called a *crypto-porticus*, leading to the sea. This was probably used to convey merchandize from the quays into the custom-house.

In this narrow alley to the left of the *Via Domitiana*, is the house of the *Danzatraci*, so called from the four paintings of these figures in the quadrangle or court. Here are many other pretty paintings on the walls, particularly in the chambers. How clear and fresh they are as if they had just been finished! The house next door is called the house of *Isis* from the number of Egyptian deities it contains. You remember the little bronze statue of Apollo, with silver

chords to his harp in the museum, that was found in this alley. Here is the public *Bakery*. Here are four mills still standing, and this was the stable for the donkeys who turned them. How exactly similar this oven is to our own! If yon little hole were repaired one might readily bake in it. Here are vases for water and there *amphoræ* (jars) which contained the flour. Heaps of grain were found in this house, some of which we saw in the museum preserved in every respect, except its colour, which is black.

This, as you see by the name written in red paint on a white ground, at the side of the entrance, was the residence of *Caius Sallust*, a gentleman of wealth and taste. This mode of inscribing the owner's name on houses was the common practice in Pompeii as we shall see farther on; the houses were also numbered as you see, but in *regular succession*, as is often done at the present day in Italy. Here at the entrance you see this shop which communicates with the house, having a counter and a number of *amphoræ* or jars fastened under it, for the purpose of containing the various commodities for sale. It is conjectured that Sallust was a land proprietor, and sold his own products, not only by wholesale but retail; as is the custom it is said, at the present day in several towns of Magna Græcia. This residence was elegantly ornamented. Here in the quadrangle you see that beautiful fountain, and a flower garden in its centre, furnished with a *triclinium* (a table and couches) for dining in summer. On the right of the quadrangle were the ladies' apartments, in whose centre is a court surrounded by columns, from which they were lighted. This is the saloon, and here are the hot baths, all beautifully painted. One of these rooms was finished with great taste and elegance, being paved with precious African marbles, and painted in what is called *encausto*, a method of decorating which I believe is lost; but you see how perfectly the colours are preserved under the beautiful transparent varnish which formed part of the art. Besides a bronze stag, through whose mouth the waters of the *impluvium*, or rain-water cistern, passed, and a few bronze kitchen utensils, nothing of value was found in this house. It is now generally admitted by antiquarians that excava-

tions were made by the ancients after the catastrophe of 79, and that this accounts for the absence of valuables in many instances where presumption would lead us to look for them. In a small lane, near the house of Sallust, were discovered four skeletons, supposed to have been the mistress of the house and three servants. Some money, the silver mirror which we saw in the museum, intagli in gold rings, a pair of ear rings, the necklace composed of gold chains and the gold bracelets which you so much admired, were found near them.

Here on the opposite side of this small street is another *public Bakery*, much more extensive than the former, but very similar in general arrangement. This is called the house of a *Musician*, from the representations in frescos on the walls, of musical instruments, theatrical scenery, &c., &c. Some elegant utensils of bronze and glass, and a porphyry table were also discovered here. The lararium in the quadrangle is very tasteful, embellished with a painting representing an altar, around which two serpents are twined.

On the right side of the Via Domitiana you see this large edifice with *chequers* painted on the wall. This was a hotel kept by one *Julius Polybius*, and had extensive dormitories under these arcades, which are said to have been glazed. Several of those elegant bronze candelabra, a steelyard, and leaden weights were found here. Observe this shop with a sign on the wall, representing a serpent devouring pine-cones. It is a *druggist's shop*, where the variety of drugs and medicines were found that we saw in the museum; and among others you recollect the box of *gilded* pills, which were perhaps prepared for the daughter of *Sir Marcus Diomedes*, or *Lady Pansa*, the Edile's wife. This was the *restaurant* of Fortunatus; and next to it is a bake-house, which terminates the Via Domitiana.

Turning to the left into the *Street of the Baths*, we come to the magnificent establishment of *Pansa, the Edile*, or *Mayor* of Pompeii. This house is one of the largest that has been excavated, and was finished in a style of great elegance. It will give you a perfect idea of the arrangements of an ancient dwelling. It is surrounded on all sides by streets, and hence such buildings were called *insula* by the Romans, and



room of the Museum, and two others of less beauty. Here is the shop in which were discovered the colors for fresco painting, which we saw in the Museum. It appears we have got into the *Chesnut Street* of Pompeii, for in the next square below the house of Pansa is the *House of the Dramatic Poet*, the most tasteful and elegant thus far disinterred. You see it is not extensive, but its decorations were expensive and beautiful. The *ostium* or entrance is painted in frescos and on its pavement near the gate was found that pretty mosaic, representing a large dog chained, which interested you so much in the Museum. Under the figure were the words CAVE CANUM. (beware of the dog.) The whole of the quadrangle was also painted in frescos of superior elegance, most of which have consequently been cut out of the walls with great labour and expense, and deposited in the museum at Naples. You recollect the Parting Interview between Achilles and Briseis, said by artists to be among the finest paintings in existence, and not at all inferior to many of the best productions of Raphael. The walls of all the rooms you observe were also beautifully painted. Here is a little Cupid *fishing*, and presenting the *fish* to Venus. This room was supposed to have been the library, and contains marine and land views, and the representation of these scrolls of papyri inscribed with Greek characters is curious. The beautiful mosaic representing the rehearsal of a drama, was found in this quadrangle. How curious and elegant the capitals of the columns composing the peristyle are. The *lararium* you see was evidently enclosed by iron bars, the remains of which are still here. In it was found a small statue of Bacchus. Observe the elegant decorations on the walls of this small apartment. Representations of genii, flying figures, a bird's nest filled with infant Cupids, and those airy and graceful arabesques. Even this highly ornamented and superb edifice had two shops communicating with it. Some broken mosaics were here found which appeared to have been injured by a previous excavation, and some other marks seemed to give pretty strong evidence of this. Here were discovered a number of gold ornaments; two necklaces, two ear-rings, chains of beautiful workmanship, five bracelets, one of which

is the massive one in the form of serpents, (said to weigh several ounces) which you recollect in the museum, several fine rings and a quantity of coin; also a curious portable stove, an elegant bronze lamp, and various utensils of pottery and bronze.

Immediately opposite these interesting edifices you see the extensive ruins of the *Public Baths*. They cover a space of about a hundred square feet, are the most perfect of any now in existence, and, as you may suppose from the universality of the practice of bathing among the ancients, were finished in a style of great luxury and magnificence. Let us enter by this covered vestibule whose ceiling is ornamented with stars, into the *apodyterium* or undressing room. This you see is provided with seats made of lava, and these holes in the wall were for the insertion of wooden clothes' pegs. This large oblong hall on the right is the *tepidarium* or warm bath. It is highly finished in stucco, painted yellow, and lighted from the top by a large pane of glass, *ground* on one side to prevent persons on the roof from looking in. The frieze of the cornice is prettily carved with representations of lyres, winged lions, vases, &c. At this end you see a small niche which was closed with glass and intended for a lamp, which is evident from its smoked appearance. The floor is of marble mosaic, and the walls are laid off in white pannels bordered with red. How elegantly and tastefully the whole is finished! The arched ceiling is divided into compartments and beautifully ornamented in stucco with various figures and flying genii, delicately relieved on medallions surrounded by foliage. The ground is painted in red and bright blue. The finish of the walls is very curious. They are divided into compartments by a kind of pilaster, on which are modelled in terra-cotta stout, robust figures on high relief, about four feet high, with girdles around their loins, baskets on their heads and their elbows elevated in a peculiar manner. These support a massive cornice of great richness and beauty, and were called by the ancients *Atlanti* or *Telamones*, from the circumstance of their resembling *Atlas* upholding the world. They are painted flesh colour, with black hair and beards; and the baskets on their heads, as well as the

mouldings on the pedestal, are painted in imitation of gilding. The pedestals and niches represent porphyry. This apartment is lighted by an elevated window, in which were found those fine panes of glass in the Museum, ingeniously fastened in a bronze frame by nuts and screws. The immense bronze brazier found in the tepidarium is very curious. It measures upwards of six feet in length, is ornamented with the figure of a cow in its centre, and its legs are winged sphinxes, terminating in lion's paws. Here are also three bronze benches six feet long and a foot wide, with legs ornamented with ox heads, and terminating with cloven feet. The seats bear the following inscription: M. NIGIDIUS VACCULA, P. S.

As you must be much fatigued by the excessive labours of the morning, and as we shall not find a cooler place in Pompeii or one more convenient, we will seat ourselves on one of these antique benches and take our bottle of wine and the bread and cheese which you were so provident as to bring with you. We will next pass into this magnificent long hall adjoining the tepidarium. This is the *caldarium* or vapour bath, and is superbly finished. Its pavement is wrought in mosaic, and on its sides, which are yellow, are fluted pilasters painted red, supporting a massive, curiously fluted and rich cornice, also red. The ceiling is elegantly carved in beautiful flutings. At this end of the apartment in a niche, you see this superb basin, formed of a single block of white marble and called by the ancients the *labrum*. It is about five feet in diameter, and has a *jet d'eau* in its centre, through which, as appears from the arrangements, hot water bubbled. It is raised about three feet above the floor, on mason work stuccoed and painted red, and served for partial ablutions to those who took the vapour baths. On its edge is an inscription in bronze letters, which signifies that G. M. Aper and M. Rufus, duumvirs, were directed by the Decuriones to erect this labrum at the public expense, and that it cost 750 sesterces, equal to about thirty dollars. See how prettily the arched ceiling over this labrum is worked in stucco, to represent small figures of boys, animals, tritons, vases, &c. &c. Many parts of these figures you observe, instead of being modelled in the ordinary way, are painted

is the massive one in the form of serpents, (said to weigh several ounces) which you recollect in the museum, several fine rings and a quantity of coin; also a curious portable stove, an elegant bronze lamp, and various utensils of pottery and bronze.

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This court seems to have been a common place for *sticking bills*, as many other inscriptions are still visible. How perfectly the whole of the reservoirs, coppers, flues, boilers, &c. &c. pertaining to this grand establishment are preserved!

Let us now return to the street and enter the women's baths by the only entrance to them that exists. You observe they are paved with marble mosaics, their walls are finished in stucco and painted, and their cornices and ceilings ornamented with figures elegantly modelled like those of the men's baths, to which indeed they bear an exact resemblance but are less extensive and less perfect. From the large piece of leaden pipe with the maker's name stamped upon it, found in the women's baths it appears that the ancients were perfectly acquainted with this kind of conduit.

By crossing the Street of Baths and proceeding down this narrow alley we shall arrive at an oblong piazza, surrounded in part by a wide portico and numerous shops. This is called the *Piazza of the Fullers*, and contains a full and extensive apparatus pertaining to this art. On this square pillar you see painted in fresco, and no doubt intended as signs, numerous representations of the implements and methods of scouring in use among persons of this business. The place is furnished with basins, cisterns, fountains, a well, &c. &c. A number of bottles were discovered here, and among them one that contained a liquid which escaped the moment it was disinterred, and another full of olives put up in oil and in a perfect state of preservation. Adjoining this piazza is the spacious mansion called the *House of the large Fountain*. Here against the wall, at the end of these premises, you see this elegant grotto beautifully constructed of shell-work interspersed with mosaics. In this grotto is the fountain of white marble decorated with beautiful bassi-relievi which has given its name to the house. The walls on the sides of this elegant work are painted with representations of shrubs and flowers, a practice which we have so often remarked in the houses and courts of Naples. This inscription on the side of the entrance is nearly effaced, but I can make out the words, M. HOLCONIUM PRISCUM, II VIR.



Next below this is the *House of the small Fountain*, which is placed in the same position as in the other house, and although smaller is much more elegantly decorated. These mosaics around the fountain are very pretty. In this semicircular basin was found that winged Cupid in bronze holding a goose from whose beak the water flowed; also near it the statue of a fisherman in bronze seated on a rock holding a rod in one hand and a basket in the other, and several other pretty statues in marble. Near this latter house on the walls in the street are the remains of a curious painting, and on a pilaster of one of the houses is sculptured the head of Mercury, which gave the name of *Via Dei Mercurii* to this street.

Beyond the Houses of the Fountains in the *Via Dei Mercurii* is an extensive edifice with a magnificent façade, called the *House of the Dioscuri*, and appears to have been divided into three separate habitations, which are known under the distinct names of 1, The *House of the Quæstor*. How magnificently this whole house was decorated, both with frescos and easel-paintings, whose frames were set into the walls! You recollect many of these superb specimens of ancient art in the Museum. What a rich treat the great number of ancient paintings found in Pompeii has been to the antiquarians, and all classical scholars, by the light they shed on the manners, customs and habits of the ancients; and the aid they have afforded in explaining thousands of unintelligible passages in the classics. The flower-garden belonging to this house you see has been replanted, and the *lararium* (family chapel) was enclosed by iron bars. Under one of the porticos of the court were found two chests lined with bronze, firmly fastened to the pavement. One of these contained forty-five gold, and some silver coins. Here were also discovered numerous other articles of much beauty, such as bronze vases, lamps, candelabra, &c., and among the latter that very pretty one which three legs were made to represent the arms of Sicily. 2. *The House of Apollo or Mellager*. This house was also superbly painted throughout, and so elegant were these pictures that they have nearly all been removed to the Museum at Naples, at great

pains and expense. Observe this fine white marble table in the peristyle, supported by legs of winged gryphons, and as perfectly fresh as if it had just received the last touch of the sculptor! How fine the mosaic pavement is, and how brilliant the colours become when it is wet by the guide! It represents little Cupids subduing a lion by binding him with garlands of flowers. This house contains subterranean apartments, probably for summer use. Here were discovered fourteen silver spoons, a tripod, a beautiful pestle and mortar, vases of various shapes, that fine steelyard and a weight representing Mercury, elegant candelabra, several boxes of pills, gold rings, &c. &c. 3. *The House of the Faun*, so called from that beautiful bronze statue of a Faun found there, which you recollect in the Museum. This you see is one of the largest and most elegant and richly adorned houses in Pompeii, with the exception of paintings. Its decorations are peculiar. The *ostium* or entrance had two gates and the walls between them are ornamented with Egyptian temples in bassi-relievi, and four niches for the *Lares* or household gods. The mosaics of the atrium are superb! Here are representations of the hippopotamus, the ibis and the crocodile, exquisitely executed. But under this shed erected over it by the present king of Naples, is the *chef d'œuvre* of ancient mosaics! It represents one of the battles of Alexander the Great, with the Persians, and contains a great number of figures, both of men and horses, drawn with surprising spirit and energy, and most exquisitely colored. It is really superb, and I will procure one of the coloured drawings of it that we saw in Naples, to show to our friends at home. This table resting on a sphinx, and formed of the purest Parian marble, is chaste and beautiful. On these premises were found heavy gold necklaces, a considerable quantity of money, rich bronze candelabra, the six silver stew pans and the brazier with a boiler on it, which we saw in the Museum. In the *lararium* were found two candelabra, and a statue of Mercury. During the excavations of the *Via Dei Mercurii*, upwards of a dozen of skeletons were discovered with various articles of value near them.

Returning along this street toward the Forum, you see to the left on the corner of the Street of Baths, a spacious edifice called the *House of the Bacchantes*, which was richly decorated with paintings, many of which have been removed to the Museum, where you may recollect particularly the beautiful one called Zephyr and Flora. How graceful and elegant these arabasques are, and how beautifully every shade of colour is brought out by wetting the walls! On the opposite corner is the *Temple of Fortune*, a small but elegant structure, built, as appears from an inscription which was found on it, by a private individual, one Marcus Tullius, probably a descendant and relative of the great Cicero. This is inferred from the fact that here was found that curious statue in the Museum, with a toga painted purple and strongly resembling the busts of that distinguished orator. Here are some of the remains of the beautiful marbles with which the whole building both internally and externally, was cased, and which have evidently been removed by former excavators. The portico is approached by a fine flight of steps on the lower three of which is erected a wall surrounded originally by a balustrade of iron to protect the altar which is built upon it. The portico itself was supported by Corinthian Columns and pilasters. The niche for the reception of the statue of Fortune is very richly finished. Observe this curious statue of a female in which the face was inserted by the sculptor after it was finished. Between this and the Forum you see this double row of shops in which were found many of those articles which interested us so much in the Museum at Naples. By turning to Mad. Stark we shall have a list of them: drinking cups, cups and saucers, near a hundred little fountains for singing birds, steelyards, bronze vases, candelabra, lamps, tills of pottery exactly like our saving-boxes for children, in one of which were found some coins, a large pair of scissors, rings, ear-rings, a marble basin on a pedestal, a piece of gold lace, &c. This small chapel you see here with an altar and benches in masonry, was dedicated to the *Dii Viales* (tutelary divinities of the streets.)

Proceeding along the *Via Dei Mercurii* to the *Street of Dried Fruits*, we come to this lofty arch, and passing through

it, descend by several steps into that magnificent place called the *Forum*, the *Palais Royal* of Pompeii. It is a large area three hundred paces in length, and of a proportional width, and surrounded on three of its sides by a grand colonade flanked with temples, and other public buildings, which we will examine in the order given by Mad. Stark. The numerous pedestals that you see supported the statues of persons whose distinction merited this honour. Here at the Northern end where we entered you see the ruins of the magnificent temple of Jupiter. It is supposed to have served also as a *Senaculum* or Senate chamber, and an *Aerarium* or treasury. A grand flight of steps leads up to a spacious quadrilateral vestibule formed of magnificent Corinthian columns. The *cella* or body of the temple has two corridors, one on each side divided by columns, and at its back part are several chambers probably designed for holding the public treasures, records, &c. The walls were painted in compartments, and the pavement is very elegant. Remains of colossal statues were found, which appeared to have flanked the steps. Several bronze statues and numerous fragments were found in and near this temple. In the basement of the building were found numerous fragments of architectural ornaments, and statues in marble, which were evidently shattered by a former earthquake, and among them you see this *torso* with the figure of a small statue drawn on its back for which it was to serve as a block. In front of the temple was discovered a skeleton under a broken column, by the falling of which it had been crushed. Here in the corner of the Forum, next to the temple of Jupiter is the *Prison*. In it were found those two skeletons, with their leg bones still fast in the stocks which excited our sympathies so deeply in the Museum at Naples.

This extensive plain building, on the right is supposed to have been a public *granary*, as the measures of capacity of which you see the models here were found in its vicinity. Contiguous to this building is the spacious *Temple of Venus*, an oblong structure with its side paralld to the colonade of the Forum. It was surrounded by covered porticos, supported on forty-eight stuccoed columns. On this altar in the

centre of the court the ashes of the victims were found when it was excavated. A flight of fourteen steps leads to the vestibule behind which is a small *cella* in which were found statues of Venus and Hermaphroditus. This inscription signifies that M. H. Rufus, and C. J. Posthumus, duumvirs, made some repairs here at the public expense. Some fragments of bronze and marble statues were found in this temple, but nothing of any great value. It seems pretty well settled by antiquarians that the Forum was excavated by the Romans, which accounts for the few articles of value that have been found here.

By crossing the narrow street which leads into the Forum, we come to this immense structure which measures two hundred feet in length, by seventy in width. It is the *Basilica* or court-house, which is supposed to have been used also, as an *Exchange*. These twenty-eight Corinthian pilasters supported one side of the galleries, which surrounded the building, and rested on the other side on an equal number of columns of the same order, curiously built of brick and stuccoed. This is the tribunal or seat for the *Duumvir*, or judge, raised about seven feet, and adorned with six Corinthian Columns. Under this is the temporary prison or *bar* where prisoners were secured during their trial. These holes in the floor of the tribunal communicating with this place of confinement were probably designed for the purpose of conveying directions from the *Judge* to the *Sheriff*, who had charge of the prisoners. Upon this pedestal before the tribunal was an equestrian statue, fragments of which were found near it. Here in these columns you see again the evidences of repairs that were in progress at the time of the catastrophe, that overturned the city. The injuries that were being repaired, are supposed to have happened by the earthquake of 63. No reasonable conjecture can be given of the uses of these three brick buildings at the end of the Forum. The middle one was either never finished or was undergoing repairs. Here opposite these buildings, in the centre of the South end of the Forum, is a *Triumphal Arch*. This pedestal, from its inscription, must have supported a statue of one of the Sallust family, and this one is inscribed with the letters: "C. CUSPIO C. F. PANSÆ."



On the corner directly opposite the Basilica is another large edifice whose use is not all known. Running along the Street of the Silversmith, on this side of the Forum, is this very spacious structure known as the *Crypto Porticus and Chalcidicum of Eumachia*. From the inscription over the entrance from this street it appears that "Eumachia the Priestess constructed this building at her own expense, in her own name, and that of her son, dedicating it to *Concord*, and appropriating the *Chalcidicum* to the use of the Fullers." In gratitude for which the Fullers erected this statue to her, in a niche in the interior of the building with this inscription on the pedestal: EUMACHIA, L. F. SACRED. PUBL. FULLONES. Besides the arrangements of a large basin supplied with water, scouring blocks, &c. &c., for the use of the Fullers, provision appears to have been made for holding a market, (perhaps of cloth) and public meetings for the transaction of business in winter and in bad weather. This is a magnificent court a hundred feet long and fifty wide, bordered by porticos supported on forty-eight exquisitely finished columns of Parian marble. This flight of steps you see was unfinished, but the marble slabs designed for them lie here ready, and this one was marked with a black line in charcoal to direct the chisel of the sculptor. It really seems as if the workmen had just dropped their tools and gone to dinner! In this *Thermopolium* (coffee-house) in the *Crypto Porticus*, was found that beautifully wrought urn for the preparation of *Calida*, which you remember in the Museum, and which strongly resembles those of the present day, except that it is much more complicated. This representation of a false door, painted on the wall to correspond with one actually existing on the opposite side of the building, shows that the doors of the ancients were panelled like those of modern times.

The next building is the small *Temple of Mercury*, or perhaps more properly of Romulus. It consists of a quadrangular court, surrounded by brick walls, and a small cella, elevated nine or ten feet, containing a pedestal for a statue. On the pavement stands a pretty altar of Parian marble, upon which is a beautiful basso-relievo, representing a sacrifice.

This semicircular building adjoining the temple, is open to the Forum, and is provided with seats in masonry, and niches for statues. It is supposed to have served as a *Council Chamber*. Next to this building is the great temple called the *Pantheon*, measuring one hundred and eighty feet in length. In its centre is the principal altar, surrounded by twelve marble pedestals which supported the statues of the twelve *Dii Magni* (greater deities) of the ancients. No vestige of these statues has been found, which accords with the idea that previous excavations had been made. These people lacked the *Yankee* enterprise, or they would forthwith have disinterred the whole city. These twelve chambers on the right side were occupied by the priests, and at the extreme end is an *ædicula* or sanctuary, with niches, in which were found statues, and an arm and hand grasping a glove, supposed to have belonged to a statue of Augustus. On the right of the sanctuary you see this small *triclinium*, or dining room, also for the use of the priests; and on the left is another chapel, provided with several marble altars. Near this spot were found a thousand bronze and forty-six silver coins. How beautifully the whole of the walls of this splendid edifice are painted, with all possible varieties of subjects! The grace and elegance of these arabesques are delightful, and the colours brilliant and rich, and as fresh apparently as the day they were put on. What a pity it is that the art of preparing this elegant transparent varnish, which has so perfectly withstood the charges of eighteen centuries, should be lost! In the numerous small shops in the immediate vicinity of the Pantheon, were found an immense number of very curious and interesting articles. Among these were the bronze inkstands, containing the traces of ink, the large and curious pastry mould, the elegant little winged statue of Victory, decorated with a gold bracelet enriched with a precious stone, loaves of bread with the maker's name stamped upon them, the elegant vase with four handles, and that beautiful lamp with three burners and chains to suspend it by, which we saw in the Museo Borbonico. Great quantities of the remains of vegetables for culinary purposes were also found here. In a house near this

was also discovered that splendid gold bracelet, composed of representations of twenty-two half nut-shells. This is called the house of *Venus and Mars*, which you see contains a well, said to be more than a hundred feet deep, and furnishes very good water. This house with the pretty frescos was occupied by a Physician, for in it were found surgical instruments, drugs in a wooden box, and the marble mortars and pestles which we saw at the Museum.

We will now return through the Forum, and go down the fine wide *Street of the Silversmiths*, which is lined mainly with shops. Here on the walls of the *Chalcidicum* you see notices of fetes, plays, &c., and public ordinances written in red paint. On a wall in this narrow lane you see representations of many of the Gods, painted in fresco of the most brilliant colours, and below them are seen serpents, the tutelary deities of Pompeii. Many of the houses in this street, bear the names and business of the occupants inscribed in red paint on the sides of the doorways. In this house on our right were discovered a great many valuable articles in bronze and silver, and the remains of salt fish which retained its smell, the skeletons of a man and a woman, the latter having two gold bracelets on one arm, and the linen purse containing twenty-seven gold and fifty silver coins which we saw at the Museum so well preserved. In a subterranean vault opposite the *House of Caroline* were found several skeletons with a number of valuable articles, and among the rest sixty-eight gold and over a thousand silver coins. This arch or portico supported by six columns, leads to the *Triangular Forum*, and was adorned, as appears from the inscription on this pedestal, by a statue of *Marcus C. Marcellus* son of Caius, Patron of Pompeii. Here in the centre you see a fine fountain of travertino. Three sides of the area of this forum are surrounded by porticos formed of a hundred Doric columns. Near the lower end are the ruins of the *Temple of Hercules*, which appears to have been, from the style of its architecture, an edifice of great antiquity. In this forum were found several skeletons, some coins and numerous other articles of value. In a neighboring house were found, among other things, what you remember to have seen in the Muse-

um :—leaden plummets, a measure about a foot long that doubles up, the elegantly finished round metallic mirror, and the remains of several bronze and bone wind instruments. This reservoir close by the theatre is supposed to have served for water (often scented with perfumes) with which the awnings were sprinkled. This structure is conjectured to have been a *Tribunal* in which justice was administered by the magistrates. It is an oblong court surrounded by porticos having in its centre a high platform, the *Pulpitum* or *bench* upon which the judge sat, with an altar in front of it, upon which the witnesses were sworn. Between this and the tragic theatre you see this large reservoir, fed by the Sarnus, which supplied this part of the city with water.

On the other side of this small court you see the *Temple of Isis*, one of the most curious and interesting edifices in Pompeii, from the light that it throws upon the religion of the ancients, if indeed such a concatenation of falsity and deception, and such revolting rites are deserving of that name. The building is nearly square measuring sixty by seventy feet, and over the entrance you see this inscription which says that, "Numerinus Podidius Celsinus, son of Numerinus, restored from the foundation, at his own expense, the shrine of Isis, overthrown by an earthquake." The earthquake alluded to is supposed to be that of the year 63. The walls of this temple are of brick, stuccoed and painted, and are skirted by open porticos, with a court in the centre, where are seen a number of marble altars and a small *cella* elevated on seven steps and once lined with Parian marble. The pavement is mosaic. It is provided with niches and a low wall or pedestal for the reception of statues. This pedestal you see is hollow and is entered by this low opening from behind and communicates with secret stairs by which the priests entered the statues (which were probably made hollow) and delivered the oracles. On this large altar were found the ashes and burnt bones of a recent sacrifice. In this niche was found a small statue of Bacchus with a panther at its feet. These were partly gilt and partly stained of a purple color. In this corner of the portico you see the plaster model of the Goddess Isis, the original of which you



remember in the Museum ; it was also partially gilt. Near this was also found the gilt statue of Venus. This is the statue of Orus, the God of Silence, placed in the niche opposite the ædícula, for the worship of Isis was conducted in profound silence and the greatest secrecy was observed in its mysteries. This was the refectory of the priests, and in it was discovered a skeleton near a table upon which were chicken and fish-bones, the remains of eggs, wine and bread and a faded garland of flowers. In this small kitchen were found an iron tripod and various other culinary utensils, and the skeleton of a man with a sacrificial axe near it by which the individual had cut a passage through two walls and perished in his attempt to pass the third. The skeleton of another priest was found near this who it appears had fled with some of the treasures of the temple, for at its side were three hundred and sixty silver with some gold and bronze coins, wrapped in a cloth. Many other articles of more or less interest or value were discovered in and near this edifice\* which you remember to have seen in the Museum.

This small antique building is the Temple of *Æsculapius*, having a cella in the centre elevated upon nine steps in which were found statues of *Æsculapius*, *Hygeia* and *Priapus*. The adjoining house was a *Sculptor's Shop* in which were discovered the tools pertaining to this art, which we saw in the Museum, besides some articles of sculpture in various stages of perfection, and blocks of marble, one of them sawed half through with the saw striking in it. This brings us to the theatres. The first is called the *Small or Comic Theatre*, and is a beautiful structure, built of tufa, and in a perfect state of preservation. The whole of the stage is finished with marble, and the pavement of the Orchestra is composed of precious marbles of different colours, on which an inscription is seen in bronze letters about eight inches long,

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\*Hic inventa erat statua Priapi pene æreo maxime attrito usibus vilibus quibus destinatus erat, quæ nunc collocata reperitur in camera speciale Musei Borbonici. Ut singula nova nupta coacta erat suam virginitatem sacrificere hunc statuem, facile est opinari quos abusos exercebant sacerdotes dissolutissimi. Sunt etiam in ista camera multa alia quæ horridissimas imagines depravationis antiquorum exhibent.



and signifies that Marcus O. Verus, son of Marcus, Duumvir for the games, laid this pavement." In the Orchestra are four rows of seats, divided from the rest by a high parapet wall, for the accommodation of the magistrates, Patricians, and other persons of distinction. The magistrates sat upon these magnificent and elegantly finished bronze seats, called *bicellii*, two of which we saw in the Museum, richly inlaid with silver. Behind these seats rise seventeen others formed of lava and divided into five *cunei* by six rows of stone steps, for the *Vulgus profanum*. Above this is the portico or gallery for females. From an inscription on the outside wall it appears that this theatre was roofed, which was very unusual among the ancients. It is computed to have accommodated fifteen hundred persons. The *Great*, or *Tragic Theatre* you see was a much more extensive edifice, and contained according to calculation, five thousand persons. It is considerably dilapidated, and all the marble with which the seats and the whole interior was finished, has been carried away by previous excavators. The arrangements appear to have been very similar to those of the small theatre except that it was not roofed. Those projecting marble blocks forming loops along the top were for the attachment of the masts to which the *velarium* or awning was fastened, which was used for securing the spectators from the sun and rain. The building was placed on the side of a hill and so arranged that it was entered near its top, which precluded the necessity of stair cases. In the neighborhood of the theatres were found numerous *admission tickets* of bone, with the rude drawing of a theatre on one side, and the No. of the seat on the other.

Behind the theatres you see this oblong space measuring several hundred feet in length and a hundred and fifty in width, surrounded by porticos, supported on Doric columns without bases, formed of tufa stuccoed, fluted above and painted red and yellow, the colours so common in Pompeii. This is the *Forum Nundinarium*, supposed to have served as a provision market, as well as a *caserne* or barrack for soldiers. The latter is at least its present use, for near the delightful fountain of running water shaded by weeping

willows, you see the soldiers of his Neapolitan majesty placed here to guard the city. How refreshing it is once more to get a glimpse of something green, and to see a fountain pouring out water, after having seen so many whose sources have been dried up for eighteen centuries! The numerous small apartments under the porticos were the soldiers' lodgings, and you observe them, as well as some of the columns, scribbled over with scraps of bad latin and rude caricatures and drawings, made to wile away an idle hour, just such as we find in modern barracks. This is the guard house in which were found four skeletons with their ankle-bones still fast in the stocks. A great variety of articles were found in this place mainly pertaining to military equipments, such as lances, swords, sword-belts, shields, helmets, (among them the one beautifully finished which we saw in the Museum,) fragments of armour, &c. &c. Here were also discovered those curious diminutive shields suspended to chains, which must have been honorary decorations, *crosses of honour*. In one part was the skeleton of a horse with the remains of harness, and the saddle which we saw in the Museum, with the hay with which the cushion was stuffed, still distinguishable. Sixty-three skeletons were disinterred here, principally of adult males, no doubt of unfortunate soldiers whom the severity of Roman discipline, did not permit to seek safety in flight.

We will now leave the excavated part of this most interesting city, and pass over a part of it still entombed, to the great *Amphitheatre* in the South Eastern angle of the walls, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. Intervening you see, and directly over the city, is a fine farm planted with Indian corn, mulberry trees and vines. Here are some beautiful water-melons; and as you must be much fatigued, let us take a seat in the shade of this wide spreading elm, and try one of these large ones, which appears to be perfectly ripe. It is delicious, as are all melons in this Country.

This is the amphitheatre in a most perfect state of preservation, except the stucco which cracked and fell off soon after it was excavated. It is of an oval form, 430 feet long, and 335 wide. It is built of rough stones, and is surrounded at its top

by a wide terrace from which we shall enjoy a magnificent view of Vesuvius, the surrounding country, and the Bay of Naples in the distance. Now let us enter by this passage, which will bring us to the arena. This has two entrances, opposite each other, in the long diameter, which were closed by iron gates, one for the ingress of the gladiators, and the other for the removal of the dead bodies, and a third narrow one in the short diameter for the admission of the wild-beasts. Opposite this entrance is the den, also closed by iron gratings, in which the wild-beasts were confined. How magnificent the appearance is from the arena! There are thirty rows of seats, divided into three ranges by walls running the whole circuit of the building, for the accommodation of the different classes of citizens, and the whole is crowned by a grand gallery for the females. The seats are divided into numerous *cunei*, by stone steps. The amphitheatre held, by computation, 20,000 persons, and so ingeniously were the ninety-six *vomitoria*, or doors, arranged, that the house could be cleared of this immense concourse in two minutes and a half! There were but five skeletons found in the amphitheatre, although it is presumed from notices discovered in the city, that there was a gladiatorial exhibition here, on the 24th of August, 79, the day of the fatal eruption. Here were also discovered many entrance-tickets of bone, with the numbers of the seats marked upon them. I feel much obliged to you for the patience you have had with me, in the long and laborious investigation which we have made, of this curious city of the dead, and we will now proceed to the *Nbla Gate*, opposite the Forum Nundinarium, where we shall find a hack to take us to Naples. The thermometer stands at 72° this evening in my room.

16TH.—I rose at an early hour this morning, after a night's rest that neither the heat of the climate, nor the phantoms of departed Romans, which flitted through my excited brain when I first retired, were able to disturb, so much was I fatigued, both in body and mind, by the arduous labours of my visit to Pompeii. After the enjoyment of that greatest of luxuries in a hot climate, a sea-bath, I went to the Caffe de l'Europe to take my *lait de poule*, and there met again

with my friends Messrs. Marouse and Probst. We agreed to visit the catacombs together. After the usual boisterous scene of hiring a hack on the *Largo del Castello*, which however was terminated with considerable despatch, thanks to our good friend Probst, we drove to the suburbs, in the South end of the city, and stopt before the gate of a garden. We here found a *cicerone*, who provided himself with several torches and led the way. We entered under a dilapidated arch, and found ourselves in an extensive chamber, whose vaulted ceiling was painted in frescos, apparently of a very ancient date. From this numerous galleries lead off in different directions, lined on both sides from the ground to the ceiling with the tombs of the dead, cut in the solid rock, ranged one above the other, and very frequently decorated with sculptural embellishments. These receptacles or sarcophagi, are closed with mason-work, except where prying curiosity has forced them open, and strewed the remains of their tenants over the floor. Many very old Greek inscriptions, are found on these tombs. After wandering for several hours, and to a great distance in this subterranean charnel-house we made our exit, and were delighted once more to breathe the fresh and perfumed air of the garden, at its entrance.

After dinner and a *siesta*, I took my usual stroll in the Villa Reale, to see the world, and enjoy the sea-breeze. The king and queen in a coach and six, followed by five or six royal equipages, were on the Chiaja. His majesty is a fine looking man, of about 35 or 40 years of age. At the Caffè di Napoli, where I took my ice this evening, I again met with Dr. Abeken the archaiologist, to whom I had been introduced by my friend Mr. Martins, and spent a very pleasant hour with him. On returning to my hotel this evening, I retired to my chamber, which looks into a narrow street of considerable length, and which to my great surprise, I found lighted up through its whole extent, with hundreds of small lanterns formed of differently colored paper. I at once called my landlord to ascertain the meaning of it. "O, it is nothing but the annual fete of the patron saint of the street," said he, "which they are celebrating." The effect of

the coloured light from the lanterns, arranged in festoons and other fanciful figures, was to me novel and beautiful. The fete was continued three days and three nights, during which time all labour in that street was suspended, and nothing was heard but music, dancing and merriment. These fetes, I afterwards ascertained, are common both here and in Rome.

You would be delighted to see the immense quantities of fine fruit, already in the markets in this city. Water-melons, musk-melons, peaches, plums, apricots, cherries, figs, fresh almonds, &c. &c., all surprisingly cheap. The thermometer rose to 90 degrees to-day, but the evenings are always cooled by the sea-breezes.

17TH.—I rose at 6 o'clock and went through the usual routine of a sea bath and *lait de poule* at the Caffè de l'Europe. After breakfast I went in search of a countryman, who, Mr. Hammet, our consul had informed me, lodged at the Hotel de Russie. I found a tall gentlemanly looking young man in a gray blouse taking his coffee, and introduced myself unceremoniously as an American. He was a Mr. Cochran from New York, and received me with that hearty, unaffected kindness common to our countrymen abroad. I spent an hour delightfully with him, and then repaired with my friend Mr. Marouse, to the Museum to which the morning was devoted. After dinner, Mr. M. and myself paid a visit to the *Royal Botanic Garden*, to which I had received a ticket of admission from Prof. Tenore, who is the director. It is pretty extensive, finely laid out and classed according to the Linnæan System. I was much interested in the extensive collection of tropical plants which it contains, and among the rest a *Siphonia Elastica* (the tree that yields the gum elastic) about 20 feet high. Temperature in my room at 5 P. M. 87 degrees.

18TH.—This is Sunday. The shops are more generally closed than in Paris, nor are there so many persons seen pursuing their avocations. I paid a visit to St. Paul's, the finest church in Naples. It is surmounted by a magnificent dome, copied from the Pantheon at Rome, supported by superb polished columns of breccia. The altar is incrustated with jasper, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones, and the marble



pavement is elegant. I next called on Mr. Cochran, who had left me a polite note to accompany him to church at the chapel of the British embassy. He introduced me to his friend Mr. Hill, an invalid Englishman, with whom he had been travelling for some time, and to whom he manifested a degree of kindness and attention that gave me the most exalted opinion of his benevolence. The chapel is very neat, and we heard a very good sermon, badly delivered to a small congregation. This afternoon we made an excursion to the beautiful palace of *Capo de Monte*, situated on an elevated site just beyond the city. The charming and luxuriant gardens and park were thrown open to the public, and were crowded with throngs of persons enjoying the balmy air of an Italian evening. I returned with my two friends to their lodgings and spent a delightful evening with them, arranging a plan to visit *Caserta* to-morrow. I am delighted with my hotel, where I meet with a great number of Swiss, who hail me with great zeal as a *fellow republican*, and I assure you I reciprocate the feeling with the greatest warmth in this land of oppression.

19TH.—I rose at 5 o'clock and went to the Hotel de Russie, according to agreement, to meet Messrs Cochran and Hill, for our proposed excursion. I found the coach ready but my friends still in bed. I ordered the driver to call for me at the Villa Reale, where I repaired to get my breakfast. We left the city at 7 A. M. and reached Caserta, a distance of 13 miles, about ten, after passing through the most luxuriant and charming country I have ever seen. Immense crops of wheat are raised in this district which is already harvested and being threshed by numerous oxen on large threshing-floors prepared in the fields after the ancient custom. Hemp is also a common product and grows very luxuriantly. Large districts are seen planted with mulberry-trees, (*Morus Alba*) for feeding silk worms, and luxuriant vines are arranged in beautiful festoons from tree to tree, beneath which are cultivated rich crops of wheat, Indian corn, melons, hemp, &c., &c., producing an appearance of greater luxuriance than any thing I could have imagined. We also observed many olive plantations, the delicate light green of

whose foliage contrasted beautifully with the deep rich colour of the Indian corn, the mulberry-trees and the hemp, with here and there a cluster of the graceful palm-trees. After arriving at the small town of Caserta, we ordered our dinner to be prepared at a certain hour, and then drove several miles farther to view the stupendous modern aqueduct, built of brick, which supplies the Royal Palace and grounds with water. It is considered a chef d'œuvre of art, and towers, in some places, to a great height, being supported on three series of arches one above the other. On our return we stopt at the gate leading to the Park and the Palace, which we proceeded to examine after having sent our coach to Caserta to await us. This palace is said to be in point of size and style of architecture, the finest in Europe. Its length is 803 feet, its width 623, and its height over 100 feet. Its walls are truly gigantic, measuring at least 9 feet in thickness at the base, and enclose four magnificent courts. Its exterior is decorated with superb columns of *giallo antico* (a kind of beautiful yellow marble) and the great stair-case is magnificently grand. The apartments are finely proportioned, and elegantly finished, but they are meanly furnished. The grounds are rather grand than beautiful, except their supply of water, which is very abundant, and the arrangement imposing. On our way to the town we took occasion to visit the Royal Silk Manufactory of St. Leucio. The processes are conducted very much in the same manner as those I described to you in France. The cocoons are not as large as many I have seen at home, and sell for 8½ carlini, (about 68 cts.) for a weight of 32 ounces, and reeled silk is worth 3 dollars per pound of 12 ounces.

20TH.—I rose at 6, and after a bath and breakfast, called on Mr. Cochran, who accompanied me to Mr. Parate, with whom I concluded a *written contract* to convey me to Rome. The distance is 160 miles, to be performed in three days, and the price agreed upon is ten *scudi* (\$10,) *tout compris*; that is, breakfast of bread and coffee (which I bargained for at the suggestion of Mr. C.) dinner, good lodgings and of course, the fare. After making some small purchases I returned home, dined and packed up my effects; for to-morrow at 4

P. M., I set out for Rome ! As I found I had sufficient time, I agreed to accompany Dr. Aubeken and his friend Dr. Rathgeber, in another visit to Pompeii. We set out at 5 P. M. with the intention of spending the night at Torre della Nunziata, that we might have the benefit of the coolness of the morning for our visit. Having missed the cars on the railroad, we hired a hack, but the coachman drove so furiously that he broke down his horses at a distance of two miles from the place, and we were obliged to walk the remainder of the road. We found a very good hotel in Torre della Nunziata, where we met with a young Russian architect, of much intelligence and fine address, and who spoke, as is usual with Russians, several modern languages fluently. He has resided here for some time for the purpose of making drawings in Pompeii, and some that he showed us were beautifully executed.

21st.—We rose at an early hour, and arrived at Pompeii on foot about 5 A. M. The morning was delightfully cool, and my visit was rendered ten fold more interesting by the rare advantages I enjoyed, of the explanations of my friend Dr. Aubeken, who is an accomplished archæologist, and had absolutely lived in Pompeii for some time. A detailed account of this curious city I have already given you. In going from Torre della Nunziata, to Torre del Grecco, we mounted one of those curious two-wheeled curricles common about Naples, and of which I will bring you a drawing. We arrived in Naples about noon, after a morning spent with the most intense delight and interest. At 3. P. M. I stepped into the coach, bag and baggage, and turned my back upon the beautiful and interesting city of Naples, that “paradise inhabited by demons,” and set my face toward Rome, the fallen mistress of the world. Our passengers were two Prussians, (M. Runge, architect, and Dr. George, professor in the university of Berlin) on the outside, and two young Capucian monks, a Frenchman and myself inside. The monks spoke nothing but Italian, but through the medium of the Frenchman we were enabled to carry on a conversation. When they learned that I was an American, they were very inquisitive about my country. They very soon

enquired whether I was a Protestant, and whether I acknowledged the authority of the Pope; at which I shrugged my shoulders and replied with decided energy, *du tout, du tout*. They then asked me if I believed in *transubstantiation*, to which I unhesitatingly answered *no*. Very contrary to my anticipation, they continued to treat me, *heretic* as I was, with the greatest attention, and this I attributed mainly to the frank and decided manner with which I answered their questions, showing them that my error was at least an honest one. They were proceeding to Rome to finish their studies in the *Propaganda*, and there I subsequently met with one of them repeatedly, who always recognized me with great urbanity. We proceeded to Capua, distant 20 miles, amid an almost continuous range of gardens and vineyards, of the richest luxuriance. At Capua we got an excellent dinner and were well lodged.

22D.—Set out at 5 A. M. after a breakfast of bread and coffee, for which I had made, at the suggestion of Mr. Cochran, a special contract and which the rest of the passengers had neglected. After a delightful ride through a charming country, we arrived at St. Agata at 9 A. M. and rested until 1 P. M. The road from this to Mola, our next stage, was less interesting until we approached the Mediterranean. We arrived here at 5 in the evening, and stopt at the *Villa di Caposele*, one of the most delightfully situated hotels I have ever seen. It is placed at the top of a high bank, that rises from the Mediterranean, which is divided into terraces, planted with vines and magnificent orange trees. From the porticos of the house, we have a splendid view of the town and gigantic fortifications of *Gaeta* with the graceful curve of the luxuriant shore of the sea, presenting a continuous succession of vineyards and orange-groves, whose delightful odour perfumes the refreshing breath of the cool evening-breeze. We have been travelling over the famous *Via Appia*, sometimes on the ancient pavement itself, and shall continue to keep on, or near its line all the way to Rome. The entertainment at this beautiful hotel is excellent.

23D.—Set out at 1 A. M., and arrived at Terracina, by way of Fondi and Torre de Confini, at an early hour. At

the latter place our coach was driven under a covered shed, and all our baggage got out and subjected to a *visita*, for this is the barrier between the king of Naples and his Holiness. The examination was by no means rigorous, and was performed with great delicacy. Our passports were demanded and examined three times, before his Holiness the Pope, was sufficiently assured of our honesty and good intentions, to permit us to put foot on his *holy* domains.

Immediately before entering Terracina, is a narrow pass anciently called *Lantulæ*, formed by a precipitous and rocky mountain on one side, and the Mediterranean bathing its very foot on the other. This was always very justly considered a place of great strength; for I could not see how it could be forced, before the invention of fire-arms. As we had several hours here at our disposal, we employed them in viewing the numerous ruins that exist in and near this town, and are very curious, particularly those gigantic ones situated high upon the promontory already mentioned. At 9 A. M. we resumed our seats, and soon found ourselves upon the famous Pontine Marshes. They extend from Terracina to Cesterna, a distance of 24 miles, and are very different from what I had imagined them to be. Instead of finding *marshes* absolutely, I found a level plane, from three to five miles wide, traversed in a straight line by an excellently paved road, bordered on each side by a deep canal of clear water. It is watered by several streams, and covered with extensive enclosures of the richest pasture, on which are seen grazing herds of buffaloes and oxen and troops of fine horses. With the exception of dwellings and *large barns*, it much resembles some parts of Lancaster county, and brought my home more strongly to my mind than anything I had seen in Europe, on account of the existence of numerous fences. Farm-houses and villages are seen on the neighboring heights, from which persons descend to labour in the day-time but must fly from pestilential emanations, as they value their lives before the sun sets. There are no buildings of any kind upon the marshes, except the square stone guard houses, distributed along the road at intervals of about four miles, in which soldiers are stationed to protect travellers against the attacks of



the banditti who infest this part of the road. Our line of coaches was robbed but a week or ten days ago, in open daylight on the marshes. The thought of being robbed scarcely ever entered my mind during my travels, even in Italy, for by the convenient arrangement of letters of credit, which I have already explained to you, one is obliged to carry very little money upon their persons, and my whole wardrobe I should have disposed of at a mere trifle; for what does a traveller do with more than a simple change and an over-coat? My watch was the only valuable article I had about me, and this I should have sacrificed, rather than to have fought with a set of desperadoes whose only object of course, was plunder. I consequently avoided all temptation to so foolish an act, by refraining from carrying any weapons. It has been remarked by travellers that persons feel an irresistible desire to sleep in passing the Pontine Marshes, which is attributed to the impure state of the atmosphere. To indulge in this propensity is considered very dangerous to the health. I felt this desire powerfully, and, contrary to prescription, indulged it. I think, in my own case, the disposition to sleep could be amply accounted for, without resorting to the above explanation, by the early hour at which we set out, and by the monotony of the scenery. Just on the edge of the Pontine Marshes is Triponti, the *Appii Forum* mentioned by St. Paul, and at 6 P. M. we arrived at Cesterna, the *Tres Tiberinæ* or *Three Taverns*, where the great apostle met more of the brethren, "whom when Paul saw, he took courage." Here we slept.

24TH.—At 2 A. M. we set out again, and came on to Albano, on the edge of the Campana Romana, through one of the most delightful and interesting districts in Italy. The road (generally on the track of the Via Appia) is bounded by double rows of live-oaks, elm and beech trees, and leads through festooned vineyards, olive plantations, citron and orange groves, and the most luxuriant gardens abounding in all kinds of fruit and flowers. The first crop of Indian corn is nearly ripe, and the second is already two feet high. After spending several hours in viewing the ruins at Albano, and its beautiful lake, we set out on our last stage to Rome, above

whose smoky atmosphere we soon discerned the faint outline of the towering cupola of St. Peter's! The campana is an immense desolate and deserted plain, which is traversed in all directions by the stupendous ruins of the ancient aqueducts, whose mouldering arches stride over its surface like solitary giants, who have out-lived their age and grown morose. My feelings in approaching this renowned city were totally indescribable, and resembled a confused but vivid dream! We entered by the gate of San Giovanni, and passing the church St. John in Lateran, were driven under the walls of the mighty Colloseum and set down in the *Dogana Pontifica*, or custom-house, which is formed of the ruins of a magnificent ancient temple. The examination of my trunk was performed with great delicacy, and my carpet bag was not opened, although it was particularly presented to the officers. I found excellent lodgings at No. 10, Strada Sibastiani, a delightfully quiet, shady little street, immediately under the Pincian Hill, and but a few steps from the fashionable Piazza di Spagna, and the Via de Condotti. After making my toilette, I dined at the Restaurant Lepre, in the Via Condotti, and then, according to my usual practice, took a random ramble through the city.

Modern Rome contains about 150,000 inhabitants, is finely built on comparatively wide and well paved streets, one of which, the Corso, is truly magnificent. It contains upwards of 360 churches, the most of them finished in a style of splendor which I had no conception of. The city seems supplied with a great abundance of excellent water, and many of its fountains are superb. Interspersed through it, are numerous *piazze* or squares, of great elegance, and the number of its palaces are estimated at 120. Modern Rome might be called the city of obelisks; for they meet the eye at almost every turn. Independently of the immense number of churches that you see in all directions, you are constantly reminded of being in the ecclesiastical capital of the world, by the circumstance that you are never out of sight of religionists of some order or other; for the city contains 35 bishops, 1490 priests, 1983 monks, and 1390 nuns.

25TH.—This is Sunday. I rose at 5½ o'clock, and was occupied in writing until the time for breakfast arrived, which I took at the Caffè del Greco, Via Condotti. Being desirous of going to church, I went in search of Mr. Green, our consul, but did not find him in. I next hunted out Messrs. Runge and George, my Prussian travelling companions, with whom I paid my first visit to St. Peter's. Had I been blindfolded and brought into the great *piazza* before St. Peter's, and after the removal of the bandage, had been asked whether I thought it was St. Peter's, I should have replied decidedly in the negative. So perfect are the proportions of this great temple, that its immensity is not perceived at first sight, but the oftener you visit it, the more stupendous does it appear. I spent a number of hours within its precincts, with the most intense interest. We returned to the Restaurant Lepre to dine, and after a *siesta* and segar, I spent the evening on that magnificent promenade on the Pincian Hill, constructed by order of Napoleon, and in the charming gardens of the Villa Medici.

26TH.—After breakfast I went again in search of Mr. Green, our consul, for whom I had letters and a packet from Gen. Cass our minister at Paris. I found him in his library buried in piles of books. His manner was stiff and indifferent, like that of a man who had been too long in a foreign country to have a proper sympathy for his countrymen. I should mistrust my own judgment in this matter had it not been confirmed by other Americans. I next visited the superb and sumptuous church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*. Before it at one end is an Egyptian obelisk, of red granite, 43 feet high without the pedestal, and at the other end a beautiful fluted column of white Parian marble, taken from the temple of Peace. This church is situated on the Esquiline Hill, on the site of the temple of Juno Lucina, and is one of the most magnificent in Rome. It seems to me to be surcharged with gilding and ornament. Many of the chapels and individual objects of sculpture are however superb. I next resorted to the Forum Romanum, which is now called *Campo Vaccino* or *ox-field*, for it is filled with oxen, ox-carts, cows, herdsmen, cart drivers, &c. &c. What a change in the use of this celebrated spot!

I was astonished to see how much the whole Forum has been filled up, and how much the appearance of it must have changed. The ancient pavement of the Via Sacra is covered to the depth of twelve or fifteen feet. The ancients had a curious practice of painting or staining the columns of their buildings, as is still very evident in the flutings of the three beautiful white marble columns of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, which are stained of a purple color. The *Arch of Septimus Severus*, is a pretty ruin. It was erected A. D. 205, by the Roman people in honor of that Emperor.

On the left hand side of the Forum, is the magnificent façade, the vestibule of the church of San Lorenzo, formed of beautiful cipallino columns, that are curiously worn by the action of ages, and on it are these words, inscribed in large letters: ANTONIO ET FAUSTINÆ. This temple was erected to the memory of the Emperor and his wife, by a decree of the Roman Senate in the year of Christ 168. Near this are the magnificent remains of the Temple of Peace, erected by Vespasian in the year 75, and was considered the most sumptuous temple in the world. It was encrusted with bronze gilt, and adorned with stupendous columns, a specimen of which, whose shaft measures 38 feet in height, stands before the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, to which I have already alluded. But perhaps the most interesting object in this most interesting spot, is the *Arch of Titus*, built of white Pentelic marble and dedicated to Titus by the Senate and people of Rome, in honor of his conquest of Jerusalem. It is a single arch of pretty proportions, representing on its outside the triumphal procession of Titus, and within the arch on one side, this General in a car conducted by the Genius of Rome, and on the other the spoils taken from the Temple. It is the latter which excited the greatest interest, for it is the only authentic copy of the sacred utensils. Here are represented the table of the show bread, the tables of the law, now nearly effaced, the golden candlestick, the jubilee trumpets, incense vessels, &c., all of which must have been copied directly from the originals by the sculptor. On the ceiling of the arch is represented the apotheosis of Titus, and on the opposite façade is the following inscription: SENATUS TITO VESPASIANO AUGUSTO.

divided into five naves by four rows of beautiful pilasters. The central or large one contains statues of all the Apostles by different sculptors, none of them however are remarkable. The pavement is in mosaic and very elegant. The altar of the Holy Sacrament is in very splendid. It is adorned with four magnificent antique columns of bronze gilt. Near the great altar in the middle nave are two superb columns of red granite, and near one of the doors are two columns of giallo antico, considered the finest specimens of this marble in existence. The tabernacle is a splendid piece of workmanship. The tomb of Clement XII is a beautiful porphyry urn that was found in the portico of the Pantheon and supposed to have been the tomb of Marcus Agrippa. The top of the edifice is surmounted by numerous statues, and in the portico is a colossal statue of Constantine found in the ruins of his baths. Among the most important relics in this church are the heads of St. Peter and Paul!\* In the *piazza* before the church stands the largest obelisk now in existence, measuring 99 feet in height, of a single block, and is covered with hieroglyphics. It once belonged to the temple of the Sun at Thebes, whence it was transported to Rome by the son of Constantine. The cross on its top is elevated 143 feet above the pavement. The *Baptistry* is a small octagonal edifice, near the church built by Constantine. One descends by three steps to the baptismal fount, which appears to have been an ancient sarcophagus, in which it is said the Emperor was baptized. The dome is supported on fine porphyry columns, and the walls are painted. Opposite the baptistry is an edifice with an open front, enclosed by iron railings. In it is the *Scala Sancta*, (holy stairs) said to have belonged to the palace of Pilate in Jerusalem, and to have been ascended by Christ. It consists of twenty-eight steps of white marble, with a small chapel at its top, which are ascended and descended by the faithful on their knees. So much were these steps worn by the devout, that one of the Popes was

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\*M. De Steudhal a French Catholic in his *Promenades dans Rome*, speaking of these relics refers to the "excellent treatise" of Misson of Lyons, a Protestant who wrote in 1680, and who he says *really takes the matter of miracles and relics seriously*. [au serieux!]



obliged to have them covered with planks, in order to preserve them. On the side of this building are some very curious old mosaics.

The church of *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme* is mainly celebrated for containing a part of the cross brought from Jerusalem by St. Helena, whence it also derives its name. The high altar is adorned with fine columns of a rare and beautiful material, called *breccia Corallina*, and the pavement is antique. The vases for holy water contain fish sculptured in marble. Near this church are some stupendous remains of the Claudian aqueduct. The *baldacchino*, in the church of St. *Prassede*, is supported on beautiful porphyry columns, and the steps leading to it are of immense masses of *rosso antico*, a rare and beautiful material. Here is shown the column to which our Saviour was tied when undergoing flagellation.

We returned about 3 o'clock in the afternoon to the *Restaurant Lepre*, to dine. This restaurant is perhaps the most frequented in Rome. It is here where you find the greatest variety of character, for it is the *rendezvous* of nearly all the young artists in the city. There is a separate apartment appropriated to each of the principal nations of the world, an arrangement which is really admirable and highly worthy of imitation in other places. You thus become at once acquainted with all your countrymen in Rome, and if you have a disposition to make acquaintances among the other *nations*, you have only to change rooms. I prefer *fraternizing* with the Germans, as the Americans are placed with the English, (from the circumstance of their speaking the same language,) and for them I have but little affection. After segars and *siesta*, I strolled out upon the Corso, to observe the *grande mondo*. It was crowded with beautiful equipages, and a dense and motley concourse of pedestrians. As the carriages are generally open caleshes, there is a good opportunity of observing the people. The ladies bear a strong resemblance to those of Naples, are inclined to *embonpoint*, and have good complexions and regular features. Their large black eyes and long eye-lashes, give the expression an air of melancholy which is very agreeable. The fashionable drive is along

the Tiber beyond the Porto del Popolo, to the Ponte Molle, through the Villa Borgehse, or along the Pincian Hill.

There was some lightning this evening, but we have had no rain ever since I have been in Italy, nor have I scarcely seen a cloud above the horizon. I have suffered very little from the heat in this country, for the nights are always cool, except several days in Naples, during the prevalence of the *Sirocco*, which was decidedly the most intense natural heat I have ever experienced. I find the numerous churches in this city, which are always open, a great convenience in guarding against the high temperature of this climate. They are found at every step, are always delightfully cool, and generally contain a sufficient number of objects in the way of architectural embellishments or the fine arts to interest you for the time. I like the Romans much better than the Neapolitans, for they are much more quiet and civil, and less disposed to overreach you.

28TH.—After an early breakfast, I called on my friend Dr. George, and after some difficulty, we arranged our plans for the day. The Arch of *Septimus Severus in Velabrum*, is a well preserved ruin, and is curious for the manner in which the bassi-relievi and inscriptions in honor of Geta were effaced by the wretched fratricide Caracalla. The *Arch of Janus Quadrofrons*, is a large square structure, with an arch on the four sides, built of immense blocks of white marble. It is supposed to have served as a market-house. We now descended to the banks of the Tiber, to see the outlet of the *Cloaca Maxima*, so famed in the histories of Rome. The river being very low, afforded us an excellent opportunity to examine it. Great as has been the boast of this work, it cannot be compared to many constructions of modern date, for it did not originally measure more than about 13½ feet, (18 Palmæ) in height and width. Its durability, however, is undeniable, as it has withstood the ravages of nearly 2500 years.—Near this is the Church of *Santa Maria in Cosmedin*, built on the ruins of an ancient temple, part of whose beautiful structure still remains. In the portico is an antique marble mask of immense dimensions.—A little farther on is the *Temple of Vesta*, now the Church of *Santa Maria del*

*Sole*, absolutely one of the most beautiful remains of antiquity; which, like the Pantheon, one never tires in contemplating. It is a circular edifice, surrounded by 20 beautifully fluted Corinthian columns of white Parian marble, resting on a platform ascended by a flight of circular steps. Within the portico formed by this colonnade, is the cella, also constructed of Parian marble, so exquisitely joined that it appears like one solid piece. The roof of bronze has been removed, and one of tiles substituted.—On the opposite side of the Tiber are the remains of the *Pons Senatorius*, a bridge extending by several arches half across the river. It was built by Scipio about a century and a half before the Christian era. I have observed a curious mode of fishing in the Tiber by *machinery*. There are *tide-wheels* erected in the streams, which revolve slowly, and to arms extending at right angles from their periphery, are attached nets, which dip slowly under water at each revolution, and empty themselves as they come to the top of the wheel.—We next went to the Porta St. Paolo, to see the *Tomb of Caius Cestius*. It is a pyramid built of hewn stones, and measures 113 feet in height, and each of its four sides is 69 feet long. It is in perfect repair, and is an imposing object. By its side is the English burying-ground. Spent the afternoon again in St. Peter's; about which, and the Colosseum, which I have also visited very frequently, I will tell you before I leave Rome.

It is curious to hear people counting the hours of the day, from 13—18—20 up to 24 o'clock. The *Siesta* in Rome at this season continues from about 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. during which period the city wears the silence of midnight; all the shops are closed and all business is suspended, and nothing is heard in the streets save the solitary foot-fall of the stranger.

29TH.—After an early breakfast I set out on the day's work with no other companion than *Mad. Stark*. (my guide-book.) The *Forum of Trajan* is partially excavated, and in its centre stands that elegant and magnificent monument of ancient art, the historic *Column of Trajan*, the most beautiful piece of work of its kind ever constructed. It is of the Doric order, built of immense blocks of white statuary marble, joined together with bronze clamps. It measures 11

feet in circumference at the bottom, and 132 in height. It is embellished to its top by splendid bassi-relievi representing the battles of Trajan, to whose honor it was erected by the Senato and People of Rome about the beginning of the second century. It was surmounted by a statue of that Emperor in bronzo gilt, which has been replaced by a statue of St. Peter.

The ruins formerly called the baths of *Paulus Æmelius*, are now supposed to have been baths and shops belonging to the Forum of Trajan. This was the *Palace of the Cæsars!* Here was the *Domus Aurea* of Nero, whose "triple portico," Suetonius says, "was supported by a thousand columns, with a lake like a little sea, surrounded by buildings which resembled cities. It contained fields, vineyards, pasture-ground and groves, in which were all descriptions of animals, both wild and tame. Its interior shone with gold and mother-of-pearl. In the vaulted roofs of the eating-rooms were machines of ivory which turned round, and, from pipes, scattered flowers and perfumes on the guests. The principal banquetting-hall was a rotunda, so constructed that it turned round night and day, in imitation of the motion of the earth." \* \* \* But the music and the revel is hushed, and this sumptuous dwelling of the rich, and the great and the powerful, is literally a mountain of ruins, covered with the clustering vine and the funeral cypress! *Roma fuit!*

Opposite to these gigantic ruins, on the Celian Hill, is the church of *San Gregorio sul Monte*, built on the foundations of a patrician house, whose form is accurately preserved. From its vestibule is a beautiful view of the whole Palatine Hill, with its immense ruins. In one of its chapels are the two rival pieces, in fresco, of Guido and Domenichino, one representing the flagellation and the other the martyrdom of St. Andrew. The great *Circus Maximus*, which was sufficiently capacious to contain 150,000 persons, is nothing but a ruin whose traces are barely visible. I should never have fully conceived of the annihilating ravages of time had I never visited Rome! The *Portico of Octavia*, built by Augustus as a place of shelter for the people from the rain, and dedicated to his sister Octavia, was an immense and

magnificent structure, supported on 300 columns of white marble finely fluted, a number of which still remain. Their capitals are beautifully decorated with the Roman eagle. The remains of the *Theatre of Marcellus*, which held 30,000 persons, is a grand ruin.

I next paid a visit to the *Jew's Quarter*, a low, dirty, filthy situation, on the banks of the Tiber, crowded to an excess, of which I could not have conceived without seeing it. It is enclosed by walls entered by two gates only, which are closed every evening at an early hour, and not opened until long after sun-rise the next morning. My deepest sympathies were excited, and my heart bled for this unfortunate, this persecuted people. Only think of a parcel of human beings shut up in a place almost as crowded as the famous black hole of Calcutta, in this hot, sweltering climate, reeking with the most pestiferous emanations, denied the pure breath of heaven at the only time it is attainable in this latitude—in the morning and evening! Even the brute creation is seldom denied this boon. This is the first time I have had an opportunity of seeing a whole community of this curious and interesting people. They are really a noble looking race. Their fine heads, regular features, and aquiline noses, to which their long flowing beards give great effect, and their well proportioned bodies enveloped in a loose eastern costume, are admirable. The dark complexion, large black eyes, long eyelashes and noble features of their women are beautiful. I often resorted to this quarter to see some of the finest specimens of the human species.

This afternoon was spent in examining the four apartments of the *Vatican* called the *Stanze di Raffaello*, painted by this inimitable artist. As I am no artist, I should not be able to convey to you the shadow of an idea of these sublime productions of the rarest genius, and I will not therefore attempt to inflict a description upon you. I found it not a little to my advantage to have cultivated an acquaintance with the Swiss Guards of the Pope, who are the keepers of all the public institutions. It was by their means that I was led into the *stanze* by a private entrance, and thus had an opportunity of making my examinations before the



general crowd was admitted. As I had entered the Vatican by a private way, I made my exit on the far famed *Loggia*, instead of having entered by them. These are open galleries filled with the sublime works of the masters, including Raphael, in fresco, and I was grieved to see the greater part of them exposed to the weather. Napoleon had ordered them to be glazed, but the work remains half finished.

30TH.—I this morning again joined my friend Dr. George, and we visited the following objects: The church of *Santa Maria sopra Minerva*, which contains the famous statue of Christ, by Michael Angelo, a sublime piece of work. The Pantheon is an object that never tires, and I could never pass without entering it. *Santa Maria della Valle*, whose cupola, painted in fresco by Lanfranco, is a *chef d'œuvre*. Here are the four evangelists by Domenichino, and his St. John, which is considered the master-piece of this delightful fresco painter, and is said to exceed any thing of its kind extant. The *Santa Trinita de' Pellegrini*, and *San Carlo a' Catinari*, the latter surmounted by one of the most beautiful cupolas in Rome, are both splendidly painted in fresco by Guido, Lanfranco and Domenichino. It was when standing in mute and overwhelming admiration, before such sublime efforts of genius, that my thoughts reverted to you and all my dear friends. It was then that I most devoutly wished for your presence to enjoy with me, what I conceive can be only felt under similar circumstances. It is a pure, an elevated, a peculiar pleasure, that cannot be described. After visiting a number of other churches, we crossed the Tiber, and ascended to the church of *San Pietro in Montorio*, from which is seen one of the most magnificent views of this interesting capital, with its seven hills and stately domes. In this neighborhood is also that splendid fountain, called *Fontana Paulina*, whose abundant waters gush from its base like a mighty river. Rome is most liberally supplied with water of an excellent quality.

We returned to the Restaurant Lepre to dine, where we were joined by Mr. Runge, who accompanied us to the charming *Villa Borghese*. The park of this villa, which has a circumference of about three miles, has its entrance immediately

on the outside of the Porta del Popolo, and extends beyond the Pincian Hill. It is intersected by wide carriage ways, finely gravelled, and is the fashionable drive in a summer's evening. It is richly supplied with mimic ruins and temples, its delightful little lakes give interest to the scene, and its gushing fountains raise clouds of spray, which cool the air and refresh the groves. It is a charming promenade to which I resort very frequently. The palace is richly stored with some of the choicest specimens of ancient and modern art. I spent the evening delightfully with my excellent friend, Mr. Mancinelli, on the Piazza di Spagna, where we regaled ourselves with iced water-melon and segars.

31st.—I rose at 5½ o'clock, and was occupied in my room until 8, when I went to the Caffè del Greco, to meet, by arrangement, Mr. Mancinelli, who promised to accompany me to see the *Basilica San Paoli fuori delle Mura*, a most sumptuous church that is being built by the present Pope, about two miles out of the city. Many of the Chapels are beautifully ornamented with precious marbles, and the granite columns which are brought from the Simpleon, a distance of 500 miles, are magnificent. The short cross only is finished, but it has been already dedicated by the Pope, the matter being thus hastened lest he should die before he could perform this important ceremony. The cost of putting up a temporary wall for this purpose, was alone 2000 scudi! (\$2000.) We returned to the city and paid a visit to the church *Del Gesu*, belonging to the Jesuits and one of the richest in Rome. The columns which adorn the altar, are of lapis lazuli fluted with bronze gilt, and the Deity is represented over the altar holding a globe of lapis lazuli about two feet in diameter, the largest mass of this precious substance ever found! The church was sumptuously decorated with damasked silk hangings, and gold cords and tassels for a great fete. I here witnessed the dressing of a Bishop. It was curious to see files of soldiers with their muskets and bare bayonets, drawn up on each side of the altar to preserve order. We also visited the studios of Messrs. Tadolini and Gibson, the first an Italian, the second an Englishman, and both artists of great merit. They had in a finished state a number of

fine objects of sculpture. I here had an opportunity of witnessing the whole process of this beautiful and interesting art, from the modelling in clay and plaster moulds, through the rough blocks of marble just from the quarry, to the last delicate touch that finished a goddess or a saint. I was charmed with Tadolini's Diana drawing an arrow from the neck of a fawn, and Gibson's huntsman with his dog. In one of the shops for the manufacture of mosaics, we saw a most splendid centre-table top of carbonate of copper, from Siberia, measuring six feet in diameter, and one and a half inches thick, for which they asked \$1000! This afternoon I went to see the *Mausoleum of Augustus*, in the Campus Martius. After having examined the lower part I ascended to its top by several pair of stairs, and to my great surprise found a theatre arranged in the antique style. There were the *scena*, the *arena* and the stone *Cunei*, the *Falaria*, &c., &c., and the play was to be enacted in open daylight. I paid my *paolo*, (10 cts.) took my seat, and was never so well entertained at so cheap a rate. The place was crowded with people of the lower class, who behaved with the greatest decorum, and the performance was really very good.

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#### AUGUST—1841.

1st.—This is Sunday. I went with Dr. George to the chapel of the Prussian Legation, and heard an excellent sermon. We next paid a visit to *St. Pietro in Vincoli* to see the figure of Moses, the *chef d'œuvre* of Michael Angelo, and a sublime piece of work it is. After dinner I went with Mr. Runge to the *Piazza Navona* a large oblong square with a fine fountain in its centre, to witness a curious kind of amusement designed for the common people, and practiced every Sunday afternoon during the summer season. The square occupied the ruins of an ancient theatre, is concave in its middle, and is capable of forming, when filled with water, a lake of considerable size and depth. The water from the fountain is permitted to flow into it until it is filled, and the amusement now is to see great numbers of all kinds of vehicles, from a common cart to a splendid equipage, filled with people driven round and round through the

water, at a furious rate, splashing each other as much as they can. This attracts great crowds of lookers-on, who seem to be in ecstasies of delight. It is an admirable place to study the costumes and manners of the lower classes. Their women seem extravagantly fond of gay colours and trinkets. I have seen the fingers of both hands filled nearly to their ends with flashy brass rings, and even numerous rings upon their thumbs.

2ND.—This has been a day of immense labor and intense excitement to me, for after repeated visits, I made the grand round of the Vatican. What can I tell you of this immense palace, which contains all that is rare, and beautiful, and magnificent, and grand in sculpture, painting and architecture, after so short a stay here, when it would require literally years to become familiar with only a portion of it! It encloses 22 court-yards, and is computed to contain 5000 saloons and chambers!! Do not start—I have made no error in my figures. The statue gallery alone is estimated to be a mile in extent, and the hall of the library seems interminable! If I were an artist, how much could I tell you of the Last Judgment, the Conversion of St. Paul, the Crucifixion of St. Peter, &c. &c., by Michael Angelo, in the *Capella Sistina* and *Paolina*! But after volumes of description and illustration, your idea of the Vatican must still fall far short of the reality. I also paid another hasty visit to the *Capitolium* this afternoon. You ascend from the city by a grand flight of steps planned by Michael Angelo. At the bottom of the steps are two lionesses in basalt, of Egyptian workmanship, and at the top are two colossal statues, representing Castor and Pollux, holding horses, supposed to be Grecian sculpture. On the parapet wall on the right and left, are some beautiful pieces of statuary called the trophies of Marius, and at each extreme end is a mile stone. That on the left is ancient, and marked the first mile on the *Via Appia*, as appears from its inscription. In the centre of the square is the beautiful bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, once gilt. In front of the steps is the *Senator's Palace*, designed by Michael Angelo, and has some fine statues in its gateway. On the South of the square, is the *Palazzo de*

*Conservatori*, and on the north the *Museo Capitolino* both containing extensive and rich collections of art. The far famed *Tarpeian* rock would be but an uncertain place from which to break criminals' necks at the present day, for it does not seem to be more than thirty or forty feet high, and not very steep. On the declivity of the Capitoline Hill, towards the Forum, is the church called *San Pietro in Carcere*, under which are the famous *Mamertine Prisons*, designed by the Romans for the punishment of state offenders of distinction. They are two horrible dungeons of no large dimensions, one over the other, built of immense blocks of lava uncemented, to which there was no access except by a narrow hole from the top. It was here, it is said, that St. Peter was imprisoned, and that the small spring of water that flows from the ground near the column to which the Apostle was confined, was miraculously produced in order to enable him to baptize the jailor and his fellow prisoners. It was in the lower one of these dungeons that Jugurtha was starved to death. After making arrangements with Dr. George to go to Tivoli to-morrow, and sipping a glass of lemondade at the *Caffe del Greco*, the Babel of Rome, I retired to rest, excessively fatigued. I had news from home to-day, through the medium of the French papers as late as the 3d of July.

3RD.—Was knocked up at 3½ A. M. and set out for *Tivoli*, the ancient *Tibur*, distant about 18 miles from Rome. We passed out through the gate of San Lorenzo, and immediately got upon the ancient *Via Tiburtina*, upon which we kept with few exceptions the whole distance. It is surprising to find those Roman roads often still in good repair. The country has rather a dreary and desolate aspect, presenting nothing of interest until we arrived upon the *Solfatara*, within five or six miles of Tivoli. It is traversed by a sulphurous stream. Our approach to it was indicated long before we saw it, by a most nauseous smell of sulphuretted hydrogen. Its waters have a milky-white appearance from the quantity of sulphur they contain, and hence it was called by the ancients *Aquæ Albulæ*. It is precipitated into a lake of considerable extent called *Lago d' Tartari*, all the vegetation on whose borders is covered with a singular incrustation. We arrived



at the hotel *La Sabilla*, in Tivoli about 8 o'clock, and after breakfast we engaged a guide, and I hired a donkey for myself and set out to examine this interesting place. Its situation is charming, and its scenery bold and romantic. I am not surprised that it was a favorite resort of Romans of wealth and taste, for Sallust, Horace, Macænas, Varus, Cassius, and Ovid, had villas here, the ruins of which are still pointed out. There are many points from which the city is distinctly seen, and the whole intervening country is at your feet. There was formerly here a beautiful cascade in the Anio, which has however been much impaired by a great freshet in 1826. The *Temple of Vesta*, a circular edifice, on the brink of a very high precipice over the *Grotto of Neptune*, is a beautiful ruin. In this same ravine is the *Grotto of the Sibyl*, whose temple is converted into a church. The beautiful promenade called the *Circular Terrace*, extending about four Roman miles, is very interesting. After a very bad dinner at a very high price, we set out on foot to visit the ruins of the famous *Villa of Adrian*, distant about two miles, where we ordered our carriage to take us up. On our way we passed through an olive plantation, many of whose trees are said to have existed during many centuries. They have a very ancient appearance. Never was anything designed so magnificent, or on so gigantic a scale, as this Villa of Adrian, of which he was himself the architect. His object was to unite in one point improved models of all the most magnificent edifices that had ever been constructed. It occupied a space of three miles in length, by one in width, and contained theatres, baths, temples, porticos and palaces, adorned with all that was rare, elegant and costly in architecture, sculpture and painting. It requires fully two hours to examine it even hastily. We returned to Rome at 7 P. M. highly gratified with our day's excursion.

4TH.—After a night's rest, which not even the scourge of Italy (the fleas) could disturb, I rose at 6, arranged my journal and repaired to the Caffè del Greco, for the double purpose of getting my breakfast and reading the news, for we are here well supplied with French, German, English, and

of course, Italian newspapers. I again met with Dr. George, and we set out together to visit some of the remains of the *Temple of the Sun*. These are immense, gigantic! I measured a block of the entablature of beautiful white marble, elegantly sculptured, and found it to be 15 feet long, 9 feet high, and 5 thick! Besides the public galleries of sculpture and painting in this city, all the palaces are richly stored with the choicest specimens of art, and are thrown open to strangers with a truly magnanimous liberality. We spent the morning in examining two of these, the *Palazzo Dorea* and the *Palazzo Rospigliosi*. The first contains the finest collection of landscapes in the city, or in the world, by the greatest masters, and in the latter is the celebrated *Aurora* of Guido, according to many the most masterly piece of fresco painting in existence, besides many other paintings of the greatest merit. O, that I were an artist to enjoy, and by my remarks to make you enjoy, these rich luxuries of art! How much pure, refining, elevating, unalloyed pleasure does it give even me, to contemplate these sublime efforts of genius, and what must be the feelings of an artist! He must remain, it appears to me, for months in a feverish state of intoxication in Rome. After dinner I went to select a set of what are called *sulphurs*, beautiful miniature basso-relievo representations of the choicest objects of art in Italy, paintings as well as sculpture. I purchased a large box of them, with which I know you will be delighted. The evening I spent with my good friend Mr. Mancinelli, over a glass of iced fruit.

5TH.—Met Mr. Mancinelli by agreement, at 7½ this morning at the Caffè del'Greco. He was kind enough to accompany me to a number of *studii* of the artists of this city. Sig. Cavalleri is a painter of much merit, and has just finished a large picture, representing the presentation of the Queen of Sardinia to the Pope. There are seventeen or eighteen heads, all likenesses. At the Studio of Sig. Tenerani, we were shown several charming pieces of sculpture. A Flora with an apron full of flowers; Psyche fainting, having just returned *ab infernis*; Cupid extracting a thorn from the foot of Venus. We also called on Mr. Crawford, the American

sculptor, but he had nothing finished. We next called on that veteran artist Herr Thorwalsden, who as you know is a Dane. The exquisite specimens of art, which we here saw gave me great pleasure. Jupiter and Apollo, the drapery very fine; the four seasons in basso-relievo; a nymph with a whole nest of young Cupids in her hand, also in basso-relievo; a danseuse of great elasticity and grace; Cupid teaching Pan the notes of love, an exquisite group, &c. &c. Mr. M. now left me, and I went to the church of *Santa Maria della Pace*, to see the celebrated Sibyls of Raphael, supposed to be predicting the birth of our Saviour. This fresco is considered by artists, the sublimest effort of the immortal painter. Above the Sibyls are four prophets, also by Raphael. I returned and dined at the Lepre, where I met with Dr. George, and with him spent the afternoon in the Vatican. There are infinitely fewer of the lower class of persons, who take an interest in these splendid galleries of art, in Rome, than in Paris. Indeed there is less interest taken in them here by all classes. Spent the evening with Mr. Mancinelli at the Caffè Bon Gout, Piazza di Spagna, over a cup of iced coffee, which I found excellent.

6TH.—I rose at an early hour and proceeded to the Ponte San Angelo by appointment, to meet my obliging friend Mr. Mancinelli, who promised to accompany me to the ball of St. Peter's. This brings to my mind the promise I made you to give you some account of this mighty edifice before leaving Rome. But how shall I make you comprehend the vastness, the stupendousness, the sumptuousness of an object that is itself the standard of all comparison? Perhaps by comparing its dimensions with objects within your knowledge. But we will stop a moment to examine the grand *piazza*, at the end of which St. Peter's is placed. This is a magnificent open space beautifully paved, over a thousand feet in length by five hundred wide, enclosed on two sides by the bold and graceful sweep of the splendid semicircular covered colonnade constructed by Bernini, under Pope Alexander VII. This colonnade is composed of 384 immense columns of travertino, and sixty-four pilasters, forming three passages, the middle one being wide enough to

is 55 feet in height and is furnished with numerous windows from which the most magnificent views of the city and surrounding country delight the eye. We next ascended through the stem of the ball into the ball itself, which is of sufficient dimensions to contain at least 16 persons. It is furnished with openings to admit light and air, and from them the Mediterranean can be discerned. I often regarded the ball from the piazza below, and its diameter did not appear to my eye to be more than eighteen inches! The whole internal part of this immense dome is finished in splendid mosaics, and the vault is divided into compartments, gilt and filled up with pictures in mosaic, and crowned with a representation of the Deity. On the entablature beneath the dome, in letters four and a half feet in length, executed in mosaic, are the following words;—*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam. et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum.*

Immense and incredibly vast as are the individual parts of this gigantic structure, yet so perfect are the symmetry and proportions, that the whole does not strike you very powerfully at first. But it is a common remark among strangers, that the oftener you visit St. Peter's, the more extended and vast it appears. I was constantly deceived in my estimation of the distances of objects around me, for owing to their immensity they appeared to be very near when in reality they were at a great distance. So objects that seemed small, when approached enlarged into incredible magnitude. One day I was entering the piazza of St. Peter's and observed a carriage approaching an arch on the side of the church opposite to me, which appeared at most seven feet high; but I saw the coachman crack his whip as he drew near it, and supposing him to be a stranger who did not know that he could not pass under it, I stooped to see the result. To my utter astonishment the carriage entered the arch and disappeared. It seemed like a miracle, and I went under the arch to examine it, and found that I could not reach its top with my cane extended at arms' length! As you enter the church from the vestibule, you push aside with difficulty the immense leathern door-curtain and stand in the great nave. At the opposite see the high altar

which appears very near you, but you will find it a *journey* to reach it. It is of gigantic dimensions. The baldaquino or canopy and the columns are of bronze gilt, which required the enormous weight of 1063 hundred of metal to form them. The canopy rises to the immense height of ninety feet above the pavement. Before you arrive at the great altar, you come to what is called the *Sacra Confessione*, the place where the remains of St. Peter are said to rest, beneath the level of the pavement of the present Church. The space is protected by a balustrade of precious marbles, and a double staircase leads to the oratory below, which is ornamented with bronze gilt and encrusted with a profusion of the richest marbles. The whole is decorated with a hundred superb lamps, which are kept burning night and day. Behind the altar is the *Tribuna*,—but how is it possible for me to describe what would require months of time and volumes, to make comprehensible! All the great works of the great painters are here copied in mosaic, and the monuments and other objects of sculpture seem innumerable! As I could ascertain nothing about recent estimates of the cost of St. Peter's, I conclude that they have ceased to calculate; but in 1694, the sum expended amounted already to 47 millions of dollars!!

Mr. Mancinelli was kind enough to procure me a permit to visit the Pope's mosaic manufactory.—It is a hall in the Vatican, nearly a square in length, fitted up with boxes, like an immense granary, in which are contained the pieces of enamel used by the workmen. Stones are no longer used, as they can procure a much greater variety and delicacy of shades artificially, and of equal beauty and permanence. This enamel is prepared in the same apartments. When the workman requires a particular shade of colour, of which I was told there are over 1800, he goes along these boxes and selects it. The pieces of enamel are then fashioned on a grind-stone to suit his purposes, and set in a strong mineral cement placed upon a stout copper frame, which forms the support of the picture, and are finally highly polished on their face. It is an operation of immense labour and pains. One man was at work on the head of a Madonna, which he



persons who had charge of the *Velarium*, or awning for protecting the spectators against the heat of the sun, or against rain. Near the top, on the exterior part of the building, are numerous large rings of stone, designed to receive the masts that supported the awning. Some of the seats are still in a perfect state, and, by calculating the space occupied by an individual, it is ascertained that this immense amphitheatre was sufficiently spacious to contain 107,000 spectators!! The arena, which so often smoked with the blood of the martyrs, is consecrated ground, and in its midst is erected the cross. Indeed, the whole edifice was consecrated by one of the Popes, for the purpose of preventing the depredations formerly committed upon it. I could never be induced to ascend to the top of these stupendous walls, as my head reeled with vertigo by a mere inspection of them from the arena! The Colosseum was consecrated by Titus in the year 80 of the Christian era, by the exhibition of gladiatorial shows during a period of 100 days, at which it is said 2000 gladiators and 5000 wild beasts were slaughtered!

Near the Colosseum, on the side of the *Via Sacra*, are the ruins of a fountain, called *Meta Sudans*, which must have been magnificent. From it was supplied the water used to fill the arena, when *Naumachie* (sea-fights) were exhibited there, or to wash out the blood after a gladiatorial show.

Left Rome at 4½ in a private coach, by the magnificent gate called *Porta del Popolo*, and proceeded along the ancient *Via Flaminia* about a mile and a half, to a bridge across the Tiber, called the *Ponte Molle*. It is here that Constantine saw the vision of the cross in the heavens, with the inscription "*Hoc signo Vinces*." After passing the bridge we took the direction of the *Via Cassia*, to a small town called *Storta*, through a waste country studded with mouldering tombs and mausolia. Although I had a verbal contract with the coachman not to be driven at night for fear of the malaria, yet after taking some refreshment I was required to proceed, notwithstanding my remonstrances to the contrary. At Sutri we turned off upon the *Via Flaminia*, and, after having met with an accident to our coach, which obliged us to walk several miles, we arrived at the curious old town

of *Civita Castellina*, at a late hour. At 2 P. M. we again set out, and after re-crossing the Tiber, and passing over an undulating and romantic road amid the Falernian Hills, so celebrated anciently for its excellent wines, we arrived at Terni at 8½ A. M. of the 9th.

9TH.—At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we betook ourselves again to our crazy old "*carrozza*," and proceeded as far as Spoleto, where we put up for the night. The country passed over to-day was enchantingly romantic, and pret'y well cultivated; but I was so much indisposed that I was unable to enjoy it fully. The hills on this day's journey were often so steep, as to require relays, which were generally three or four yokes of oxen.

10TH.—At Spoleto I parted with all my old travelling companions, and was put into a one-horse vehicle, with four other passengers and a great quantity of baggage, to proceed to Foligno, a distance of 20 miles. Although I at first felt somewhat disconcerted by the number of persons crowded into the carriage, I found the road as even and level as a floor, and soon felt that our poor "*cavallo*" was not really imposed upon. As this was a by-road, not much frequented by strangers, I had to-day for the first time an opportunity of judging of the pure Italian character among the lower classes. I found it to be one of great frankness, apparent honesty and kindness. Their curiosity appeared to be greatly excited, when I told them I was an American.—We had to-day a thunder-storm, accompanied by rain, the first we have had since I have been in Italy. The country between Spoleto and this place, is certainly among the most beautiful in the world. It is covered by a continuous succession of olive plantations, vine-yards, orange-groves and fruit-gardens.

11TH.—My indisposition of yesterday increased, and about 3 o'clock this morning I was seized with a violent attack of cholera morbus, accompanied by cramps. I felt unfit to prescribe for myself, and was unable to make myself understood by my attendant, who spoke nothing but Italian; but I doubted whether I should find a physician in this sequestered place in whom I could put my confidence. Things

however, grew so much more serious, that I concluded I could be no worse off by having any medical adviser that could be found, so I sent the servant, (one of the kindest fellows in the world) for the best doctor in the place. He soon returned with one of the kindest and most benevolent-looking old gentlemen, who satisfied me in a few moments that he comprehended my case fully, and who, to my inexpressible delight, spoke French. He soon gained my entire confidence both as a physician and a gentleman; the latter of which was of no small moment to me, for there was no one to whom I could have entrusted my effects, in case my disease had terminated fatally. To him, then, I was able to give suitable directions to be pursued in case of my demise; which was not at all impossible, from the violence of my symptoms. Under the enlightened treatment of the good Dr. *Bonfazo*, and the assiduous care of my affectionate servant, I soon became better, and in the evening thought of making arrangements to go to Perugia to meet the Diligence for Florence. O! how much I longed for some of your nicely prepared arrow-root or barley-water, neither of which articles were to be found here. I would advise you to carry a small quantity of arrow-root and pearl barley with you, if ever you undertake a tour through this country.

12TH.—After a comparatively comfortable night's rest, I set out this morning at 7 o'clock in a hack for Perugia, a distance of 20 miles, over a very good road, and through a beautiful country. Here I met the Tuscan Diligence on its way from Rome to Florence, and took my seat in it about 3 P. M.

13TH.—The distance from Perugia to Florence is about 80 miles, through the very loveliest country on the face of the earth. After leaving the ancient town of Cortona, the first considerable one in the Tuscan territory, the road is delightful and the country truly enchanting! I am confident that no description can convey to you a full idea of the luxuriant richness, the delightful variety and soft beauty of the scenery of this fairy-land! Notwithstanding my debility after my late indisposition, I enjoyed it with an inexpressible

delight. Every thing, indeed, on coming into Tuscany, assumed a more cheerful appearance. The country was better and more tastefully cultivated, the country-houses were neater, the towns and villages appeared more clean and comfortable, the inhabitants were better clad, and looked more happy and contented. The farther you go South in Italy, the more stupidity, filth and squalid misery you find.

About 9 o'clock this morning, we arrived at the top of the high hills which bound the valley of the Arno on the South, and had the first glimpse of this terrestrial paradise, with the fair city of Florence, the queen of the world justly called by the Italians *Firenze Billissima*, spread out at our feet. This was absolutely the most perfectly beautiful, the most rapturously enchanting prospect I have ever seen, and I involuntarily uttered a loud exclamation of intense delight! How shall I convey to you, how shall even the most poetic pen convey to you some idea of a scene like this!! I feel myself totally at a loss, and think I can do no better than to quote the words of a late beautiful writer, Dr. James Johnson, of London:—"If a person could imagine a great city of palaces, (such as was Rome two thousand years ago, when her population was four, or, as some say, seven millions, and her walls fifty miles in circumference) suddenly blown up by a volcano, and miraculously scattered along the banks of a river, for ten or twelve miles without injury; the intervening space being filled up with gardens, pleasure-grounds, vineyards, orangeries, groves of cypress, and plantations of olive:—If he could conceive that this scene was an ample valley, the adjacent eminences being crowned with convents, churches and villas, white as Parian marble, with a stream flowing through the middle—a magnificent city at one extremity—the whole encircled by towering mountains, and canopied by an Italian sky—he would have no bad idea of the *Val d' Arno* and Florence."

I engaged rooms at the house of our *Conducteur*, whom I found a very intelligent, obliging man, and who spoke French. They are pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Arno (*Borgo San Jacopo* No. 1763.) near the *Palazzo Pitti*, the residence of the Grand Duke. I felt almost exhausted after my long ride, but was soon restored by a nice beef-steak,

prepared by my kind and intelligent landlady, and a *sic-  
ta*. The remainder of the day was spent in studying the  
plan of the city and the value of their vile money, and in as-  
certaining from my guide-book what is most worthy of  
inspection here.

14TH.—I rose at an early hour, refreshed and almost en-  
tirely restored, and occupied myself in my room until 8  
o'clock, when I took my breakfast at the *Caffe Elvitico*, a  
much frequented coffee-house in the *Via Porte S. Maria*.  
After breakfast I set out according to my usual custom, on a  
random stroll through this delightful city.

The city of Florence contains 80,000 inhabitants, is strongly  
walled, and defended by several forts. Although the plan  
is irregular, its streets are straight and comparatively wide.  
They are paved in the old Roman style, with large flag-  
stones, which, although not cut into regular shapes, are join-  
ed together with great accuracy, and made to slope towards  
their middle, and form the conduit for carrying off water. It  
is irregularly divided by the river Arno, which is walled up  
on both sides, and spanned by four stone bridges. The hou-  
ses are high and strongly built of stone, having nothing deci-  
dedly beautiful in the style of architecture, but an appear-  
ance of substantialness and strength, that imparts to this  
city a peculiar aspect of gravity which to me is very agree-  
able, and conveys the impression of unostentatious wealth.  
Most of the palaces, and they are very numerous, are fine,  
large, solid stone structures, topped with castellated parapet  
walls. There are numerous large churches in Florence, but  
many of them have never been finished externally. Open  
squares are also very numerous in this city, and some of  
them are large and imposing.—Among the Churches, of course  
the *Duomo*, or Cathedral, whose immense red tiled dome forms  
so conspicuous an object in the views of this city, is most in-  
teresting. It is an immense pile of very curious construction,  
erected in the 13th century. Its exterior is cased in black  
and white marble perfectly polished, and the lantern of solid  
marble beautifully carved. There are many fine statues and  
some paintings in the interior. But one of the most impos-  
ing and beautiful objects in this city *vanile, or*



belfry belonging to the Cathedral ; for in many of the churches of Italy, the belfry and also the baptistery, are detached from them. It is a square tower of elegant proportions, measuring 280 feet in height, built of white, red, blue, green, and black marble, all beautifully arranged and polished. Nothing can exceed the splendor of this structure in a fine sunlight. The Baptistery, a beautiful octagonal edifice, incrust-ed with marble and supposed to have been a temple of Mars, stands also near the Cathedral. A pair of its bronze doors, done by Ghiberti, are no doubt the most magnificent specimens of the art of casting that have ever existed. Their matchless elegance keeps a constant crowd around them, riveted in profound admiration. I could never pass them without examining them again and again, with the greatest delight ! Michael Angelo used to say they were fit to be the gates of Paradise. There is a very fine group in bronze on the outside of the Baptistery, representing St. John the Baptist with a Scribe and a Pharisee. In the centre of the building is the baptismal font, a large marble basin, and sixteen immense granite columns ranged around, support a gallery. Between these columns are statues representing the twelve Apostles. The pavement is formed of ancient mosaic, and on one part is represented the sun with the twelve signs of the zodiac. The *Piazza del Duomo*, or square of the Cathedral is very fine, and it is pleasant to take your ice in the evening in presence of these magnificent objects. There must be a great deal of individual competency in Florence, if not of wealth, judging from the great number of well-dressed people in the streets. The lower classes look very cheerful and contented, and their dress is peculiarly pretty. The females appear very fond of gay colours, and wear large Leghorn *flats*, trimmed with showy ribbons.

15TH.—After spending several hours in my room in reading and writing, I went to take my breakfast at the *Caffe Elvitico*, where I met with a former acquaintance whom I had fallen in with at Lyons, and travelled with three or four days. He is a curious mysterious personage, dressed in a Greek Cap, and looks like a Greek ; a complete polyglot, speaking at least half a dozen of languages, with the most

perfect facility. He appears to have travelled a great deal, and is well informed on every subject, but is entirely averse to telling any thing about himself or his movements. I have found him an exceedingly pleasant and useful companion.

At our Coffee House, I have seen the far-famed *flower-girls* of Florence. They are beautiful young females, dressed in the neatest simplicity, with their *flats* trimmed with pretty flowers, and a little flat basket hanging on their arms, filled with the most tastefully arranged bouquets. They frequent the Coffee-Houses and other public places, and present each one present with one of their charming little bouquets with the most graceful courtesy and smile. They never ask for any thing, but who could resist paying a trifle for so pretty a gift, so prettily bestowed by a pretty young female? The mere gracefulness with which they receive their *gratzi*, (tips) is quite a sufficient return.

After breakfast, I went in search of our Consul, Mr. *Ombrosi*, an Italian by birth, but who has resided in the United States for 8 or 10 years. I found him a most complaisant and agreeable old gentleman, who took every pains to advance the object of my visit. He keeps a list of the names of his countrymen, (for he is an American citizen) who visit Florence, which was of great interest to me. Among them I saw the name of Mr. Muhlenberg of Lancaster, and several others that were familiar to me.

I next paid a visit to the *Palazzo Pitti*, the residence of the Grand Duke, and its magnificent grounds. This palace is an immense structure, composed of enormous blocks of hewn stone of a dark color which causes its exterior to have rather a gloomy and forbidding aspect. The grounds attached, called the *Boboli* gardens, are not very extensive, but magnificently decorated with objects of art. Many of the statues are very fine and preserved with great care. A gigantic granite basin 20 feet in diameter, decorated with a colossal Neptune, surrounded by sea-monsters, and representations of the Ganges, Nile and Euphrates, forms a fountain of great splendour. On entering the gardens, I again met with my former companion Dr. George, with whom I parted at Rome.—But it is to the rare and rich collections

of paintings by the most celebrated masters, that the Palazzo Pitti owes its interest. It contains very many of the most famous pieces that have ever been executed, but I will not tire your patience by giving you a list of even the most celebrated. In a magnificently furnished apartment, on a pedestal upon which it revolves so as to turn its different parts to the light, is that world-renowned *chef d'œuvre* of Canova, his VENUS ! I viewed this transcendent effort of art with the same ecstatic feelings of delight that I viewed the Apollo Belvidere in the Vatican, and could absolutely not tire in hanging upon its beauties ! If such a powerful effect is produced upon my mind, who have no pretensions to a knowledge of the arts, what must be the effect on an artist in viewing this splendid effort of genius ! These are moments when I wish more ardently than ordinary for you and all my other friends to be with me.—I am surprised to see the great liberality of the Grand Duke, in permitting the artists to enter these princely apartments so magnificently furnished with all that is rich and beautiful, with their dirty brushes and oils and paints, to copy the pictures and statues.—I regret to learn from Mr. Ombrosi, that I shall be unable to see the Museum of Natural History, which contains the finest anatomical models in wax in the world, as it is undergoing thorough repairs, in anticipation of the scientific convention which is to take place here in October next.

16TH.—The *Piazza del Gran Duca* is decidedly the most magnificent square in this beautiful city. It is adorned with a fine equestrian statue of *Cosmo I*, having its pedestal ornamented with beautiful bassi-relievi, and contains a fountain exhibiting a colossal statue of Neptune drawn in a car by four sea-horses, with Tritons, &c. It is surrounded on all sides by lofty edifices, and a number of palaces. Among the latter is an immense fortress-like stone structure with a projecting castellated top, and guarded by two colossal lions in marble, occupied at present as the *dogana* or custom-house. And in another large building is placed the Post-Office. Nearly one side of the square is occupied by the *Palazzo Vecchio*, or National Palace, adorned with a curious castellated tower, so lofty that it makes one of the most

conspicuous objects in the city. In front of the palace is a grand and spacious portico, supported by four immense columns in the Gothic style, spanned by lofty round arches. It is approached by wide steps in its centre, guarded on either side by two magnificent lions. The floor is of marble and the ceiling is beautifully arched in compartments. Here are placed a number of the most splendid specimens of art in bronze and marble, and it forms a delightful promenade, from which nearly the whole square can be viewed. The interior of this palace is exquisitely finished in a peculiar style, in carving. The carvings on the columns, somewhat after the arabesque manner, are strikingly beautiful. It contains the mint and public offices.

On turning a corner to the right of the last named palace, toward the Arno, you come in view of the *Reali Uffizi*, an immense structure, consisting of two magnificent porticos, of unequal length, united at one end by an arch, and adorned with Doric columns. This edifice contains the courts of law, public offices, the royal library, and those choice and magnificent statue and picture galleries which are by no means inferior to those of the Vatican itself. These invaluable collections are contained in 23 apartments, one of which, called the *Tribune*, (the choicest in the world) would be sufficient to give immortal renown to any other city!—It is in the Tribune, a circular apartment paved with precious marbles, and lighted from above, that is placed that *chef d'œuvre* of ancient art, the *Venus de Medici*, supposed to be the work of Praxiteles. Here are also several more of the most celebrated statues in existence, and a number of the master pieces of the most renowned painters; as of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Guido, Domenichio, Del Sarto, Lanfranco, Annibale Carracci, &c., &c. The collection of Roman and Egyptian antiquities is extremely interesting, particularly to one who has not seen the Museo Borbonico of Naples. The Florentine mosaic work, forming the tops of numerous tables, deposited in these galleries, is rich and beautiful beyond conception. There is in the centre of one of the cabinets, an octagonal table, peculiarly remarkable for its great magnificence and elegance. It displays a great profusion of precious stones,



such as topazes, onyxes, agates, lapis-lazuli, &c., &c., and is said to have occupied the time of 22 artificers for 25 years!! The busts of renowned men of antiquity, heroes and literati, had a deep interest for me. They are all antique, and of course are considered likenesses. Another interesting cabinet, is that containing the portraits of the most celebrated painters, taken by themselves. The collection of gems is truly sumptuous—but to what purpose are all these dry enumerations? You must come to Florence if you wish to realize its beauties and enjoyments. I am sure our young artists cannot estimate the riches of these galleries, or poverty itself would scarcely prevent them from visiting, from *living* in them.

I must once more take notice of the magnanimous liberality of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who throws open all those rich treasures of art, without the least restraint or cost. He even publishes in placards, put up at the doors, that nothing shall be given to the attendants, and provides every cabinet with numerous catalogues; a thing I met with nowhere else.

After a late dinner and a *siesta*, I took a stroll into the *Real Cascine*, a delightful public drive, planted with plantains and live oaks, and situated on the banks of the Arno. Here all the world resorts to enjoy the cool evening air. On my return I called on Messrs. Terry and Freeman, American artists resident here, and spent a charming evening with them over a dish of tea.

17TH.—Rose at 6, and took my breakfast at 8 o'clock, and then went out to visit some of the churches. They are generally rich in fine specimens of painting and sculpture, and that of the *S. S. Annunziata* is highly decorated with many massive silver ornaments. In a corridor on the side of this church, is that famous fresco, the master-piece of Andrew del Sarto, called the *Madonna del Sacco*, from its having been executed by him for a sack of grain in a time of famine. It is said that Titian and Michael Angelo never tired in gazing at it. But it was the vast edifice of *Santa Croce*, that had the greatest interest for me, as it contains the remains of many of the greatest men of Italy. Here are found among others, the tombs of Michael Angelo, Dante, Buonarotti, and Galileo.



By putting in requisition all my ingenuity and persuasion, I was admitted into the museum of Natural History, notwithstanding the state of disorder in which it was placed by the repairs which are being made. My view of it was however very unsatisfactory, as the floors of most of the galleries were freshly painted, and I was unable to enter them. My disappointment was much increased by the beauty of the small part I was permitted to see. Attached to the Museum is a large Botanical Garden in excellent keeping. The labels of the plants were peculiarly arranged, and pleased me much. Small pipkins were taken, with large flat bottoms, upon which were attached, internally, the labels. The pipkins were then corked and placed in an inverted position on wires. In the Museum is also the Observatory, built over a point where the two main corridors meet, and here is being erected by the Grand Duke, a beautiful chapel of white marble, of a circular form, designed to receive the statue of Galileo.

I had some arrangements to make this morning, at the police office, in regard to my passport, and found the officers very civil and obliging. Indeed, this has been my uniform experience thus far, even in Italy, where I anticipated, from all that I had heard, so much difficulty. I have every reason to presume that in most instances where incivilities are met with from custom-house and police officers, they are induced by travellers themselves; who are too much inclined to become irritable under a discharge of necessary duties. I find the markets of Florence abundantly supplied with all kinds of the most delightful fruits; such as water-melons, cantelopes, figs, pears, plums of all kinds, and a great profusion of grapes. Of these there is a small variety, called *muscadelle*, without seeds, and of a rich straw colour, which is decidedly the most delicate and delicious fruit I ever tasted. They can be had at less than two cents the pound. Near the market is a fountain in the form of an immense wild boar in bronze, after a beautiful antique model, with the water issuing from its mouth. It is amusing to see the children hugging to him, and clinging to his snout and ears in order to drink.—Living is very cheap in this city, and the cooking much better than in Rome.

18TH.—This morning after breakfast, I paid a visit to the Academy of Fine Arts, but found nothing to interest me particularly. I afterwards went in search of Prof. *Burci*, to whom I had a note from my very kind friend Mr. Ombrosi, and whom I found at the great Hospital of *Santa Maria Nuova*. This is an immense edifice, containing 1600 beds; but as there appears to be a general *house cleaning* in all the public establishments throughout the city, in anticipation of the scientific convention to be held here in October, I had no very satisfactory view of it. As far as I could see it, however, I was delighted with its arrangements and keeping. After showing me the Library, which is large and well selected, Dr. *Burci* took me to the Pathological Museum, where I was highly delighted and instructed by many of the most curious and useful specimens in the world, preserved with an unusual degree of neatness and care. Here among others, is an immense hydrocephalic head, in which the Professor told me, the brain was entirely unravelled, without leaving a *single trace* of the convolutions, and presented a complete sack. The subject died idiotic at the age of 18 months. The injections of the lymphatic system, by the celebrated *Mascagni*, from which he had his plates engraved, are beautiful. But decidedly the most curious preparations are those made by a *Signor Sagato*, who possessed the singular art of solidifying all animal substances. Among them is one which the doctor called a *human mosaic*. In a wooden frame measuring about 18 by 20 inches, are arranged, in small squares, sections of the human body, as of muscle, kidney, liver, pancreas, &c., &c., (and which could be at once recognized) all so perfectly hardened as to receive as beautiful a polish as stone! There are here also a number of fish and reptiles, prepared in this manner. Dr. B. showed me also the head of a fœtus, which he had placed in a basin of water in his room to macerate, and which he had forgotten until decomposition had commenced; when *Sagato* came there and told him if he did not want the head, he would show him what he could do with it. In three days *Sagato* returned with the head perfectly solidified and deprived of all fœtor; and here it is in an entire state of preservation, with

the livid marks of decomposition still upon it, and the brain loose and solid in its interior, which rattles like a cocoa nut! Sagato died suddenly, and left no trace by which a clue to this curious secret could be had.

The afternoon was again devoted to the picture galleries, which have engrossed every leisure hour since I have been in this city. The evening I spent in a long walk with my excellent acquaintance Prof. Burci, after which we took our iced fruit at an elegant Coffee-House in the Piazza del Duomo.

19TH.—This morning I called on my friend Mr. Cochran, whom I had met in Naples, and who, I heard had arrived in this city. Not finding him in, I took a hack and drove around the whole circuit of the city walls in order to examine the fortifications and the Triumphal Arch on the outside of the Porta S. Gallo, which is very fine. The Promenades on the banks of the Arno are delightful, and the Ponte S. Trinita, one of the bridges across the river, is an elegant structure.—This afternoon I went to see the funeral procession of one of the children of the Grand Duke, which was exceedingly imposing, and attracted an immense crowd of spectators. Of course the military attended, and I was very much pleased with their appearance and particularly the *Sapeurs*; who, with their long white aprons, and full beards extending to their girdles, were among the finest looking men I have ever seen.

This evening I dined with Mr. Cochran and his friend Mr. Hill at the *Hotel de Porta Rossa*, and after dinner we took a ride, accompanied by a young English physician, to see the *Torre di Gallileo*, situated on one of the heights near the city, in the midsts of vine-yards and fig-plantations. It is an antiquated square tower, with a flat roof, guarded by a parapet-wall, and apartments in the lower stories. It is said that the great philosopher resided here, and made most of his splendid observations from its top. From the flat roof of this tower, I beheld the most exquisitely beautiful and ravishing prospect that it is possible for the human eye to gaze upon! The view is certainly unique, and totally unrivalled by the charm and beauty of its objects,

both artificial and natural, which are blended with a harmony and delicacy that cast that celestial peacefulness and softness over the whole, so effectual in calling up the most deep-felt and overpowering delight. Then to see an Italian sunset cast its mantle of gold, and purple and violet, over a paradisaean scene like this! My feelings became totally uncontrollable, and I burst into a flood of tears!

20TH.—I set out this morning at 4½ o'clock, in a hack, for Milan, in company with Dr. George and a Swiss lady, on her return home from Florence.—According to the common custom in this country, I have made a *written* contract, "sealed and delivered," with the coachman to take me to Milan by a given route, within a given time, with so many meals a day, consisting of coffee and bread for breakfast, and so many courses and wine of a good quality for dinner, and good lodgings in clean beds, &c. &c. &c., all carefully designated, and at such a price for the whole trip, "*tutto compreso*" except a "*buona mano*" which is always stipulated for, but the amount is optional. Here then, you see me once more reduced completely to the state of a child, dependant upon my coachman for all my necessities without ever giving myself the trouble of a single thought about them. From the small experience I have had in this mode of travelling, I have found it sufficiently agreeable on account of the removal from one's mind of all care.

After leaving the Porte San Gallo, and passing the triumphal arch, an excellent road winds through one of the best cultivated, most rich and charming countries in the world, flanked with vines, and orange-groves, and fig-trees, and cypresses and olive-plantations, until it gradually approaches the pass of the Appenines. On ascending the southern acclivity of the mountains, the *Val d'Arno* presents another of those ravishingly enchanting views which I so much enjoyed on approaching it from the South. I cannot conceive of a scene more perfectly beautiful! A country surrounded by hills gently swelling and rising in infinite variety of shape, intersected by dales and little vallies of exquisite beauty, until they terminate in the elevated chain of the Appenines above; the placid stream of the Arno, meandering gracefully

through a wide undulating plain at their feet, upon which is built the magnificent city of Florence; around are numerous villages and hamlets nestled in picturesque beauty in the little vallies and on the acivities; the whole is cultivated like a luxuriant pleasure-garden, adorned with innumerable villas, almost concealed by the dense groves of magnificent trees with which they are surrounded. The charming delicacy with which the countless shades of the exceedingly varied vegetation of this country blend with each other, is one of its peculiar beauties. The villas, and villages, and even the city itself, are all white, which contrasts delightfully with the varied and rich green. Thene you have this exquisite scene bathed in floods of that peculiar soft purple light, and canopied by that clear deep blue cloudless sky, which give to Italy so many charms. It was truly with affecting regret that I looked for the last time upon this enchanting scene, rendered, if possible, even more enchanting by the delightfully cool and bright morning on which it was viewed.

We stopt three hours at noon to take our *siesta*, and then proceeded to a small place called *Pietramala*, on the top of the Appenines. A mile from this along the ridge of the mountains, we were told there was a *Volcano*. This excited my curiosity much, as the country around here does not appear volcanic in its formation. I engaged a guide, and accompanied by several other travellers whom I found at the hotel, proceeded to the spot by a very stony and rough path. On an arid piece of cleared ground, covered with gravel and gray sandstones, was a patch about 15 feet in diameter, which emitted, in numerous places, flames of the size of large lamp flames, and of a bright yellow colour. As night had already set in, the phenomenon was very striking and curious. On a close examination, I found that the inflammable material issued from cracks in the surface of the soil, which was very hard. Wherever I turned up the ground with my cane, I found that an abundance of gas was emitted, having the smell of pure carburetted hydrogen, and could be ignited with great facility. I returned to the inn much fatigued, and enjoyed a most refreshing night's rest, being braced by the delightfully cool air of this elevated region.



21st.—We set out at 5½ o'clock, and travelled until 11, when we arrived at *Lejano*, and rested there until 3 P. M. We passed a point this morning on descending the Appenines, from which, in clear weather, a view is had both of the Adriatic and Mediterranean; but as the day was hazy, we could not clearly distinguish them. The country has continued delightfully romantic and picturesque, but we are now upon the confines of the level plains of Northern Italy.

We arrived at *Bologna* at an early hour. This appears like a very pleasant city, is well paved and clean, and nearly all the streets are lined with double rows of porticos, resting on arches, which form an agreeable protection to pedestrians. There are here a number of very fine churches, and large palaces, containing extensive galleries of paintings. I was enabled to visit but few of the interesting objects in Bologna, on account of an attack of ague with which I was seized this morning. The curious leaning towers, however, were not permitted to escape my observation. That of *Asinelli* is 327 feet high, and inclines 4 feet from a perpendicular line; and its neighbour, which is 140 feet high, inclines 8 feet! They appeared to me as if they had received this inclination by accident; but I believe the best architects suppose them to have been thus constructed designedly. Indisposed as I was, I did not neglect to taste the famous *Bologna Sausages*. They are much like those made at home, under the same name; except that they are flavoured with garlic, and have large pieces of fat distributed through them. We passed the bed of a dry stream to day, which we were told was the *Rubicon*.

22d.—We left Bologna at 5 A. M., and arrived at *Modina* at 11, where we remained until 2½ P. M. This is an elegant little city, with straight, wide and clean streets, situated in a rich and highly cultivated plain. It contains a great number of fine churches, but few of which I had time to glance at, and a beautiful palace, called the *Palazzo Ducale*, surrounded by delightful gardens. Modena contains 25,000 inhabitants.

At 6 P. M., we arrived at Reggio, a place of no interest, containing 12 or 15,000 inhabitants. The country passed

through to-day is level, very rich and highly cultivated. We crossed a number of streams, or rather their dry beds, often on very fine bridges. Great quantities of hemp are cultivated in this district, and the smell of the pits of stagnant water in which it is prepared, is excessively nauseous, and must without doubt, be a prolific source of disease; for fevers, I was told, are prevalent here.

23D.—We left Reggio at 6 o'clock this morning, and reached *Parma*, about 9. This you know, is the residence of *Maria Louisa*, who is sovereign of the small duchy of Parma. We remained 3 hours here, but as I had another attack of the ague to-day, I was unable to see much of this city, but as far as I could see it, I was pleased with the appearance of its public buildings and its air of general neatness. Of course I tasted the far-famed *Parmesan Cheese* here, which I found really delicious.

We proceeded on our way this afternoon, and came as far as *Fiorenzuola*, a small village where we found excellent accommodations. The country still continued level, and we passed several streams and a number of torrents on long and often well-built bridges.

24TH.—This morning we set out at 6 o'clock, and after a short drive, came in sight of *Piacenza*, which we did not enter, on account of a tax that is levied on strangers, and because we could go a nearer route, by passing round. Its ivy-grown walls had a very romantic appearance, as we passed near them. A short distance beyond *Piacenza*, we crossed the *Po*, a considerable stream, on a bridge of boats. This is the Austrian frontier, and we entered upon the delightful plains of Lombardy. This afternoon we passed through the small town of *Lodi*, and across the bridge over the *Adda*, so famous for one of Napoleon's earliest exploits. We came on to a small village called *Melignano*, to sleep. Nothing can exceed in richness and careful cultivation this part of Lombardy. The country is like a garden, and is abundantly irrigated by numerous small canals. The fields are divided by rows of beautiful trees, generally willows. Hemp is cultivated very extensively, and I saw to-day for the first time, rice growing. The road is delightful and as

even as a floor, with a pretty canal of running water on either side, and is shaded by double rows of majestic trees.

25TH.—This morning at 8½ o'clock, we entered the beautiful city of *Milan*. Its streets are sufficiently wide, very clean, and are flanked on either side by rows of porticos, under which the side-walks run. The city is strongly walled, and contains 130,000 inhabitants.

Decidedly the most interesting object in Milan, is its magnificent Cathedral, the most beautiful structure of its kind in the world, and inferior only to St. Peter's in size. After making my toilet, I immediately set out to get a view of an edifice of whose inimitable beauty and grandeur I had heard so much, and soon stood in the open space before its principal façade. I was suddenly arrested, absolutely spell-bound by my emotions, and could only repeat in a low tone "magnificent!" It is a Gothic structure, built of the purest white marble, carved with a delicacy and lightness that is incredible; surmounted by a dome of the most delicate openwork, and by innumerable spires. The elevated and delicate spire of the dome is surmounted by a colossal statue, and every spire is tipped with a statue rather larger than the natural size. There are an immense number of niches on every part of the exterior of the building, all filled with statues, of which there are said to be no less than 5000 in and on the church! The interior is also finished in white marble in the same style of elegant simplicity, to correspond with the exterior. The dome is a magnificent piece of fret-work, and immediately under it in a subterranean chapel, are deposited in a chrystal sarcophagus, the remains of *San Carlo Borromeo*, said to be in a good state of preservation. My feelings were however not at all in a state to examine a *subject*, although sainted, and pay a *scudo* in the bargain; so I turned about and ascended to the top of this splendid edifice, by a spiral stairs of 468 steps. There is absolutely a forest of spires here, carved with a lightness and delicacy that seemed altogether inconsistent with a due degree of strength. I ascertained, however, that the most delicate parts were strengthened by having thick iron or copper wires passed through the marble. It is from the top of the dome that the most grand and magnificent

view imaginable is obtained. At your feet lies the city, and around it a great number of beautiful villas; and farther on still, are villages and towns distributed in all directions over that richest of countries, the plains of Lombardy, clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation, and intersected by innumerable rivers and canals, that glitter in the sun-shine like silver cords. Far, far to the North and East, the horizon is skirted by the snow-capped tops of the mighty Alps, whose different peaks can be distinctly discerned by a large telescope, which is kept here for the gratification of visitors.

The Great Amphitheatre, erected by Napoleon, is a grand structure, worthy of notice. It will contain 36,000 spectators at a time.—I visited a few of the most distinguished churches, and was pleased with their style of architecture, and the taste with which they are decorated.

26TH.—I still feel the effects of my late attack of ague, and long ardently for the invigorating influences of the pure mountain-air of the Alps. I was barely enabled to make a few random excursions through the city to day, and to examine the *Triumphal Arch*, a stupendous and magnificent structure, erected by Napoleon just beyond the city, at the termination of the Simplon road, and to commemorate its construction. It was left unfinished by the mighty chief, but is now nearly completed under the Emperor of Austria, in a style of decoration however, very different from that designed by its great projector. Many of the victories of French arms were beautifully sculptured in basso-relievo for its ornament; but these of course are now considered inadmissible, and lie, half ruined, in a shed close by.

27TH.—Last night I heard the Opera of *la Vestale*, at the great theatre of *La Scala*. This is the most beautiful as well as one of the largest Opera-Houses of Europe. It is truly magnificently grand, and is decorated with regal sumptuousness. The whole performance was one of great splendour, but the termination of the piece had too much of the tragical in it to be quite agreeable to me. Some of the music was charming, and the dancing was delightful.

I am just about to pack up my trunks in order to set out for Geneva this afternoon, in the same hack by which I came

from Florence, still under the care of our good driver *Bianti*, to whom I have become quite attached, on account of his great kindness and strict honesty; very rare qualities, it is said, in Italian hack-drivers. I place myself again under his entire care as formerly; so you see I like the plan pretty well. My friend Prof. George, left me at an early hour this morning, to cross the Simplon on foot.

I left Milan at 1½ o'clock P. M. with four passengers in the coach; our former companion, Mad. T. of Geneva, two young priests and myself. We came on as far as *Cassina Buon-Gesu*, a small village, where we stayed all night. This day's journey fatigued me considerably, not having yet entirely recovered from the effects of my attack of ague.

28TH.—We set out this morning at 5 o'clock, and by an industrious day's drive, reached *Fariolo*, a small place beyond *Bovina* on *Lago Maggiore*. The country was not particularly interesting, until we came to *Sesto Calende*, at the foot of the lake, when it became truly enchanting. On our right, was the beautiful and placid sheet of water of the lake, which is about six miles in width, reflecting the objects on its banks like a mirror. On our left was one of the most perfectly beautiful and charming countries in the world. Amid orange-groves, fig-trees, olive-plantations, and vineyards, interspersed with lovely little groves of forest-trees, were sheltered innumerable white villas, with a great number of hamlets and villages of peculiar taste and beauty in their architectural construction. At *Arona* we halted long enough to see the stupendous statue of *San Carlo Borromeo* in bronze; which measures 112 feet in height, and whose head is of sufficient capacity to hold four persons.—On our arrival opposite to the Borromean Isles, (three in number) we permitted our coach to go on to *Bove-na*, and hired a boat to visit one of them, called *Isola Bella*, from its transcendent beauty, situated about two miles from the shore. This is truly a fairy creation, perfectly unique, formed by one of the Borromeo family, out of what was once nothing but a barren rock. It presents eight or ten terraces, placed one above the other, lessening successively, and crowned with a noble palace four stories high, so



as to give the whole the appearance of a truncated cone. These terraces are planted with every variety of trees and flowers, refreshed by sparkling fountains, and laid out in the most enchanting walks. The palace is sumptuously furnished, and adorned with paintings and statues, and in the lower story is a suite of apartments made to represent grottos, finished in the most curious and beautiful style in shell-work. After being gratified with a sight of this little paradise, we re-embarked and joined our coach at Bove-na.—I am delighted with our two travelling companions, Drs. *Valentinelli* and *Devit*, the former Librarian, and the latter Professor in the Seminary of Padua. They are gentlemen of extensive information, who have travelled much, and although wearing the clerical garb, have nothing contracted or illiberal about them.

29TH.—We set out this morning at a very early hour, and after having passed through a most enchantingly picturesque country, and crossed the *Toccia* several times, and a number of mountain torrents, on beautiful bridges, we arrived at *Domo d'Ossola* for breakfast. For a number of miles before arriving at this place, the mountains on either side approached each other nearer and nearer, and the valley, traversed by the *Toccia*, along whose beautiful banks the road leads, became more and more narrowed. Many beautiful little valleys, in the highest state of cultivation, studded with cottages, and villages, with sparkling brooks of limpid water, running joyously through them, opened into the main one. This placid scenery contrasted well with the elevated and rugged mountains by which these valleys were over-shadowed. After breakfast, we proceeded a few miles, when we crossed the rapid stream of the *Vedro*, on a magnificent bridge to *Crevola*, and then turned shortly to the left along the banks of this river into the *Val Vedro*, and fairly commenced ascending the mighty *Simplon*! Here begins the stupendous and sublime scenery of the Alps. It was no longer possible for me to remain in the coach, and I dismounted, accompanied by Dr. *Devit* to make the ascent on foot. Now, imagine to yourself a tortuous and jagged chasm, formed by a rent made by some astounding convulsion of nature, which

tore asunder the living granite rock from the top to the very base of the stupendous Alp ; the sides piled up in perpendicular and overhanging crags to an elevation as high as would be formed by superposing four or five of our Neversinks upon each other ; these crags worn into partial ruins, by the lapse of thousands of ages, and totally barren, save here and there a few scrubby pines, hanging in the crevices where a scanty portion of soil has lodged ; numerous torrents pouring over the edges of these precipices from heights that make your head reel to look up to, and dashing down into the vast and dreary abyss below ; a stream as large as the Tulpehocken, fretting, and boiling, and roaring with the most impetuous fury at the bottom of a chasm so deep and dark that you can barely see its white foam ; here and there the marks on the precipitous walls of the mountains, where enormous masses of rock have been torn from their bowels by the descending avalanches, and you will have some faint idea of the awfully desolate and savage gorges of *Isella* and *Gondo* ! Amid these terrific scenes, which seem the very home of desolation, you proceed for 8 or 10 miles, when the mountains recede a little, and have a less savage aspect. Here you see on the right, two small villages perched at an immense height above you, on a plateau of the mountain. You next come to the village of *San Marco* ; the last on the Italian territory, between which and Gondo is a small chapel, which marks the division between Italy and Switzerland. Here our trunks were examined. Beyond Gondo the road makes a considerable circuit to the left, and passing *Gsteig* ascends another immense mountain to the *Simplon* village, where we arrived in the dusk of the evening. We preceded the coach by an hour or more. Having dismounted from it in the sultry vallies of Italy, I had put on a thin coat and left my cloth one in the care of the driver. Here we were in the regions of perpetual snow, and the air was so cold that I was obliged to borrow a thick flannel blanket to wrap myself in, and to order a brisk fire at the hotel. The first object I encountered on entering the *sal a manger* of the hotel was an enormous young St. Bernard dog, who clapped his two front paws on my shoulders, and stood up before me nearly

as tall as myself. I was startled for a moment, but was instantly relieved by our old hostess who assured me he was only in play; which indeed I should soon have discovered by his manner, and by the smile upon his countenance. They are magnificent, noble animals. They have two of them here, both born on St. Bernard.—After a dinner which I relished with unusual zest, and a pleasant chat with my agreeable travelling companions, I retired to rest, with the winds howling around me and rattling the shattered casements of my little chamber as if it were mid-winter.—As this was Saturday evening, I had consulted with my Reverend friends about the propriety of travelling on Sunday. They assured me it was perfectly allowable, if we would first attend mass in the chapel close by.

30TH.—We consequently rose at 6 o'clock, and one of our friends having performed mass in the curious quaint little old chapel of the Simplon, where we all attended, we took our dish of Coffee and proceeded on our way. After ascending in a zig-zag manner for 5 or 6 miles, and crossing several torrents on fine bridges we came to the *old Hospice*, a large building on our left, and then, within a mile or two to the *new Hospice*, which stands on the right, and which was commenced by Napoleon, but is not yet finished. Here the road makes a sudden turn to the right, and the highest elevation is attained, about 6,000 feet above the sea. Now you might imagine, as I had done, that from so elevated a point, a magnificent prospect should be enjoyed. But this is not the fact; nothing can be conceived of, more awfully desolate and dreary than these elevated regions. Here is little or no vegetation to greet the eye, and all around is one sterile, barren scene of naked granite peaks, worn into high and jagged points by the tremendous storms of many centuries, to which these regions are liable. The deep and unearthly silence, and the stupendousness of the desolate gigantic crags around you, are however very impressive. One feels oneself the merest pigmy, the merest atom amid the immensity of the scene!

I had again preceded the coach on foot, but here I got upon the box, and we commenced descending. Here we had

a view of stupendous magnitude—the whole descent of the Simplon, the *Valais*, and the immense range of snow-capt Alps beyond ! At our feet laid the little city of *Brieg*, into which it seemed as if one could shoot a musket-ball, but which was at least 15 or 18 miles distant. The scenery on this side of the mountain, although immense, bears no comparison with the grandeur and wildness on the Italian side. We came on to *Brieg* after a most delightful and exciting ride of 24 miles of descent, for breakfast, and were served with a dish of chamois-meat, which we found delicious. We congratulated ourselves greatly for having been favoured with a cloudless sky in our passage of the Simplon, for in cloudy weather, the scenery must lose nearly all its interest. It is astonishing to see, on the Swiss side, at what immense elevations, and on what small terraces they build their cottages. They look like bird's nests stuck upon the mountain's brow, with the most frightful abysses beneath them ! It was a matter of constant wonder to me how they preserve their children from falling over !

In regard to that stupendous monument of human daring and human skill, the *Simplon Road*, I will beg to introduce the words of a late writer, Dr. Wm. Beattie :—“It may be safely affirmed that nothing short of ocular demonstration can furnish anything like an adequate idea of the wonders presented by a survey of this unrivalled pass. In the hardihood of its plan and the skill and perseverance displayed in its construction, human daring and human ingenuity seem to have been carried to their *ne plus ultra*, and to have perfected and realized what in remoter ages would have been considered as an idle speculation. It is one of the few achievements of human hands, which imagination can scarcely invest with additional grandeur, and where the reality of the picture justifies the most extravagant anticipations. It was an enterprise which nothing but the most gigantic ambition could have contemplated, and nothing but the most consummate science, skill, and intrepidity could have accomplished. It seems to address every traveller in the words of Gaillard :

“*Voilà ce que peuvent l'industrie, l'audace et la persévérance !*”

Unlike the wonders of antiquity—the pyramids, or the great wall of China, the results of mere physical labour, and where nature in a passive state offered small resistance to the operations of art—the route of the Simplon is to be viewed as the proudest monument of man's genius, where in continued conflict with the awful operations of nature, his perseverance was attended by incessant peril, and where the fall of rocks, or the rush of avalanches were constantly threatening his life, or impeding his progress."

The road extends from Crevola to Brieg, a distance of 40 miles, and was projected, as you know, by Napoleon, and finished by him in the astonishingly short period of 4 years. It is in every part 25 feet wide, and has in no part a steeper grade than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches in 6 feet. It passes over 50 bridges that span either chasms, torrents or streams, and through six tunnels pierced through the hardest granite rock, measuring as wide as the road, and at least 30 feet high. Some of these tunnels or galleries are stupendous efforts of skill. One of them, the *Grande Gallerie*, is 202 paces long. Just beyond this is the frightful cascade of *Frissinone*, which falls from above into an almost unfathomable abyss, with a thundering noise that makes the very mountains tremble, and renders you incapable of hearing your own voice! It really required all the courage of which I was capable to look over the parapet wall into the horrid gulf below. There are several other magnificent cascades along this part of the road. The rain-water that is collected on the road, as well as that which falls on it from the smaller torrents, is carried under the foundations of the road by means of wells sunk to an immense depth. In the chasms beneath, lie in all directions, gigantic fragments of rocks, or rather of mountains, that have been hurled down from time to time by the avalanches. In nooks at various distances along side of the road, are erected ten or a dozen substantial stone buildings, called *maisons de refuge*, designed for the shelter of travellers who may be overtaken by storms in these dangerous passes.

From Breig we set out at 2 P. M. and, passing through Glys and Visp, and several other smaller towns, came on to *Tourtemagne* to sleep. Up a small dell near this village is a very fine cascade of the tributaries of the Rhone.



31st.—We rose at 5 o'clock this morning, and came as far as *Sion*, where we arrived at 10 o'clock to breakfast. Our course was along the left bank of the Rhone, until we arrived at *Sierre*, one of the prettiest towns of the Valais, where we crossed to the right bank by a fine bridge. We also passed *Leuk* on this day's route, where there are baths of considerable celebrity.—*Sion*, capital of the Canton Valais, contains between 3 and 4000 inhabitants, and is most romantically situated on the edge of a luxuriant plain at the base of two precipitous and elevated spurs of the Alps called *Tourbillion* and *Valeria*. These are crowned by the picturesque ruins of castles, towers and churches of very ancient date. On the ascent of these two curious elevations, and partly between them stands the ancient and romantic palace of the Bishop of Sion. To the South-west on the outside of the city walls, is another abrupt and picturesque elevation surmounted by an immense Convent of substantial structure. The streets of Sion are narrow and extremely filthy. The houses are of stone, very high, with their upper stories projecting beyond the basement, which makes the streets appear very gloomy. The Cathedral is a curious old building, decorated in the oddest style by antiquated ornaments. The inhabitants of this place are decidedly the worst looking specimens of the human race I have ever seen. They are of a low stature, having broad shoulders, long arms, bowed legs, illy-formed heads set on short necks, and are generally affected with goitre. The expression of the countenance is excessively stupid, often bordering on idiocy. *Cretinism* is so common an affection here that there is a special hospital of large size built for their use. I visited this institution, and the horrid idea of these disgusting and degraded looking objects haunted me for many days.

We set out from Sion, and after passing many towns and villages, and re-crossing the Rhone at *Riddes*, halted at *Martigny*. This is a pretty little town, situated near the confluence of the Drance with the Rhone, it was inundated and nearly annihilated by a most disastrous freshet in the former river in 1818. Here the Rhone makes a sudden turn almost at a right angle changing from a South-east

to a South-west direction, and the valley becomes narrower by an approach of the mountains. From Martigny we proceeded to the beautiful town of *St. Maurice* to sleep. About mid-way between these two towns we stopt to view a magnificent fall in the *Sallenche* called the *Pissevache*. In a deep, narrow dell of black rocks, at the immense elevation of 700 feet, you get the first glimpse of this powerful torrent, already whitened by the chafing of the rugged crags over which it passes before it becomes visible. Thence it leaps from precipice to precipice with increasing impetuosity, through a deep worn channel roughened by falling rocks, until, as it were, frantic by its downward impulsion, it makes its last desperate and headlong bound of 200 feet into a deep, boiling, foaming cauldron below ! From this rises a beautiful column of white spray, which spreads out into a delicate mantle that gracefully decks the rugged forms of the mighty Alps behind it. *St. Maurice* is a beautiful clean little town, surrounded by fine avenues lined with majestic trees, forming delightful promenades. Its situation, between the two mountain spurs or needles, called *Dent du Midi* and *Dent de Morcles*, rising to an elevation of 9 or 10,000 feet by almost perpendicular walls, with barely sufficient space to admit the Rhone between them, is the most romantic imaginable. This is literally the key to the Canton Valais, for through the narrow space occupied by this town is the only entrance to it on level ground, and is completely closed every night by a gate which is at once the gate of the town, and the gate of a bridge consisting of one magnificent arch, fully conceded to be of Roman construction.

The great valley of the Rhone, which I have now traversed through nearly its whole length, is one of the most curious and interesting districts in the world. Its climate at the same season, embraces every variety, from the scorching sun of Africa, to the bleak blasts of Lapland ; and its vegetable productions are as various. Its length is about 80 miles, and its breadth from 7 to 8, and its centre is traversed, through its whole length by the Rhone. Its sides are bounded by steep, and often rugged and barren mountains, rising from 5 to 10,000 feet, the highest of them capt

by eternal snow, from which numerous glaciers descend to within a short distance of the banks of the Rhone itself. More than 80 tributaries to this river descend from the mountain sides, and 18 or 20 habitable vallies open into the main one. The soil in its centre is the richest alluvion, sustaining a luxuriant vegetation, among which are seen many of the productions of tropical regions. The fig tree, the almond tree, the lemon tree and the vine, produce abundantly in its central parts, while on its edge the seasons are scarcely of sufficient length to ripen the ordinary kinds of grain, and on the more elevated regions of the mountains vegetation ceases altogether.

Leaving St. Maurice, our route continued along the valley of the Rhone, but at some distance from the river, until we approached the *Lake of Geneva*, into which it falls. As soon as we came in sight of the lake, our little Genevese lady commenced clapping her hands and crying out "*O mon cher lac ! O mon beau lac ! O ma belle patrie !*" at the same time shedding floods of tears. The coachman in alarm, stopped his horses, and we had a real scene of hysterics. This was her first return to her country after an absence of three years. We came on as far as *St. Gingouph*, situated on the edge of the lake on the Savoy side, to dine, and took a rest of three hours. This gave us an opportunity of enjoying, very satisfactorily, the enchanting and lovely scenery along this part of the lake. The Swiss side here is peculiarly beautiful. I was able to count from this point 16 towns and villages, of which the principal one is *Vevay*, on the opposite shore of the lake, reposing on the gentle slope of the hills amid a country the most rich, varied and charming. This unrivalled, this perfectly beautiful picture, seen on one of the most peacefully quiet *Indian summer* days, can never be effaced from my memory !

We proceeded as far as *Thonon*, keeping close along the borders of the lake, whose exquisite beauties, particularly on the opposite side, we were thus enabled fully to enjoy. There was a fair here, very largely attended by the neighboring peasantry, which afforded me great amusement. I here for the first time saw women riding along on asses and mules *a califourchon*, with the most perfect nonchalance.

## SEPTEMBER—1841.

1st.—This morning at 9½ o'clock I arrived in the delightful little city of *Geneva*, and stopt at *La Couronne*, whose foundations are washed by the waters of lovely *Lake Lemman*! My first object was to search out the Post-Office, where I received letters from home. The remainder of this day, a charming Indian-Summer like one, was spent in rambling at hazard about the city.

*Geneva* is built on the borders of the lake of *Geneva*, at its Western end, where the *Rhone* makes its exit from it, and divides the city into two unequal parts. It contains 30,000 inhabitants, and is strongly fortified with a double wall, bastions and a ditch. The ground occupied by the portion of the city on the left bank of the river, is irregular, rising to a considerable elevation from the edge of the lake, which it consequently overlooks. The Northern and smaller part of the city, rises in like manner from the banks of the *Rhone*. Many of the streets in the upper part of the town, are narrow and tortuous; but those near the quai are straight and wide, and some of them even elegant. The houses are substantially built of stone, generally five or six stories high. With few exceptions, the public buildings are not remarkable. The Cathedral is a large edifice after the plan of the rotunda at Rome; and the *Muse Rath*, the depository of paintings and statues, is a chaste Grecian building. The *Botanic Garden*, created by M. De Condolle, and thrown open to the public, is kept in the most perfect order, and forms a charming promenade. The orangery is large and has its front decorated with busts of celebrated Genevese botanists. In the garden is also a large building for the reception of models of agricultural implements, and contains the *Herbaria*, among which is that presented by the celebrated Haller. The garden is terminated on one side by the city wall and two bastions, which are both tastefully laid out in walks, and planted with trees and shrubs, and on the other side by an elevated terrace which overlooks it. This Terrace, called *La Treille*, is planted with rows of majestic trees, and furnished with benches, forming one of the most delightful lounges in the world. At the termination



of this terrace, is the *Place de la Porte-Neuve*, with the *Muse Rath* already mentioned, and the *Theatre* facing each other. From the square, and in a continuous line with *La Treille*, runs *La Rue de la Corraterie*, the most magnificent street in the city, flanked with splendid new houses and beautiful shops. This is the Chesnut street of Geneva. The *Place Maurice*, or *St. Antoine* is another magnificent esplanade, planted with trees and furnished with seats. The two parts of the city are joined by several bridges across the Rhone. Those opposite the *Place du Bel-Air* are of wood, and rest upon a small island in the river; but the one at the outlet of the lake, called the *Pont des Bergues*, is a magnificent stone structure. Near its middle is a large round platform, from which leads an elegant wire foot-bridge to a small triangular island, situated in the middle of the river just at its exit from the lake, called *l'Isle de J. J. Rousseau*. This has a fine statue of Rousseau in its centre, is beautifully embellished with shrubs and flowers, and provided with seats. It affords an extensive and charming view of the lake and its delightfully picturesque shores. It is really a most charming spot! In the evenings a fine band of music is stationed here, to play for the amusement of visitors. The quais on both sides of the river in this part of the city, are wide and beautifully flanked by tall and elegant buildings, among which is conspicuous the great *Hotel des Bergues*, one of the largest and perhaps the best kept hotel in Europe. Many portions of the ramparts in different directions afford delightful walks and enchanting views of the surrounding country and the neighbouring mountains.

2d.—Rose at 5 o'clock, and was occupied in my room until 8, when I went to the *Caffe Bel-Air* where I got a cup of delicious French coffee, fresh roll and delightful Swiss butter; luxuries I relished keenly after so long an abstinence in Italy. I here met my two travelling companions Drs. Devit and Valitenelli, with whom I went to call on Mad. Trayon who had also been of our company. My friends being desirous of making some purchases of jewellery for their relatives at home, engaged Mad. T. to act as guide; as she is a native of Geneva and well acquainted. I was glad of



Blanc and the neighbouring mountains, upon which it is said he used to walk with great strides, when under the inspiration of his compositions. His chamber is just as he left it, with his bed, its curtains and all the furniture. The walls are decorated with a portrait of himself, one of Mad. du Chatelet, one of Frederick the Great, presented by himself, one of Dr. Franklin, and a likeness of Queen Catherine, worked in tapestry by her own hands. Here is also the small pyramidal monument in black marble, which once contained his heart, but which has since been removed to the Pantheon in Paris, and bears the following inscription :

*"Son esprit est partout, mais son cœur est ici."*

There is a curious picture shown here, said to have been designed by Voltaire himself, and painted in a wretched manner by some one he picked up at Ferney. In the foreground is the poet, presenting the *Henriade* to Apollo ; in the back-ground are represented his bust being carried by the Muses and Graces to the Temple of Memory ; while his literary adversaries, with the leaves of the works written against him flying in all directions, are tumbling heels over head, with horrible grimaces, into the infernal regions.—Opposite to the chateau is the chapel erected for the benefit of his colony, with the following inscription : "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*" We asked his old servant who is still the *cicerone* of the place, whether Voltaire ever frequented the chapel himself? He replied with emphasis, "*jamais, jamais.*"

This evening I called on Mons. *Wolf*, to whom I had a note of introduction from his daughter, Mrs. Buck of New-York. I was kindly invited to take a dish of tea, of which I accepted, and found a small party of English ladies and gentlemen present. I spent the evening delightfully ; it was more American than anything I had met with east of the Atlantic, and brought you all strongly to my recollection.

4TH.—I rose at 5 o'clock, and accompanied my friends Drs. Devit and Valetinelli to the Diligence-office, where they had taken seats for Paris. I parted with them with sincere regret, for I have met with no travelling companions so affable, intelligent and liberal, since I left home.

After breakfast I hunted up Mad. *Vicat*, one of our travelling companions on the Utica, who had kindly carried part

of my baggage with her to Geneva. Among it I found some pamphlets directed to Prof. De Condolle. I took them to his house, but was informed that he was still too ill to see strangers, and was growing worse. I spent the morning in rambling through the city, and returned to the Couronne to dine, where Prof. De Condolle, jr. did me the honor to call, and invited me to see him after dinner. I spent a short time very agreeably with him, and should have been delighted to have had more of his instructive and interesting conversation, had it not been for the extreme illness of his father. He accompanied me to the *Reading Rooms*, to which he gave me a ticket of admittance for a month, and then introduced me to his friend Dr. Coinset, who very politely offered me the use of his library during my stay in the city, and to show me the Institution for the Insane, which is under his care. I availed myself of the benefit of the ticket so kindly offered by M. De Condolle, and spent the evening at the Reading Rooms. They are well supplied with newspapers and other periodicals from all countries; French, German, English, American, &c., &c., and a valuable and large collection of books. I here again met my old friend Dr. George.

5TH.—I rose at my usual hour, 5 o'clock, and after spending several hours in my room, went to the Caffe Bel Air for my roll and coffee. This is Sunday, and appears to be kept here more like it is at home than any place I have been at in Europe.

I took a long stroll after breakfast, through the charming village of *Eaux Vives*, one of the suburbs of Geneva; and then called on M. Wolf, who resides here. I found the family at breakfast, and availed myself of this time to view the neat grounds attached to the dwelling. I accompanied the Rev. Mr. Wolf, the son, and Mrs Gray and her two daughters, English ladies who board in the house, to church. The congregation was large and attentive. The services of course, were in French.—After church, I accompanied the ladies in a long walk to *Plainpalais*, another suburb, to call on the Rev. M. *Bast*, a Clergyman and an author, and the friend of the late Rev. M. *Neff*, advantageously known for

his great and benevolent labours among the inhabitants of the High Alps. I returned with them to M. Wolf's, where I was invited to dine by the Rev. M. Wolf, with whom I had a long and pleasant conversation. He intends to go over to New York, to take charge of a French congregation there.—After dinner, I complied with the polite invitation of Mr. Gray to visit the *Cemetery*, near Plainpalais. It is delightfully planted with trees, shrubs and flowers, (among which the weeping-willow and the weeping-ash are conspicuous) and is kept in the neatest order. Many of the lots are provided with seats, for the accomodation of the owners, who appear to resort here in great numbers. I was equally surprised and delighted to find here the grave of *Sir Humphrey Davy*, who died at Geneva in 1829. Over it is erected a plain tomb of white stone, beautifully shaded with evergreens, bearing a simple inscription in Latin.

6TH.—Rose at 5, and was occupied until a late hour in reading and writing in my room, when I went to the Bel-Air for my *Caffe au lait* and the morning news. The *Caffe Bel-Air* is charmingly situated on the *Place du Bel-Air*, on the banks of the Rhone, whose beautiful mazarine waves dance so merrily in the soft sunshine of this enchanting climate. I have never seen water so beautifully tinged as that of the Rhone at its exit from Lake Lemman.—With the exception of making out a plan of a tour through Switzerland, by the kind assistance of the Rev. Mr. Wolf, this day was spent in lounging at random through this charming little city, and in visiting numerous enchanting points of view in its vicinity. The whole country in the neighborhood of Geneva, is so thickly studded with villages, hamlets, villas and country houses, that it presents the appearance from many points of one gigantic city, hemmed in by snow capped mountains and interspersed with shady parks, extensive lawns and innumerable gardens, with a magnificent lake in its centre! My eyes feasted upon the grandeur and magnificence of these scenes, until I became lost in the most delightful reveries!—This evening I spent at the reading-room. On my return to my lodgings, I found several letters from home, which gave me a slight touch of home-sickness.

7TH—Rose at my usual hour, 5 o'clock, and assorted all my baggage; for I find it necessary to send part of my effects (such as I have purchased on my route,) to Paris, and another part to Munich, where I expect to rejoin it. As much as is indispensable for my present use, I have packed into a knapsack; for I mean to travel a considerable distance on foot, through Switzerland. After breakfast I called on Prof. *Manuoir*, whose politeness and attention were particularly gratifying to me. The Doctor received his medical education in Edinborough, and speaks English like an Englishman. He is a distinguished oculist, and has made some improvements in the operation for the extraction of cataract. He is moreover, a thorough republican, and was highly pleased with one of my small copies of the *Declaration of Independence*, which I presented to him. He gave me a note to his friend Dr. *Despine*, physician to the *Penitentiary*, who politely invited me to attend his visit. It is on the Auburn plan, and is kept in perfect neatness and order. Dr. E. says that cases of insanity in the institution are quite common, and thinks they occur more frequently under this system than they do under that of solitary confinement.—At the *table d' hôte*, I made the acquaintance of Mr. *Spatz*, a lawyer from Frankentahl in Bavaria, with whom I agreed to make a tour to Chamouni. After securing our seats in the Diligence, we took a long walk, and I returned to my room.

8TH.—I rose at 5 o'clock, took my breakfast, and hastened to the Diligence-office to join my travelling companion Mr. *Spatz*. At 7 o'clock, we mounted the cabriolet of the Diligence, and soon passed the *Porte Neuve*, on our way to the *Valley of Chamouni* at the foot of *Mount Blauc*. After passing the town of *Chesne*, the last in the canton of Geneva, we soon turned to the right along the banks of the Arve to *Bonville*, where the valley becomes narrow, being flanked by the mountains of *Le Mole* and *Le Brezon*. We here crossed the *Arve* on a wooden bridge, and travelled along a fine road through a finely cultivated and rich valley to *Cluse*, situated in a narrow defile of the mountains, and here recrossed the river. The scenery thus far has been very interesting; being rendered picturesque by the chateaux that

crown the neighbouring mountains, and several pretty ruins. Between Cluse and *St. Martin* the valley becomes narrower, the mountains rise to greater elevations, and the scenery assumes a more wild and savage aspect. At a short distance beyond Cluse, on the side of the mountain, elevated far above the valley, is the opening of an immense cave, called *the Caverne de Balme*. But as you know my dislike to going under ground *before my time*, you will not be surprised that I did not visit it. Near the little village of *Maglan*, is the most astonishing echo. We hired some men to fire a small cannon, which produced a sublime effect. It resembled precisely the sharp clear sound of a tremendous stroke of thunder, which reverberated from mountain to mountain, for at least half a minute. The *Nant d'Arpenas* is a beautiful cascade which falls 800 feet from the side of a mountain. The whole valley of the Arve is a calcarious formation, until within a short distance of St. Martin, where it begins to be slatey. Near this place is a large formation of beautiful black marble.

We arrived St. Martin at 4 P. M., and stopt at the *Hotel du Mont Blanc*. Our company in the stage to-day was exceedingly agreeable; consisting of a gentleman, Mr. *Fuerst*, his lady and son from Berlin, a Danish gentleman and two highly accomplished ladies, and several young French and German gentleman.—After dinner Mr. Spatz, and several other gentleman of our party, and myself, took a walk to *Sallenche*, a considerable town on the opposite side of the Arve, which is crossed by a fine stone bridge. This town was nearly annihilated last year, by a fire which consumed 320 houses. We met a priest in the street, of whom we asked some questions, and he very politely offered himself as a guide, and conducted us to several magnificent points of view. We returned in time to see a sun-set over Mont Blanc from the bridge, which is considered one of the most magnificent spectacles in the world. It was sublimely grand!

9TH.—We set out at 5 o'clock on a charmingly cool and bracing morning, for *Chamouni* in small vehicles called *chars-a-banc*, the only kind that the roads admit of being employed. They have four low wheels with a bench on one



side, long enough to afford two seats, and a kind of box, running almost to the ground, to put the feet in. Your position in them is sidewise, and hence they are sometimes called *chars-a-cote*. They are drawn by one horse. At a little distance from St. Martin, we passed the small village of *Passy*, where several *ex voto* tablets, with Roman inscriptions, were found. It is curious to observe the enterprise of the Romans, whose explorations carried them into these remote and difficult mountain-passes. Opposite the village of *Chede* and at the foot of the *Col de Forllaz* are the celebrated baths of *St. Gervais*. After passing the charming little lake of *Chede*, several falls in the Arve, and some frightful torrents amid scenery that grows every moment more wild and sublime, we arrived at *Servoz*. From this place, we turned to the right, and after passing the *Dioza*, a very rapid stream, crossed the Arve on a wooden bridge at *Pont le Pelessier*. Here commences the *Valley of Chamouni*, a frightful gorge formed by the most stupendous mountains of the old world, that is barely sufficient to transmit the Arve and a wretched and uncertain road. Numerous magnificent glaciers descend from the towering summit of *Mont Blanc* into the gorge below, from which rushing and furious torrents proceed that have worn horrible gullies in the mountain sides. Nothing can exceed the savage wildness and awful sublimity of these scenes! At one moment they cause one's skin to creep with chills that make the hair bristle, and at another one is flushed with a violent rush of blood to the surface that strains every pore!—The frequent occurrence of carbonaceous slate in this part of the valley rendered it strongly probable to my mind that there is an abundance of coal in the mountains. There are a few small patches in the upper part of the valley that admit of cultivation, and here the scanty crop of grain is just ripening. Black cherries are barely ripe, and wild strawberries are abundant.

The wild and romantic valley or gorge of *Chamouni* appears to have remained untrodden by human footsteps from the time that it was formed by that stupendous convulsion of nature which upheaved the gigantic monarch of the Alps,

Mont Blanc, whose snow-capt summit towers more than 15,000 feet above the level of the ocean, until 1741, when it was discovered by two English travellers, *Messrs. Pocock and Windham*. It is elevated itself more than 3,000 feet above the level of the ocean, and is hemmed in by ranges of stupendous mountains. A dreary and desolate winter reigns here from the beginning of October to the end of May, during which time the ground is covered with from 3 to 12 feet of snow, and the thermometer seldom indicates more than 65 degrees at mid-day. There are few days, even in summer, when fires can be dispensed with. Notwithstanding these natural disadvantages, there are a number of small hamlets strung along its bottom. The valley of Chamouni is justly celebrated for the abundance of delicious honey it yields, and it is truly most delicate.—We arrived at the village of *Chamouni* about 10 A. M., and stopt at the *Union*, where we found an excellent *dejeuner a la fourchette* awaiting us; to which I assure you we did full justice. After breakfast, we engaged a guide and prepared to ascend *Montanvert*, to get a view of the famous *Mer de Glace*. I here provided myself with that necessary implement for ascending these rugged mountains, an Alp-staff, made of light, strong wood, measuring about 6 feet long, tipped with a strong pike below, and a chamois horn above. It was stamped with the word *Chamouni*, the importance of which I did not understand at the time; but at a later period found that it produced something of that kind of respect that is produced by the *peculiar turban* among Mahomedans, which indicates the owner to be a *Hadjy*, and that he has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.—About 11 o'clock we crossed the Arve, which is here but a noisy brook, and commenced the ascent. The path is tortuous, steep and often rugged, leading sometimes through thick pine forests, at other times along barren precipices and over gorges deep-worn by the mountain torrent, or scooped out by the descending avalanche. Many of the views from this path are awfully grand! You hang almost perpendicularly over the deep gorge of Chamouni, and thick around you stand the snow-capt domes and barren granite needles of the stupendous Alps! About

midway up the mountain, gushing from a granite precipice, is a crystal fountain that pours its delicious waters in great profusion down its sides. Here we found children with bottles of milk, bread and fruit, which they had brought from the valley below to supply travellers. After regaling ourselves delightfully, we again proceeded, and arrived at the top after about 3 hours spent in the ascent. Here we are, at an elevation of nearly 6,000 feet; and vegetation, which had been gradually diminishing, ceases, and the region of perpetual snow commences. On the pinnacle of Montanvert, and overhanging the great *Mer de Glace*, is a small building occupied as a house of entertainment, from which I obtained the first view of this stupendous glacier. The impression it made upon me is indescribable! It much resembled that made by seeing the ocean for the first time, except that it was accompanied by a greater sense of my own insignificance, a feeling of a kind of inward vacancy, as if I was on the point of being annihilated! I stood for some time upon its edge immovable, petrified—not daring to step or utter a word! The dead and awful silence that reigned amid these stupendous scenes of desolation, was painfully impressive! My head reeled with vertigo, and I sat down upon a rock overcome by my feelings!—The width of the *Mer de Glace* at this point is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, its thickness is unknown, but must be hundreds of feet, and its whole length has never been explored. The whole of the glacier, as far as it can be seen from this point, is thickly studded with pyramids of ice, rising from the height of a few feet to that of 18 or 20. The most common mode of describing this extraordinary body of ice, is to compare it to an ocean suddenly frozen while under the influence of a mighty hurricane, whose violence has thrown its surface into powerful agitation. This is perhaps the most just conception of it that can be conveyed; and yet I feel that it is far from being accurate. Our guides led us by a circuitous, steep and rugged path upon the glacier itself, near the great flat granite rock called *La Pierre des Anglais*, upon which Messrs. Pocock and Windham dined when they discovered the valley, and upon which their names and the date of

their visit are inscribed in red paint. The surface of the glacier is traversed in all directions between the pyramids of ice by fissures of greater or less width, and often of unfathomable depth, in which you can barely hear the distant sound of running water at the bottom. The sides of these fissures at the top, present a beautiful emerald green colour, which grows deeper and deeper as you look lower into them, until it terminates in the blackness of darkness. As the water of the melting snow has worn the ice on the sides of the fissures in such a manner as to have a strong inclination towards them, their approach is rendered extremely dangerous, and the only safe way of looking into them, is, to lie down on your face and make the guide take a firm grip of your leg, and then move yourself forward on your elbows until you get your face over the edge. If fragments of ice are thrown into these crevices, you hear a long continued rumbling sound, becoming more and more indistinct until at last a faint splash is heard, as if they had fallen into water. The glacier at this elevation is flanked on both sides by gigantic peaks of barren granite rock, whose tops are worn into numerous lofty spires by the continued attrition of rain and snow and storms, to which they have been exposed for ages. These impart to the scenery that chaotic appearance of barrenness and desolation, which makes such an overwhelming impression on persons who see it for the first time.

After our return from the excursion on the *Mer de Glace*, we sat down to an excellent dinner provided at the little hotel, and then prepared for our descent. This I found more painful than the ascent, particularly as I was seized with an attack of rheumatism in the knee-joint. I arrived at Chamouni about half past seven o'clock, excessively fatigued by the labours and excitement of the day.

10TH.—After a sound night's rest, I set out at 5 o'clock in the morning in a *char-a-banc*, accompanied by my young acquaintance, Mr. Fuerst of Berlin. We arrived at St. Martin at 10 A. M. and, after a breakfast on some of the delicious honey of Chamouni, we took the Diligence for Geneva, where we arrived at 6 P. M. I esteemed myself peculiarly



fortunate in having had superb weather for my trip to these elevated regions; for in hazy weather, which is very common here, a visit must lose nearly all its interest. In the Diligence to-day, I met with a very agreeable and intelligent young lady from Hamburg, who is quite familiar with the works of Washington Irving and Cooper.

11TH.—I rose at 5 o'clock, and went to the *Hotel des Bergues*, to call on some friends who left here this morning for the South. After breakfast I called on Dr. *Despine*, who accompanied me to the hospital, and introduced me to Dr. *Manuoir*, jr., the nephew of Prof. Manuoir, one of the surgeons of the institution. After making his visit he invited me to attend the *Post Mortem* of a case of very unusual occurrence in this city, *Mania a Potu*. Dr. Despine also returned to be present at the examination. Both these gentlemen agree in their statements that *wine* very seldom produces mania, and when it does occur, it is from the excessive and long continued use of a kind of *white wine* raised in the neighborhood; and that no other wine has this effect. They both conceive the use of wine to be conducive to health and strength among the lower classes of their citizens.

I called at Mr. Wolf's this afternoon, and there met a young countryman, the son of Prof. *Olmstead* of New York. He accompanied me in a long walk to pay my adieus to most of my favorite places of resort in and near this lovely city, for to-morrow I *must* tear myself away from it. We visited, among other objects, the *Observatory*, which is well furnished with elegant instruments and kept in perfect order. I returned to Mr. Wolf's, where I was invited to tea and spent the evening delightfully.

After all that I have said, it is scarcely necessary to tell you how much I have been delighted with Geneva. The Canton is a perfect little state, and the city a little capital in miniature. The character of the inhabitants is as near perfection as anything I expect to find in this sublunary world. It combines the deep, honest, and unpretending traits of the Germans, with their solid erudition, and the high polish and unaffected politeness of the French.

12TH.—Left Geneva at 8½ o'clock, A. M. on board of the beautiful little steamer *Helvitie*, for *Lausanne*, where I



arrived after a most enchanting voyage of four hours over the placid bosom of Lake Lemman, and took lodgings at the *Hotel Gibbon*. The shore of the Swiss side is charming, a perfect fairy land! The city of *Lausanne* contains 10,000 inhabitants, and is situated at the distance of a mile and a half from the Lake, on an eminence elevated considerably above it. Its port is a small village called *Ouchy*. The site of the city is extremely hilly, and is divided by a deep ravine, through which a stream passes, and over which is being erected a superb stone bridge of great elevation. The streets are narrow and crooked, but many of the houses are spacious and elegant. Nothing can exceed the enchanting beauty of many of the views here of the lake, the opposite shore, the surrounding country and the city. Every point from which a view can be obtained, is delightfully shaded with trees, and furnished with seats; and there are a great many charming walks in the vicinity. The *chateau* is a curious edifice of the 14th century, with high brick towers at its four corners, and is fronted by a terrace, which affords an extended view. The *Cathedral* is an imposing pile of Gothic architecture, containing numerous tombs finished in a style of great elegance. Its position is very elevated, and before it is a wide terrace furnished with seats, and shaded with majestic horse-chestnut trees. The *Hotel Gibbon*, where I am lodged, is one of the finest edifices in the city, and is built upon the site of the house of that celebrated historian where he composed his work on the Roman Empire. From my apartment, I have a magnificent view of the lake and the surrounding country.

13TH.—Rose at an early hour, and ascended an elevated mountain peak, opposite the city, crowned by a building called the *Signal*, which affords a grand view of the country. On my return, I paid a visit to the Museum of Natural History, in the college, a vast and venerable looking old pile, preceded by a grand court shaded with majestic trees. The minerals are truly splendid, and embrace a donation made by the Emperor Alexander, of Russia. Being desirous of seeing the Laboratory of the college, I addressed myself for information to one of the students in the Court,

who conducted me to *M. Mercanton*, the Professor of Chemistry. He received me with an unexpected degree of politeness, and regretted that he was unable to show it to me at that time, but most cordially invited me to call again, and also to examine his collection of minerals. I next went to hear the lecture of *M. Fellenberg*, the nephew of the celebrated superintendent of the institution, of *Hofwyl*, who is a competitor for the chair of chemistry. It was on Nitrogen and its combinations. His experiments and explanations, it appeared to me, were not very happy, and he spoke the French with a strong German accent. I next went to see the *Penitentiary*, a fine large sandstone building, in which the Auburn system is pursued. A number of benevolent persons have formed what is called *La Societie de Patronage*, whose object it is to raise a fund for the purpose of relieving the destitute condition of convicts on their discharge. I returned to Prof. Mercanton's, who had invited me to tea, and spent a delightful evening, revelling in his well-stored library, (which he placed at my disposal during my stay in the city) and his choice mineralogical collection, which is truly superb. He knew Prof. *Keating*, of Philadelphia, and deeply regretted to hear of his death.

14TH.—I went to hear another young competitor for the chemical chair, on Carbon and its combinations. He was a very modest young gentleman from Heidelberg, whose experiments succeeded admirably. His accent was also strongly German. To-day I got an opportunity of seeing the Laboratory, and found its admirable arrangements and the beauty of its chemical specimens, all of which it owes to Prof. Mercanton, far to exceed my expectations, even after the great commendations I had heard of it. Prof. Mercanton also showed me his vinegar manufactory, which interested much, as it is conducted on strictly scientific principles. I left Lausanne at 3 P. M. in the Diligence, and after a delightful ride, arrived at *Yverdon* at 8 o'clock in the evening, and stopped at the *Hotel de Londres*.

15TH.—I rose at 5½ o'clock, and went out to see the town. It is prettily built at the head of the *Lake of Neuchatel*, but its situation appears somewhat low. It is celebrated for its

good schools. At 9½ A. M. I set out for *Neuchatel*, on board of a pretty little iron steamer, and arrived here at 12½ P. M. The lake was covered with a very dense fog, which rendered the voyage uninteresting. On board I met with a very pleasant German gentleman, with his nephew, a fine intelligent lad about 14 years of age, They had nearly finished a tour through the whole of Switzerland on foot.

*Neuchatel* contains 7000 inhabitants, and is situated on the declivity of a hill, which rises from the border of the lake of the same name. It must be a place of considerable wealth, judging from the fine rows of elegant houses. There are numerous delightful walks in the vicinity, which are, as is usual in this country, planted with fine shade-trees, and provided with seats. The *Gymnase* is a vast and elegant edifice of yellow free stone, newly erected, designed to contain the Museum of Natural History, the Library, the College apartments, &c. A part of the Museum only is arranged, and exhibits the greatest neatness. It is rich in specimens of Ornithology, which are labelled with four differently colored labels, to represent the four quarters of the globe; so that the moment you cast your eye on a specimen, you know from what quarter it is derived.

16TH.—Set out this morning at 4 o'clock, in the *Diligence* for *Bern*. The morning was foggy, but it cleared away about sunrise, and I had some magnificent views of the mighty Alps. We passed through some extensive and dense forests of majestic pines, which reminded me strongly of some of our Western regions. The country was hilly, but well cultivated, and single country-houses took the place of villages. Here the houses are all built after the same fashion, with projecting roofs, and stables immediately adjoining. We arrived in *Bern* at 10 A. M. and I stopt at the *Distelzwang* or *Hotel de Gentles hommes* in the *Rue de Justice*, a fine large building, prettily situated and crowded with strangers.

The city of *Bern* contains 18,000 inhabitants, and is decidedly among the prettiest I have seen in Europe. It reminds me much of *Milan*. It is beautifully situated on an elevated peninsula formed by the *Aar*; by which it is washed on

three sides. Its streets are straight, wide, well paved, and cross each other at right angles. Through the centre of the principal streets run deep streams of clear sparkling water, conducted in little canals whose sides are formed of hewn stones, and give them a charmingly cool and cheerful appearance.—The houses are constructed of a gray sand-stone of an agreeable appearance, and are usually four stories high, and almost every window-sill is furnished with cushions of some gay color, often scarlet, which are designed for the inmates to lean their elbows upon, while amusing themselves by looking into the street. The first story recedes, and the second rests on arches, forming wide and continuous arcades, evenly paved with large stone slabs. These afford a delightful protection against sun and rain, and are furnished in the principal streets, with elegant shops, goods being arranged on both sides with great neatness and taste. This gives the appearance of a continued, rich, and magnificent bazaar, through which crowds of people are constantly moving. I found it a great source of amusement to loiter amid this endless variety of rich and beautiful goods. Through the city are also dispersed a number of spacious squares, delightfully shaded, that form charming retreats. The armorial symbol of Bern you know is the bear, and it is curious to see this animal represented in every part of the city, in sculpture and in painting, on their gates, on their fountains, on their public buildings; and, not satisfied with their mere representation, there is a bear-pit in which four or five large individuals are kept at the public expense. No city is better supplied than Bern with an abundance of delicious spring water, which is made to spout in profusion from numerous fountains, richly, and often fantastically embellished with sculpture, in which the *bear* plays no inconsiderable part.

On one side of the main street, resting on an arcade, is a curious old square tower, called *Zeitglocken Thurm*. Two of its sides are occupied by large clock faces, and a third indicates the signs of the zodiac, the day of the month and week, and the phases of the moon. On the same side is a curious mechanical arrangement, by which a cock is made to advance and crow, once before and twice after the

striking of the hour; a figure of a man strikes the hour upon a bell with a hammer which he holds in his hand, whilst a number of young bears advance and perform all kinds of grotesque evolutions. Another figure is seated on a throne, and holds a sceptre in one hand, which is lowered at each stroke of the clock, and an hour-glass in the other, which is turned at the same time.

There are numerous charming promenades in and near the city, kept with the most scrupulous neatness. But decidedly the most delightful, is that on the terrace of the cathedral, which is elevated more than a hundred feet above the Aar, is shaded with noble trees and furnished with seats. From it one enjoys splendid views of the surrounding country, traversed by its beautiful little river, and of the majestic snow-capt Alps of the *Oberland*. There is here a well kept Coffee-House, provided with seats under the shade trees, where I used to enjoy my cup of Coffee and a segar with great zest.

17TH.—I rose at 5½, and read and wrote until 8, when I took my breakfast at the *Caffe Commercial*. After breakfast, I amused myself in looking over the register of the hotel, where I found the name of Mr. *H. Grimm* of our country. I awaited his entrance, and had a long conversation with him.

I spent a number of hours in the *Museum of Natural History*, which contains extensive collections of quadrupeds and birds; but I cannot bestow much praise on the care of their preservation. They have a specimen of an enormous St. Bernard dog, who is said to have saved more than forty human lives. The *Herbarium*, although small, is extremely neat. The specimens are kept in paste-board boxes that open in front, and are labelled after the natural system. The seeds and seed-vessels are preserved in small boxes covered with glass. There are here some large models of the Alps, which are elegantly executed, and interested me much. They have also a collection of well executed plaster casts, taken in the galleries of the Louvre when all the statues were there.

The weather had been cloudy for several days, and rendered me very uneasy about my proposed excursion on foot



to the *Oberland*; for excursions among the high Alps lose nearly all their interest when the mountains are enveloped by the dense mists that prevail here. In the afternoon however, the thick black masses of clouds that had shrouded the mountains began to roll back, and the snowy whiteness of their brilliant tops became visible. I at once decided to depart, and set out at 4 P. M. in the Diligence for *Thun*, where I arrived at 7½ o'clock, and stopt at the elegant new *Hotel de Bellevue*, charmingly situated on an eminence at the head of the little lake of Thun.

18TH.—I rose at 5½ o'clock, and took a long walk to see the village of *Thun*. The view from the church is very fine. The graves in the church-yard are marked with brass plates bearing inscriptions and placed on poles. At 9 A. M., I stopt on board of the neat little steamer *Belle Vue*, which conveyed us to *Unterseen*, at the upper end of the lake, where we arrived at 11 o'clock. This is a charming little town, situated on the banks of the *Aare*, between the two beautiful little lakes of *Thun* and *Brienze*, and near the village of *Interlaken*, amid the most romantic scenery. From here I set out on foot. A guide met me yesterday at Thun as soon as I dismounted from the Diligence, and offered his services. I was pleased with his appearance, and the intelligence of his countenance, and told him that if I found no face that pleased me better, I would engage him when I got to *Unterseen*. On these conditions he chose to follow me, and I employed him.—All the guides are under the immediate direction of government, and have to be licensed in order to pursue their responsible avocation. Of course you can rely confidently on their competency and honesty. Their pay is fixed at 6 francs a day, for which they are obliged to conduct four persons. They are required to make regular reports of all the travellers they conduct, and to keep a book in which each person at the end of his journey, enters his opinion of the competency and conduct of the guide. I preferred engaging a guide for myself only, so that I might have the entire control of my time. At 1 o'clock P. M. the sun made its appearance, I buckled my knapsack on my good man *Christian's* back, took my guide-book and map in one hand, and

my Alp-staff in the other, and marched off boldly up the romantic *Lauterbrunnen Thal* to the village of *Lauterbrunnen*, situated in a horrific gorge whose sides of sterile rock rise perpendicularly to a dizzy height, and whose width is not over a few hundred yards. Almost in the village, the torrent of the *Staubbach* pours its waters majestically over a vertical precipice, from the enormous height of 800 feet! In a slight breeze the whole stream is converted into mist before it reaches the profound abyss below. After resting a short time, to contemplate the awfully sublime scenery around us, we proceeded a league higher up the tortuous and narrow gorge, to see the falls of the *Truemmern-buch*, whose waters also descend from an astounding height, and have worn so deep a chasm in the side of the overhanging lime-stone wall of the mountain, as to be entirely concealed from view in its lower two thirds. You can barely hear the water rushing down and sounding like the roar of a distant hurricane, until it issues from the deep dark cavern below, with alarming impetuosity, white with foam, and rising in a dense spray! Some distance above this fall, is one of those towering peaks of bare rock, that terminate in perfect points, called *aiguilles* or *needles*, resting on the very brink of the awful precipice that overhangs the valley, around which, my guide told me, a hunter of this valley clambered, a year or two ago. Its height cannot be less than 15 or 18 hundred feet! While ascending the valley above Lauterbrunnen, there was still some mist hanging upon the summits of the towering needles, that rise on every side, which gave them the appearance of the pillars of the firmament. Presently the clouds rolled back, and displayed the dizzy and majestic pinnacles of the stupendous Alps towering thousands of feet above us, snow-capt and glittering in the mild rays of a glorious sun-set!—The effect was almost overwhelming! I felt chills and flushes alternate with each other in rapid succession, and my heart beat tumultuously with the emotion.

We returned to our hotel in Lauterbrunnen, where I got an excellent dish of tea, and retired to my room. I observe from the window of my neatly furnished chamber, the stars sparkling enchaînés in our little firmament, and

contrasting finely with the sombre and gigantic walls of the mountain masses that bound our narrow horizon. This gives the earnest of a fair day to-morrow. My situation, and the deep-toned music of the rushing Staubbach, are well calculated to induce pleasing reveries, were it not for a company of boisterous Englishmen, who are vociferating their Bacchanalian songs over their wine below stairs. The thermometer at my window indicates 45 degrees.

19TH.—Set out at 6 o'clock, after a dish of coffee, on a charmingly bright morning, and commenced the ascent of the *Wengern Alp*. After following a steep and winding goat-path for about two hours, we attained a beautiful plateau, nearly level, backed by a gigantic mountain-wall of rocks, and covered with rich pasturage. On this little plain, is situated the straggling village of Wengern, where we reposed for a short time. Here we had a grand view. Behind us, marked by a long dark line of shadow, laid the deep gorge of Lauterbrunnen, and beyond it, far, far beneath us at the foot of the beautiful Schilthorn nestled the little village of *Mirren*, on a bright green slope. Before us stood, in sublime majesty, that stupendous range of glittering pinnacles, comprising the *Mönch*, the *Jungfrau*, the *Silberhorn*, the *Mittaghorn*, the *Spalthorn*, the *Gingelhorn* and *Breithorn*. The *Silberhorn*, although not the highest peak, is one of peculiar beauty, from the perfect symmetry of its formation and the uniformity with which it is covered with snow. Its top comes to a perfect point, which, as we approached it from the West, was magnificently illuminated by the rays of the morning sun, and gave it the appearance of being tipped by a splendid star of immense magnitude. As we were ascending the mountain this morning, I heard what I supposed to be the roar of distant thunder, and called to Christian to know whether he thought we were going to have a storm, notwithstanding the bright sky above us. It is the sound of the avalanches, he replied, descending on the east side of the mountains, where they are detached by the warm rays of the sun.—We proceeded to a small temporary hotel near the top of the *Wengern Alp*, whence we had a full view of the whole mountain-chain with its stupendous needles, that

seemed within musket-shot of us, but which my guide assured me were nearly a league distant. I found myself frequently deceived in estimating distances in these regions. I often thought myself within the shadow-distance of these colossal pyramids, when I was miles from them. This I attribute to the rarity of the atmosphere at these elevations, and more still to my eyes being unaccustomed to contemplate such vast objects. We here met with a party of four Frenchmen, who are also travelling our route. Having ordered a bottle of wine, with some *Swartz-brod* and *Geisskæse*, I took my seat on a bench at the door to watch the descent of the avalanches. The discharge of cannons is sometimes resorted to, to loosen the masses of ice and snow by the concussion of the air, and for this purpose one is kept here; but this we found unnecessary, as the warmth of the sun's rays was sufficient to bring down numbers of them. It is truly sublime to see the avalanches bound from the dizzy peaks of these immense pyramids, and leap from precipice to precipice with the roar of heavy thunder, that makes the earth tremble, and send up clouds of dust that obscure the atmosphere!—We set out again and proceeded to the highest point of the Wengern Alp, an elevation of nearly 5000 feet. Here vegetation almost ceases, and there is nothing found but a scanty growth of low moss, and we are in the immediate neighborhood of perpetual snow. The view from this point is sublimely grand! The whole deep romantic valley of the Grindelwald is embraced as far as the Faulhorn, and besides the needles already enumerated, are seen the Eiger, the Schrekhorn, the Viescherhœrner, and the sombre Finster Aarhorn, whose base rests amidst the eternal glaciers, and has never been approached by human foot, and probably never will be. The beautiful little village of Grindelwald, looks like baby-houses set upon patch-work, and the streams that traverse the valley appear like strips of silver lace glittering in the sun-beams. We now commenced our descent into the valley of the Grindelwald, and soon arrived at Wergisthal, a village composed of *Sennhuetten*, (herdsmen's shanties) in a small valley covered with rich pasturage. In the spring of the year a number of families in the



lower vallies of the Alps, join their herds and send them, under the care of proper attendants, to the higher regions, where the pasture is very abundant and of a choice kind. These attendants build *Sennhuetten*, in which they reside during the summer months, and prepare cheese from the milk they obtain from their herds. In the autumn they return to their abodes in the vallies, carrying with them their summer's produce of cheese. The departure of the herds in the spring is quite a fete it is said. One of the cows, (an old, experienced, and sedate one) that has been trained to come at the sound of the *Alp horn*, (a great tin horn, six or seven feet long) is chosen as the matron of the flock, and is furnished with an enormous copper bell, as large as a hat, suspended from her neck. She is gaily decked with garlands of flowers, and driven in front, and all the rest are taught to follow the sound of her great bell. Now there are other dignitaries of less rank, who wear smaller bells and are also decorated with flowers, and their inferiors are likewise taught to follow them, and thus the whole troop is organized. Here we stopt to get a dish of strawberries and cream, and see the process of making cheese. We now turned to the right, and went out of our way several miles to visit the Upper Glacier of the Grindelwald. It descends low into the valley, and it was a novelty for me to see a luxuriant vegetation and immense masses of ice in immediate contiguity. I gathered some specimens of plants that bloomed almost under the edge of the glacier. From a wide and deep cavern in the extremity of the glacier, issues a large stream of water. Here we found a man who gets a few *Batzen* from travellers by conducting them into this icy vault. I declined trusting myself however, under so brittle a material, notwithstanding the glowing account he gave of its beauties. I found the temperature of the air here to be  $47\frac{1}{2}$  degrees, and that of the water 32, which continued the same at the distance of  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile from the glacier, and at the distance of 3 miles, it had risen but 8 degrees. We now made our way to the village of *Grindelwald* and stopt at the *Hotel de l'Ours*. As I was sitting down to dinner, one of the servants came to the back of my chair, and asked whether I was the



American Doctor? I started at the question, and enquired who knew me here? He replied that one of my countrymen had sent for me from the other hotel, and desired to see me. I felt very curious, as you may suppose, to learn who should know me in this sequestered place, in the midst of the mountains of Switzerland. Immediately after dinner, I went to the hotel, and was met with many excuses by a gentlemanly young man, who introduced himself as Mr. Brun from Baltimore. He told me that his lady was taken sick some time previously, and he wished to consult me in her case. She had however fallen asleep, and I requested that she should not be disturbed, after I had learned from the history he gave me, that the danger of her case had passed over, and left him with a promise to call in the morning. He had learned my name and profession from the register.

20TH.—Left our hotel at Grindelwald at 6½ A. M., and called on my patient Mrs. Brun. She passed a comfortable night, and I fancied was much benefitted by the concurrence of my opinion with that of her attending physicians, that she was out of danger, and only required rest to be entirely restored. After turning aside to take a look at the church, we took our course toward the *Great Scheideg*, which laid before us. We soon overtook our French acquaintances, whom I found very agreeable, particularly one of them, who was a botanist.—Some distance beyond Grindelwald, we met a party of two French gentlemen and two ladies, who were descending from the *Faulhorn*. On gaining the summit of the *Scheideg*, elevated 4500 feet, we had another magnificent view of the valley behind us, and the majestic Alps we passed yesterday. In descending on the other side, our path led us into the *Schwarzwald*, a dense pine forest, thickly hung with long festoons of gray moss, that shut out the light and rendered it very solemn. Passing out of it, we found ourselves at the foot of another colossal needle, called the *Wetterhorn*. As we had preceded our companions, we concluded to sit down and await them. My guide, casting his eye upon the mountain, cried out: "*voilà une grande avalanche*," and, without permitting him to finish his sentence, I demanded "where? where?"—"O," said he, "it's

going to come." With some little feeling of petulance, I asked how he knew it. He then pointed out to me a long fissure in the ice, near the very pinnacle of the mountain, which I was able to trace very distinctly by the aid of my glass. I placed however, no great confidence in his prediction, and took a seat; but in less than ten minutes he cried out "*la voila! la voila!*" I looked to the spot, and saw a stupendous mass moving. It descended with fearful violence, leaping over the sides of the mountain and bounding from precipice to precipice, raising dense clouds of dust, and making the mountains and hollow vallies reverberate with its deafening thunder, which continued long after we had lost sight of the gigantic mass! A spectacle of greater sublimity I never witnessed.—Several of our companions, who were still immersed in the pine-forest, were exceedingly alarmed, for they heard the tremendous thunder of the avalanche, without being able to see it.—We proceeded to the sulphurous baths of *Rosenlauri*, where we halted to take some refreshment. Near this is a beautiful cascade called *Chute Supérieure du Reichenbach*. At some distance below Rosenlauri, in the direction of the Scheideg, is the most perfectly beautiful and picturesque view I have ever beheld. Before you is the snow-capt *Wellhorn*, rising to a perfect point in the centre, the glacier of Rosenlauri a little to the left coming down from the gorges of the many-horned *Engelhorn*, in the centre two little monticules of perfect symmetry, and clothed to their tops with dark, green pines touching the very glaciers, and the rushing noisy torrent of the Reichenbach tumbling from between them. At a short distance below this, is seen the little brook of the *Selibach*, descending beautifully, like silver cords, from the dizzy height above. Proceeding somewhat farther down this romantic little valley, my guide turned abruptly to the right into a pretty grass-plot, and conducted me to a small octagonal pavillion furnished with seats, and pointed below us. I was overwhelmed with the perfect beauty of the scene! Far, far below us, and almost under our feet, extended the enchanting valley of the Aare, cultivated like a garden and traversed by the sparkling waters of that beautiful stream, with the peaceful little village

of *Meyringen* in its centre ! How finely this contrasted with the wild and savage scenes we had passed through to-day ! After descending a precipitous path for some distance, we turned suddenly to the left into an extensive pasture-ground, and re-ascended by a very steep road, sometimes by steps, until we got to a small house situated on the brink of the horrific chasm into which the *Reichenbach* falls from a dizzy height above. This is a magnificent fall, whose sheet of water is 20 or 30 feet wide, and its whole height is about 300 feet. After having examined the falls and regaled ourselves with a glass of "*lemonade gazeuse*," we descended to the village of *Meyringen*, and took lodgings at the *Hotel de Sauvage*.

It is usual, in approaching Swiss villages to be met by young women, dressed in the peculiar costume of the place, who play on an instrument called a *Zither*, a kind of guitar, and sing, for which they expect a few *batzen*. They afforded me much pleasure and amusement, and I finally became quite a connoisseur in *Kuechreihen*.

21st.—After a sound night's rest, and a dish of coffee, we set out from *Meyringen* at 6 A. M. to visit the *Grimsel*. Soon after we got out of the village, we crossed the *Aare* several times on wooden bridges, and entered the *Oberhasli-thal*, a narrow and tortuous valley bounded by the most stupendous mountains, and traversed its whole length by the *Aare*. We soon passed the little hamlet of *Imboden*, situated on a small plain, surrounded by walls of naked rocks, which was evidently at one time a lake. We proceeded as far as *Guttannen*, situated in another of those plains covered with pasturage, where we halted to take some refreshment. This is the last place habitable during the winter months. The scenery has been growing more and more wild as we advance.—We set out again and, after crossing the *Aare* several times on well-built stone foot-bridges, we proceeded by a painful and narrow mule-path, along frightful precipices to a desert and wild place in a stunted forest, called the *Handeck*, where is a small shanty kept as a hotel. Here we stopt to get a glass of *Kirschwasser*, and to see the magnificent fall of the *Aare*, where the *Erlenbach* joins

it. There is a tottering rough wooden bridge thrown over the streams, just where they unite to take the fearful leap into the dark deep chasm below. Upon this I ventured to follow my guide with fear and trembling, in order to get a view of the awful gulph beneath. Its depth is 200 feet, and the whole of the waters being condensed into a narrow stream, are precipitated into it without touching before they reach the bottom! The boiling, and foaming, and roaring is truly terrific, and makes the earth tremble! It is called the *Enfer d' eau*, the hell of waters.—Here I thought we had attained the climax of awfully wild and savage scenery; but not so:—vegetation began to grow more and more stunted; the precipices rose higher and higher; their walls became, instead of perpendicular, overhanging; the abysses beneath us became darker and deeper; the waters below roared and foamed with greater impetuosity; the incredible masses of rocks brought down by the avalanches became larger and more frequent; vegetation ceased; the granite rocks were naked and barren; we were in the midst of enormous masses of ice that had fallen from the snow-capt peaks, through which the stream had worn immense tunnels; all was a scene of the most terrific desolation such as was never conjured up in the fevered or the phrensied brain!!—My emotions I will not attempt to portray.—My guide finally made an abrupt turn to the left, and we began to ascend a painful path, sometimes on steps, leading up an enormous mound that had been formed by a tremendous avalanche, when suddenly we reached the top, and there was a long, low stone building situated at the head of the lake of crystal water, surrounded by vast peaks of barren granite rocks, glaciers and detached masses of snow and ice;—this was the *Hopital du Grimsel*, elevated 5600 feet. It is kept as a place of entertainment for travellers, and we found delightful accomodations. Here I met with an Irish gentleman and his lady, who had just returned from the *Sidelhorn*. The lady furnished me with several specimens of rare plants for my collection. After an excellent dinner of chamois-meat, (*la veritable*) and a dish of excellent green tea after it, I retired to bed, wishing the avalanches a quiet night's rest, for one of them, perhaps



startled in its sleep, tumbled down but a short time ago and nearly demolished the house.

Part of the path we passed over to day was really dangerous. It was often not more than 16 or 18 inches wide, with an overhanging precipice on one side and a fathomless abyss on the other. At one place, it led over what is called the *Hællenplatte*, an immense extent of granite rock above a horrific precipice, toward which it is inclined, like the side of a roof. The only protection against falling over the *eaves* are superficial crevices chiseled into the rock, to give a foot-hold. Not far above the *Handeck*, we crossed the Aare twice on elevated stone foot-bridges. And here also is another wild and romantic fall in the stream. The lower parts of these mountains, as is usual on the North side of the Alps, are formed of compact limestone, and the upper parts of granitic.

22D.—We rose at 5 o'clock, and after a dish of coffee, left the Grimsel at 6. We had not yet attained the highest point of elevation, and commenced our toilsome and difficult ascent, often by steps cut into the rocks or over extensive flat and slippery surfaces, which were frequently so much inclined as to render a foothold extremely uncertain. These difficulties were enhanced by a dense mist, that enveloped the mountain, but fortunately our direction was marked by high stakes that were put up for this purpose. Nothing can exceed the awful desolateness of this barren and icy region. Finally we attained the top, and to my great surprise found a small lake of clear water covering an extent of 6 or 8 acres. Its waters are discharged on the South side into the Rhone. Proceeding some distance farther, sometimes on the ice and snow, and sometimes on strips of soil, we saw the Rhone near its source, far, far beneath us, like a strip of silver lace. Our road now laid along the South side of the Grimsel, by a goat path, and often no path at all, over a soil that seemed like a quick sand, on the very brink of an inclination of 55 degrees extending to the depth of nearly a mile, without a rock, or a tree, or a shrub to break the frightful line of descent. My head began to reel with vertigo, objects become dim before me, my knees grew weak, and I was obliged to sit down.



I called to my guide, who was in advance of me, made him take the end of my Alp-staff, and I kept my eyes steadily fixed upon him. Thus I proceeded with the most uncomfortable feelings, until we approached the great *Glacier of the Rhone*, at the bottom of the valley. The features of the mountains are changed altogether on this side. Instead of the abrupt precipices, naked rocks and towering needles, their tops are rounded and their sides covered with a barren gravel soil. The Glacier of the Rhone is one of the largest and most magnificent of Switzerland. Its breadth is several miles, and the ice is supposed to be three or four hundred feet thick. There is a very fine vault of ice at its termination, whence the Rhone takes its source. Here is a shanty, in which refreshments are kept, and we stopt to repose, and got a lunch of bread and cheese. We crossed the Rhone on a log, and, winding round the edge of the glacier, turned off into a narrow valley bearing Eastward. Here I found a number of fine specimens of plants for my Herbarium. We soon approached the mighty barrier of the *Furka*, whose rugged sides we began to ascend slowly and painfully, under a cold pelting rain, with a strong wind in our faces. After a long and unpleasant march, we reached its dreary top amid the clouds and great masses of perpetual ice. And now came the no less toilsome and more dangerous descent. Our road laid along sidling places, sometimes on worn goat-paths, with frightful precipices above and below us, sometimes over granite boulders now rendered slippery by the rain, and sometimes over great piles of ice and snow. In this descent I was again seized with the disagreeable affection of vertigo. It was with the most comfortable and grateful feelings, that I found myself in the narrow valley of *Ursern Thal*, on the head waters of the river *Reuss*. We came on to the little village of *Realp*, where we turned into the monastery, and got an excellent bottle of wine with bread and honey, and had our flask filled with superior *kirschwasser*. We set out again with renewed strength, and after several hours march, arrived at the village of *Hopital*, at the foot of *St. Gotthart*, and took lodgings at the *Leon d' Or*. I here made a bargain with a coachman to take me to *Altdorf* to-morrow.

23d.—I rose at 5, and set out at 6 o'clock for Altdorf, in a hack. At a short distance from *Hopital*, is the pretty village of *Andermatt*, romantically situated at the foot of an enormous mountain-pyramid, called the *Kilcherberg*, backed by a beautiful thick pine forest—which is preserved with great care, to protect the town against avalanches. Here we crossed a small stream and entered the frightful gorge of *Schällenen*, whose scenery for wildness and sublimity is exceeded by none in Switzerland. After passing through the magnificent tunnel of *Urnerloch*, 200 feet long and 80 wide, we came to the famous *Pont du Diable*, a superb bridge of a single arch thrown over the Reuss, where this river falls 100 feet perpendicularly. The thundering roar of the waters that makes the mighty mountains quiver, with the horrific wildness of the surrounding scenery, is indescribably sublime! Indeed, almost the whole distance, from the Urnerloch to the frightful gorge of the *Pfaffen Sprung*, a distance of several leagues, is a continuous succession of falls in the Reuss, whose waters boil and foam, and whirl until the sight of them makes one dizzy! This road, like that of the Simplon, is an astonishing exhibition of the skill and ingenuity of the human intellect. The perfection of its construction amid such difficulties, seems almost superhuman. Between Andermatt and Amstæg there are eight superb stone bridges, the arches of some of which rise to the height of more than 80 feet.

We stopped at Amstæg, opposite the small valley of *Maderaner*, the birth-place of William Tell. The spot is occupied by a small chapel. In the main street of *Altdorf*, the place is marked by two fountains where William Tell shot the apple from his son's head. From this place we had a short ride to *Fluelen*, on the lake of the *Four Cantons*, where we embarked at 11 A. M. on board of the steamboat for *Weggis*, a small town at the foot of the *Rigi*. On board of the boat, I again met with the Irish gentleman and his lady, (Mr. *Tighe*, of Woodstock,) whose acquaintance I had made on the Grimsel. *Lady Louisa* was sketching the town and port. I here also fell in again with our young countryman, Mr. Olmstead, who agreed to accompany me

on the Rigi.—Our voyage over the bright and placid surface of the Lake of the Four Cantons, surrounded by some of the most picturesque and beautiful scenery in the world, was perfectly enchanting. We passed the *Tellen Platte*, an immense flat rock at the foot of the *Axenbergl*, where Tell escaped from Gessler by springing out of the boat and sending it adrift on the lake. To commemorate the event, a chapel is built on the spot. Nearly opposite is *Gruetli*, marked by a small house erected over three springs by the late king of Prussia, who purchased the ground, where the three brave Swiss confederates took the *Bundeseid*, (the oath of confederacy.) At 3 P. M. we arrived at Weggis at the foot of the Rigi, almost within the shadow of the mighty *Pilatusberg*, towering nearly 6000 feet above us. We at once commenced the ascent of the *Rigi*, and arrived at the *Kulm*, (its highest point) about 6 o'clock. When we had attained about half the distance, we entered a thick mass of clouds and had some rain, but we soon got above them, where the sun shone, and we saw them rolling majestically at our feet. As the chapel of Notre Dame des Neiges is a place to which pilgrimages are performed, we met numerous crosses erected on the side of the path. The whole of the mountain, from the base to the top, is composed of a calcareous pudding stone. The cement is red, and the rounded pebbles are white, sometimes gray, which has given origin to the fanciful appellation of *Naglefluh*, as the worn rocks are often roughened by the projection of the harder pebbles which are supposed to resemble large heads of nails. The calcareous disintegration forms a very productive soil, and pasture is very abundant. For this reason the mountain is covered with *Sennehuetten*, in which large quantities of cheese are made. The Rigi is less celebrated for its elevation, which is about 4000 feet, than for the extent and magnificence of the prospect obtained from it. This is admitted to be unrivalled by anything in the world, owing to the peculiar position of the mountain, which stands forth like a mighty pyramid at the termination of the High Alps, as they recede toward the plain. After a hasty view of the stupendous prospect, we went to the *Hotel du Kulm*, an excellent house, where we

found a great number of ladies and gentlemen from nearly all parts of the world. I took a dish of excellent tea, and spent the evening very agreeably, in the great saloon, among the Babel that had here collected, and then went to the guide's room, (who have always a separate apartment specially provided for them in all the Alpine hotels) to see them dance, and to hear them sing, and tell stories and anecdotes. I was obliged to keep my man Christian by my side, to act as interpreter, for I understood their dialect but imperfectly. They were exceedingly merry and amusing, and held a kind of farewell frolic before departing to their homes, as the close of the travelling season was now at hand. We were among the last parties that ascended the Rigi for the season. There is perhaps not to be found so calming, so delightfully soothing a cordial as a dish of good green tea, when the body is excessively fatigued by clambering all day over rocks and mountains, and when the mind has fallen into that peculiar state of restless excitability, from a continued succession of the deepest emotions. I retired at a late hour, hoping for a clear sun-rise, for that is the moment when this sublime prospect is seen to the greatest advantage. I was told that if the morning were clear, I should be awakened by the sound of the Alphorn.

24TH.—At 5 o'clock A. M. I heard the long and varied blasts of the Alp-horn, whose pleasing sounds reverberated delightfully along the great mountain-chain. Their clearness and distinctness were greatly enhanced by the dense air of a sharp, frosty morning. I rose, dressed hastily and ascended the highest pinnacle of the Kulm, where I found most of our guests already assembled, wrapped in cloaks, shawls, blankets and quilts; for the morning was as cold as one in January. The sky was clear, except in the East at a considerable distance above the mountain-bound horizon, where stretched a heavy mass of clouds from the North and South, which was already purpled by the morning rays. Presently the sun rose in all his splendour, and displayed a scene of magnificent grandeur which must be seen to be appreciated! To the South-West stood the mighty ice-clad pinnacles of the Oberland, like pyramids of molten gold, whose dazzling surfaces



were beautifully relieved by the dark shadows of the long deep vallies ;—to the West, the horizon was terminated by the long line of the Jura mountains; bounding one of the richest portions of the globe—while to the North stretched a boundless scene of unrivalled magnificence. Lakes and rivers, hills and vallies, rich vineyards and dark forests, cities and villages, country-houses and beautiful villas, all blended in the most charming harmony ! Seventeen lakes are visible from the Rigi. On the bosoms of many of them, rested a mist which appeared like fleecy clouds, often tinged with a delicate violet colour, running into pink. Immediately at our feet to the East, and beneath the tremendous precipice on which we are placed, lies the peaceful little town of *Art*, at the head of the lake of Zug. A little to the left of this is the *Rossberg*, from which a fearful avalanche descended some years ago, and overwhelmed the unfortunate village of *Goldsau*, burying four or five hundred of its inhabitants in the ruins.

After breakfast we commenced our descent to the North in the direction of *Kuesnacht*. The mountain on this side is very steep, and the path difficult. On our way to *Lucern*, and near the foot of the mountain, we passed through the *Hohle Gasse*, a narrow valley in which Tell waylaid Gessler, and shot him. A chapel is erected upon the spot with the following inscription painted over the door :

“Gesslers Hochmuth Tell erschossen  
Und edler Schweitzer Freyheit entsprossen :—  
Wie lang wird aber solcher wæren ?  
Noch lang wenn wir die Alten wæren.”

We arrived in *Lucern* about noon, and took lodgings at the *Balances*. The city contains between 6 and 7,000 inhabitants, makes an imposing appearance and looks larger at a distance than it really is. There are three or four covered bridges across the Reuss, which are very curiously decorated with paintings interiorly. The pictures represent, among other subjects, illustrations of scriptural history, and the early history of Switzerland. One of them contains upwards of 200 pieces, painted on wood. The greatest curiosity at *Lucern* is the *Colossal Lion*, modelled by Thorwaldsen, and executed by Ahorn, in commemoration of the members of the



Swiss guard of Louis XVI, who fell in defence of the Tuilleries on the 10th of August, 1792. It is cut in the perpendicular face of a rock composing the mountain behind the city. It represents a lion in alto-relievo, measuring 28 feet in length and 18 in height, in the agonies of death, pierced by a spear which is broken off, his body fallen upon a shield, embossed with *fleurs de lis*, with his paw raised in the attitude of warding off another blow. The expression of the lion is admirable. Underneath are the words:—*Helvetiorum fidei ac Virtuti*. In front of the figure are pretty grounds, shaded with trees, and furnished with seats, and the mountain over it is romantically covered with trees, flowers and shrubbery. At its base is a pretty little chapel with the words *Invictis Pax* engraved upon its entrance. Engraved on the rock under the figure are the names of the officers of the guard. The armory is a place well worthy of a visit. In it are preserved the sword of William Tell and the armour of Zwinglius.

25TH.—I bid farewell to my excellent guide, Christian Michael, after giving him a flattering certificate, and set out at 12 M. by the Diligence for *Zuerich*, in company with Mr. Olmstead. We passed along the Reuss for a considerable distance, and over a finely cultivated country interspersed with pretty towns and villages, and arrived at *Zuerich* about 8 o'clock in the evening. We lodged at the *Grand Hotel Baur*, one of the best kept houses on the Continent.—*Zuerich* is among the prettiest cities of Switzerland. It contains about 20,000 inhabitants and is situated on both banks of the *Limmat* and partly on the borders of the Lake of *Zuerich*, at the point where this river issues from the lake. Two considerable mountains which form a deep, narrow valley, bound the city on either side, and afford some of the finest walks and most picturesque views in Switzerland. One of the walks on the banks of the *Limmat* is also of peculiar beauty. It extends to the confluence of the *Sihl* with the former river, in a delightfully shaded wood, where a monument is erected to *Gessner*. The *Lindenhof*, a terrace elevated more than 100 feet above the *Limmat*, and shaded with majestic linden-trees, forms a charming promenade.

26TH.—I rose at 6 o'clock, and accompanied by Mr. Olmstead, breakfasted at the *Caffe Safron*. The morning was spent in roaming at random through this curious old city, and in hunting out some of the most interesting walks and views. The afterpart of the day turned out to be rainy, and I spent it in my room writing letters. As I shall soon leave Switzerland to go into Bavaria, I bethought myself of having my passport signed by some agent of that government. I learned that there was no Consul here, and that all the ministers from foreign courts to this country reside in Bern. I therefore wrote a polite note, enclosing my courier's passport, and addressed it to the Bavarian embassy in the latter city, requesting that it should be forwarded to me at Schaffhausen.

26TH.—I rose at 6 o'clock, took breakfast at the *Caffe Safron*, and went out to make some purchases of engravings &c., and then we paid a visit to the *Library*. It contains 60,000 volumes, and is rich in manuscripts. There are here a very old Quintilian beautifully written in gold and silver letters on violet coloured parchment; some original letters of Lady Jane Gray in Latin; the Greek Bible of Zwinglius with notes in his own hand; an English Bible in black letter, printed here in 1652. Here are also an original portrait of Zwinglius, and some splendid models of the Alps, executed with great skill.

The Museum of Natural History is rich and well kept. It contains many interesting fossils from the vicinity. As I came out from dinner to-day, I was told that a *lady* awaited me on the balcony. You may imagine my surprise at who should know me in Zuerich. I went up and found a lady, who asked a thousand pardons for thus calling on a perfect stranger, but excused herself by paying a very pretty compliment to the profession, saying that she presumed upon the universally acknowledged benevolence of physicians in the freedom she had taken. She appeared in great distress about some of her relations settled in Philadelphia, of whom she had had no information for a long time. I happened to have some knowledge of the respectable house of T. & D., which was a great relief to her. She had ascer-

tained my country and profession from the register of the Hotel.

This afternoon I went to hear Prof. *Lebig's* lecture on chemistry. I experienced some difficulty in following him. He requires all his pupils to take notes, which are written out fully at their leisure, and upon them they are rigidly examined. The Professor politely invited me to call on him at 5 o'clock, to show me the new college edifice. This is a spacious building, whose arrangements appear to be admirable, situated a short distance beyond the city.

The evening I spent at the fair, one of the regular semi-annual ones held in this city. It was held on one of the long promenades, under booths erected for the purpose. Immense quantities of goods of all possible descriptions were exposed for sale, and the numerous grotesque groups in the most varied and singular costumes, formed a picture of extraordinary variety and animation. One of the booths appeared particularly attractive, in which some three or four plump Dutch girls in their Hollandish costume, were driving an excellent business at baking and vending *waffles*. These cakes I presume, are of Dutch origin.

28TH.—Rose at 5, packed my *tourmister*, breakfasted at the *Caffe Litiraire*, and set out at 9 for *Schaffhausen*, in the Diligence, where we arrived at 2 P. M. and stopt at the *Faucon d' Or*. The soil of the country passed over to-day, is poor, but admirably cultivated. I observed the peasants in many places working their cows. At the village *Eglisan* I obtained the first view of old *Vater Rhein*, where we crossed it on a fine bridge. After taking a hasty dinner at *Schaffhausen*, we went down to the river, and took a small boat, which in twenty minutes landed us at the *Chateau of Laufen* just above the great fall of the Rhine. We descended to a small pavilion, placed on the brink of the precipice, in an admirable situation for seeing it, where we paid our franc and inscribed our names on the register. The height is 70 feet, and the sheet of water is divided by three or four elevated rocks. The whole certainly forms a spectacle of much grandeur. We crossed the river in a small boat just below the falls in order to get a better view of them, and returned to

the city by way of Neuhausen. We overtook a German lady and gentleman, whom I had seen at the Hotel Baur in Zuerich, who were very agreeable, and also put up at our hotel here. On my return I took a dish of tea, and spent a few hours in agreeable conversation with my new acquaintances. They both understood English, which is a common accomplishment among Germans, I find.

29TH.—I rose at 5 o'clock, and accompanied my young friend, Mr. Olmstead, to the Diligence Office, who leaves me this morning for Basel. After breakfast I called on the *Rev. Mr. Maurer-Constant*, who has a delightful residence in the country just beyond the city. It is the practice in this country, where there are many families of the same name, to add a second surname to distinguish the particular branch of the family. It is also common to choose the wife's name for the addition, as in the case of Mr. Maurer, whose wife's name was *Constant*. I was delighted with his unaffected simplicity and kindness. He took me to see their *Library*, which, though well selected, is not extensive. There are here a number of the oldest printed works, and the manuscript notes of the celebrated and industrious historian *Von Mueller*. He left me with an invitation to tea, which I accepted.

After dinner, I strolled at random through the city. It contains 7,500 inhabitants, and is built upon a hill on the right bank of the Rhine. The streets are wide, well-paved and clean, and the houses are lofty and substantially built. Most of them are stuccoed, and painted in a kind of fresco externally. These paintings generally represent animals, and to them the house is dedicated in large letters. Thus you have the house *zum Hirsch*, *zum Bär*, *zum Gems*, &c. &c. Some of them are finely grouped, and exceedingly well drawn. Many of the houses are also furnished with small glazed balconies projecting from the second stories, which resemble in shape the small box pulpits in old churches. They are so placed, that one can see from them all that passes throughout the whole length of the street.

Mr. Maurer-Constant called for me at the Hotel, and took me to see a curious old square castle, built in the 15th

century. From this we went to his house, where he introduced me to his wife, an accomplished French lady, and to a young English lady, the daughter of one of their friends. A dish of excellent tea, with bread and butter and grapes, were served up in the simplest manner, on a table without a cloth. This simplicity, which I found common in Switzerland, pleased me much. We then retired to the library, where the evening was spent in delightful conversation. Miss Emma, the English lady, speaks German like a Saxon, and is tolerably conversant with French. She also played a number of pretty Swiss airs on the piano. I left my excellent friends at a late hour, with the warmest feelings of gratitude. When I returned to my Hotel, I found my passport, accompanied by a very polite note stating that a courier's passport required no signature for Bavaria, and that it was perfectly *en règle*.—I shall now make a tour through Germany, and return home through Belgium, France and England.

THE END.











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